

**Arend Orchestra**  
O'CLOCK.  
The Orchestra of the...  
Furnishings.  
The...  
Ladies' Summer Vests.  
The...  
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The...  
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The...

**THEATRE**  
CHUTES--SPECIAL SUNDAY PROGRAM GROUND AND THEATRE.  
TODAY CHUTES BAND CONCERT. TONIGHT SACRED CONCERT.  
FREE SHOWS--BOXING BEARS, ELECTRIC FOUNTAIN, RAIN AND SEA, CUBS AND THE FOX.  
**Theater--Vaudeville**  
Frank Morgan--Madge Chester  
Carey Brothers  
Beatrice Finn  
MID-WAY  
THE FAMOUS FERRIS WHEEL  
BOSCO--The Snake King  
LORITA--The World's Wonder  
JUNO--The Divine in Possession  
ADMISSION TODAY 10 CENTS. DON'T MISS IT.

**STRICT FARM--South Pasadena--**  
One Hundred and Twenty-five Gigantic Birds.  
Brood of Baby Ostriches Just Hatched.  
The largest flock of Pheasants and Geese for sale at producers prices.  
EDWIN CAWSTON, Prop.

**BASEBALL--Today--California League--**  
Sacramento vs. Los Angeles  
Game Called at 2:30 p.m.  
GRAND STAND 25 CENTS EXTRA.  
**ROUTING AND BASKET PICNIC--**  
ASTORIA AND SOCIETY OF THE PEOPLE'S CHURCH, UNIVERSALIST  
The...  
**ELECTRIC THEATRE--242 SOUTH MAIN, OFF. THIRD ST.**  
Great Calamity at Martinique, Bull Fight  
The...  
**CAMPBELL'S**  
The...  
**WHEATLEY'S BIG CURIO STORE**  
The...  
**WEST FURS**  
The...  
**PERB ROUTES OF TRAVEL--**  
**SANTA CATALINA ISLAND--**  
The...  
**Steamer "Hermosa," CAPACITY 400--Now Running.**  
The...  
**Trains Arrive Los Angeles:**  
The...  
**SANTA CATALINA ISLAND--**  
The...  
**Hotel Metropole**  
Grand Illumination Saturday Evenings.  
For Health and Pleasure it has no Equal.  
Excursion Rate \$2.50. Regular Rate \$5.75.  
BANNING CO., 222 South Spring Street.  
**YACHT RACES AND BAND CONCERTS--**  
Sunday--Brighton Beach, Terminal Island, Long Beach  
**Salt Lake Route.**  
The...  
**MAKE A RIDE--**  
To San Gabriel Via Pacific Electric Ry. Co.'s New Line  
**...And See the Old Mission**  
The...  
**SAN FRANCISCO--by the "Fast Line"--24 Hours**  
The...  
**OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY--"SPECKLE LINE"**  
The...  
**SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS--**  
**THE TENTED FOREST--**  
(One Mile Above the Sea.)  
The...  
**Ladies' Summer Vests**  
The...  
**WIDNEY & SHRADER'S SHOE STORE**  
The...

**NO FEAR OF ANTIS.**  
Little Chance to Win House.  
Need a Tidal Wave to Ride into Power.  
Country Shows No Signs of Rising for Them.  
Survey Work in California--Root Has Harbor Plans.  
Trade With Russia.

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**CABINET GOSSIP.**  
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**THE DUKEDOM OF NORFOLK** is singular in the British peerage, inasmuch as it goes with the dukedom of Arundel, and if the Duke of Norfolk sold the dukedom, he would go to the purchaser. Although it is the most ancient in England, it becomes extinct for the present generation is merged in the Duke of Norfolk's other titles.

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**KING NOT IMPROVING**  
Alarming Report of His Health.  
No One Allowed Ashore from Yacht.  
His Appearance Said to Be Terribly Altered.  
Gossip About New Cabinet--Imbecile Lord.

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**FARMERS LOSE ALL.**  
Hundreds Reduced to Beggary.  
Losses by Flood Over Four Millions.  
Skunk River Reaches Highest Point in Fifty Years.  
Lima and Hunt Leves May Give Way and Cause Much Greater Damage.

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**MINERS OUT FOR STUFF.**  
**Colossal Sum Needed to Support Strike.**  
**Adopt Assessment Plan and Decides to not Extend Fight.**  
**NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.**  
**SAN FRANCISCO, July 19.**—The miners of the United Mine Workers Association at 1 o'clock this afternoon voted to support the raising of a strike fund to add the striking miners and issuing an appeal to the American people for support.  
 The vote was 150-100 in favor of the strike. The miners of the United Mine Workers Association at 1 o'clock this afternoon voted to support the raising of a strike fund to add the striking miners and issuing an appeal to the American people for support.  
**Smokes.**  
 While on your vacation you would suggest a cigar? You would give more genuine satisfaction than the Costa Rica Co. a box \$2.00, 64¢ per box. Every standard brand—Broadway stores.  
**Rubber Gloves**  
 We have the best to be had—long lasting—rubber, best over leather. Stoves only; all sizes. \$1.95.  
 The Sun. They are durable and prevent disease by electricity. For treating asthma, rheumatism, complaint, paralysis, rheumatism.  
 at our other stores  
**gCo.**  
 Phone Main 100  
 Phone Main 100  
 Phone White 100  
**MARGAINS**  
 are (in good order) - \$200  
 \$150  
 \$225  
 \$225  
 \$380  
 \$175  
 \$175  
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**Player,**  
**KEL CO.,**  
 SAN DIEGO.



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**STRIKE OVER AT HOUSTON.**  
**THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.**  
**HOUSTON (Tex.) July 19.**—The strike of the Southern Pacific shippers was settled today, but the settlement does not include the strikers at El Paso or San Antonio. About 750 men are affected by the strike. The men struck for 10 per cent. increase after the company had offered 6, and the settlement reached was on an 8 per cent. basis.  
**COMPERS AT TRISCO.**  
**MANY FUNCTIONS PLANNED.**  
**THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.**  
**SAN FRANCISCO, July 19.**—President Samuel Gompers of the American Federation of Labor arrived here this afternoon from Sacramento. Representatives of labor unions met him at the ferry and escorted him to the Grand Hotel, which will be his headquarters while in the city. Gompers will attend the picnic of the Cloak-makers' Union at Schuette Park tomorrow. Monday evening he will be the guest of honor at a reception given by union men. There will be other functions during the week.  
**SANTA FE AGREEMENT.**  
**CARMEN SECURE EQUALIZATION.**  
**THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.**  
**TOPEKA (Kan.) July 19.**—An agreement was reached this evening between the Grievance Committee of the Santa Fe Carmen Association and George Henderson, superintendent of motive power of the road. Two conferences were held yesterday and today. Mr. Henderson admitted that the company was not paying a large wage on some of the lines of the system as on the other lines, and the committee of the association was equalizing matters among the several lines. The last matter to be considered this afternoon was an agreement regarding the work on the Gulf line. This was the hardest to settle of any. The agreement will have to be approved by Third Vice-President Kendrick at Chicago before it finally goes into effect.  
**MAY YOH'S LOVER BREAKS AWAY FROM HER.**  
**LEFT A LETTER TO THE ACTRESS HINTING AT SUICIDE.**  
**Her Attorney Says That the Gay Boy Has Pawned About One Hundred Thousand Dollars' Worth of Yoh's Diamonds Since They Reached New York.**  
**NEW YORK, July 19.**—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Putnam Bradley Strong, late Mayor William L. Strong's son, who shocked friends and family two years ago by throwing up his commission in the army after seeing active service in the Philippines, and by running away with May Yoh, then Lady Francis Hope, has now deserted the actress for good. He gave up family, career and friends.  
 In two months he was due to carry out the promise made to May Yoh to marry her. Under the English law that Lord Francis invoked in his behalf his divorce does not become absolute until September 25, and on that day it had been arranged that Strong and Miss Yoh were to become man and wife. In the mean time, they were said to be living under a form of contract signed by each. Strong disappeared Tuesday afternoon last, after a luncheon given at Delmonico's to his companion of two years' wandering over the face of the earth. Now that he has gone, it is known that he had been supporting himself and Yoh for the past few months on the proceeds of visits to pawnshops with May Yoh's diamonds.  
 Emanuel Friend, counsel for Miss Yoh, declares positively that he has already discovered the whereabouts of the missing man. He has been pledged by Strong. The total amount secured on this, he says, was \$10,000. Until Monday morning it will be impossible to tell just how much of the jewelry Strong did convert into money through the medium of pawnshops, as a safe-deposit vault in which the property of the young woman had been put by Strong cannot be opened until then.  
 Strong wrote letters to his mother and to May Yoh saying he contemplated suicide.  
**IRISH JOKES MUST GO.**  
**Convention of Hibernians Denounces Newspaper and Stage Caricatures—New Officers Elected.**  
**THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.**  
**DENVER (Colo.) July 19.**—The forty-second biennial convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of America adjourned at midnight to meet in St. Louis two years hence. The following officers were chosen: President, John E. Dolan, Syracuse, N. Y.; vice-president, T. J. O'Sullivan, Philadelphia; secretary, J. P. Bree, New Haven, Ct.; treasurer, M. J. O'Brien, Richmond, Ind.; directors, John T. Keating, Chicago; P. J. O'Connor, Savannah, Ga.; Daniel Hennessey, Butte, Mont., and W. J. Cronin, Boston.  
 The unanimous adoption of the report of the Committee on Foreign Relations, submitted by Richard McGinn of New Jersey, means the union and reestablishment of the Hibernians of America, Ireland, Scotland, England and Australia after a break since 1897. A resolution was introduced by the delegates from the counties in Pennsylvania, which form the anthracite coal region, and unanimously adopted, extending sympathy to the strikers and expressing the hope that the existing trouble will be speedily and satisfactorily ended and the biblical injunction, "The laborer is worthy of his hire," vindicated.  
 A resolution was also adopted recommending the cultivation of a more healthy public sentiment with regard to stage and newspaper caricatures, and declaring that Irishmen must not rest until the bureau stage Irishman and prevalent newspaper caricature is driven from public view.  
 Raised Rent 15 Per Cent. on  
 Walter Reed, 67 South Spring. They will quit business here. With 15 and 25¢ per paper, borders same price. N. Y. lead, 6¢; standard lead, 7¢; 5-foot window, made, 25¢.

## MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

### Cured by Pe-ru-na of Systemic Catarrh.

An Interesting Letter From  
**Mrs. M. K. Bousch, of  
 Richmond, and Her Little  
 Daughter, Pearl.**

MRS. M. K. BOUSCH

was a baby I contracted catarrh, and was doctored by several good physicians, but none did me any good. My mother was taking Peruna at the time and gave some of it to me, and I soon began to improve, and am now well and fat as a little pig. I am twelve years old. The doctors told mother I had the consumption, but it was only catarrh."—Miss Pearl Bousch.

It is no longer a question as to whether Peruna can be relied on to cure all such cases. During the many years in which Peruna has been put to test in all forms and stages of acute and chronic catarrh no one year has put this remedy to greater test than the past year.

Peruna is the acknowledged catarrh remedy of the age. Dr. Hartman, the compiler of Peruna, has written a book on the phases of catarrh peculiar to women, entitled, "Health and Beauty." It will be sent free to any address by The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O. If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

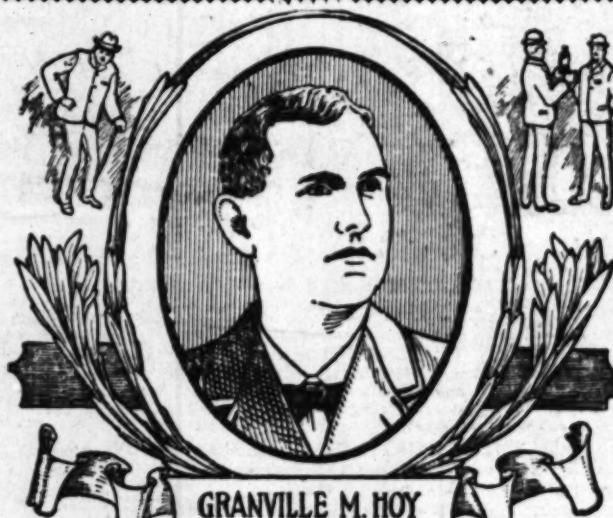
Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

Mrs. M. K. Bousch, Richmond, Va., writes:  
 "I had catarrh all through my system for two years and could get no relief. I was advised to try Peruna, and I have taken five bottles of it, and am well and better now than I have been for years. I can advise any one who has catarrh of any part of the body to take Peruna. My little girl, who is eleven years old had catarrh, but was cured by Peruna. Before I began to take Peruna I was sick all the time, but now I am entirely cured and all the praise is due Peruna."—Mrs. M. K. Bousch.

Miss Pearl Bousch writes: "When I

## "MY CURE WAS ALMOST A MIRACLE."

Says Mr. G. M. Hoy in Speaking of the Efficacy of  
 Pe-ru-na For Catarrh.



GRANVILLE M. HOY

Granville M. Hoy, Sheridan, Ind., is Past Grand, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Lodge 691. In a recent letter he says:  
 "I suffered for years with liver complaint, causing me severe pains and a peculiar weakness across the small of my back, so that it was hard to stoop, and sometimes very painful to walk about. I had used so much medicine without deriving any help that I just let it go, until a neighbor was cured by Peruna. That led me to my using it, and before I had used ten bottles I was cured. I consider it almost miraculous."—Granville M. Hoy.

CATARRH is liable to attack any organ of the human body. Many cases of kidney, liver and bladder diseases which baffle the doctor's skill are but catarrh of one or both of these organs. That Peruna is a cure for such cases the accompanying letters show.

Mr. W. L. Butler, 1628 Bellevue Ave., Kansas City, Mo., Secretary and Treasurer of the O. R. C. of America, writes: "There is nothing like Peruna for liver and bladder trouble. A number of railroad men have used it when they were broken down from the constant strain which they are obliged to undergo, and were greatly benefited by its use. I have used it frequently for myself and family and would not be without it for the world."—W. L. BUTLER.

Mr. Wm. R. Lewis, 2138 H Street, Washington, D. C., Assistant Steward of the Metropolitan Club, writes: "I began taking Peruna last summer for stomach trouble and catarrh of the bladder, and as it seemed to relieve me some I kept on taking it for two months and I considered myself cured. I rejoice that I gave this medicine a trial."

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

## PE-RU-NA STRENGTHENS AND RESTORES

A Congressman's Wife Uses Pe-ru-na for Nervousness.

**MISS ADELAIDE CLAIRE, 446 W. Forty-first street, New York City N. Y., writes:**  
 "Peruna strengthens and restores the nervous system, builds up your worn out constitution and is just what women need who are afflicted with weakness of any kind. I hear nothing but praise for Peruna on all sides. Most of the members of my family have used it and all stand by it as a wonderful health giver." Miss Adelaide Claire.

Hon. Joseph B. Crowley, Congressman from Illinois, writes from Robinson, Ill., the following praise for the great catarrhal tonic, Peruna. Congressman Crowley says:  
 "Mr. Crowley has taken a number of bottles of Peruna on account of nervous troubles. It has proven a strong tonic and a lasting cure. I can cheerfully recommend it."—J. B. Crowley.

**Catarrh a Systemic Disease.**  
 Catarrh is a systemic disease, curable only by systemic treatment. A remedy that cures catarrh must aim directly at the depressed nerve centers. This is what Peruna does. Peruna immediately invigorates the nerve centers which give vitality to the mucous membranes. Then catarrh disappears; then it is permanently cured.

Peruna cures the catarrh wherever located. Peruna is not a guess, but an experiment—it is an absolute scientific certainty. Peruna has no substitutes.




## Free Ferns at the Mammoth

The most beautiful ferns we have yet had for our Free Fern Days. Many varieties Boston, maidenhair, asparagus, etc. Given away Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday with every purchase of one dollar or more. The ferns are easily worth 50c and 60c and we can afford to give them away only because we buy such great quantities. Come on one of these days and get a free fern. Also

## The Greatest Values in the Finest Shoes.

Offered on the Pacific Coast. One of the largest shoe manufacturers in Boston has sent us a large shipment of women's sandals, Oxfords and summer shoes, which will be sold this week at marvelously low prices. Beautiful, stylish, up-to-date shoes—genuine bargains. And a free fern with every dollar purchase.

## MAMMOTH SHOE HOUSE, 317 S. Spring St.

The Only Small Profit Shoe Store in Los Angeles.

## An Excellent Companion For Summer Vacation . . .

Something to Add Mirth and Pleasure  
 To Your Party and Homes . . .

Victor Talking Machines. Graphophones with flat, indestructible disc. Both machines made about alike. Some think one make better than the other. We carry a full line of both. Come in and hear them; have the good qualities of both explained. Prices as follows:

**VICTORS.**  
 Cheapest style using 7-inch disc.....\$13.50  
 Next better, using 7-inch disc.....\$20.00  
 Victor Monarch, Jr., using both 7 and 10-in. disc.....\$27.50  
 Victor Monarch, made specially for 10-in. disc.....\$40.00

**GRAPHOPHONES WITH FLAT DISC.**  
 Style A. J., using both 7 and 10-inch disc.....\$30.00  
 Style A. H. Monarch, largest size, made specially for 10-inch disc.....\$30.00

Extra Selections, 7-inch disc, 30 cents each or \$5.00 per dozen.  
 Extra Selections, 10-inch disc, \$1.00 each or \$10.00 per dozen.

Remember, we carry the best selected stock of Gramophones, Banjos, Violins, etc. in this market. Every make of prominence can be had. We have on the way a Sheet Music stock that will be a pleasure for musicians to look through. No old, out-of-date, unsalable music to fill our shelves. Everything here has been carefully selected and only the best publications will be carried. Popular Music—Popular Prices.

## GEO. J. BIRKEL CO.,

345-347 S. Spring St., - and - San Diego.

## AUCTION

Wednesday, July 23rd, 10 a. m.  
 438 and 440 S. Spring St.

An upholsterer closing out his entire stock of 10 tin Couches—all new and up-to-date styles and patterns, regardless of cost; also enameled beds and bedroom suites, mattresses, chairs, sofas, wardrobes, extension tables and chairs, gas ranges, gasoline stoves, cooking stoves and ranges; also Brussels, tapestry and Ingrain carpets, matting, linoleum, art squares, rugs, etc.

RHODES & REED, Auctioneers.

## Auction

Tuesday, July 22, 10 a. m.  
 622 South Spring Street.

All the contents of the HOTEL ST. DENNIS, of Pomona, removed to my salesroom for convenience of sale, consisting in part of oak bed sets, chairs, rockers, linoleum, carpets, etc.

J. NACKMAN, Auctioneer.  
 622 S. Spring St. Phone James 6271  
 (Formerly of Rhodes & Nackman)

## AUCTIONEER

Will buy furnished houses, merchandise, etc., or sell on commission.

## The Way to See




**ROUND TRIP** SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA IN A DAY.

## Southern Pacific's "Inside Track."

The "FLIER" leaves Los Angeles (Aracoe depot) at 9:00 a. m. daily. Returning, arrives Los Angeles 6:30 p. m.

## To Riverside and Redlands.

For particulars see agent, 611 S. Spring St.




**\$50.00 Thistles for \$30.00.**  
**\$40.00 Syracuse Bikes for \$20.00.**  
**\$50.00 Stearns Bikes for \$22.50, \$25.00.**  
**\$50.00 Barnes White Flyers for \$22.50.**  
 A few 875 Chalmers Bicycles at \$25.  
**BURKE BROS., 458 So. Spring.**

## Screen Doors 75c

MADE TO ORDER, ANY SIZE.

Ironing Boards 35c.  
 Window Screens 20c.  
 Pastry Boards 25c.  
 Meat Saws \$1.00.  
 Hardware of all kinds cheap.  
 Green Wire for 15¢ per foot.  
 Six Sacks Kipling \$1.00.  
 Plumbings very cheap; we run to order any pattern.  
 Broken furniture neatly repaired.  
 We rewire your screen porches and screens.  
 We do all kinds of carpenter work at your residence.  
 Extension Ladders, 36 feet high, \$4.00.  
 Glass at cut rates.  
 Glass put in broken windows at your residence.  
 Orange wood lumber for sale in any desired shape or size.  
 Roof-packs for painters \$1.25 up.  
 Ladder Brackets \$1.75.

## ADAMS MFG CO.

742 S. Main St.  
 TELEPHONE MAIN 1222.

## Dr. Meyers & Co.

SPECIALISTS  
 For Diseases of Men.  
 218 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

ONE BOTTLE CURES  
 McMurtry's Kidney and Bladder Cure  
 Is a positive cure for  
 KIDNEY DISEASE.  
 One dose relieves. One  
 dose cures. Send the  
 name of Dr. W. F. McMurtry, 418 S.  
 Spring St., Los Angeles,  
 Cal., for free trial treat-  
 ment. Express prepaid.  
 Druggists.

New battery—  
 WATERBURY ELECTRIC  
 LARGER and more powerful  
 motor. More speed.  
 W. E. COWAN, 217-4 W. Fifth St.

## TWO BLADE POCKET KNIFE 50c

LARGE OR SMALL  
 TUTT'S LOCK KNIFE CO.  
 121-123 S. SPRING ST.

## Develop Your Bust

From 3 to 6 inches in 30 days, by use of the PERFECT BUST DEVELOPER, which is guaranteed, no drugs used. Correspondence strictly confidential. Send in stamps for full particulars to

MISS H. H. MATHER,  
 1077 W. Third St.

Plates as low as \$2.00; bridge work as low as \$5.00; gold or porcelain crowns as low as \$2.00. Extractions low as 50¢. All work guaranteed. See specimens of our work at our store, 1077 W. Third St., over H. H. Mather's. Hours: 10 a. m. to 8 p. m. Also open evenings and Sunday forenoon.

## LADIES' SUPPLY CO.,

LOS ANGELES, CAL.  
 Dept. T. P. O. Box 125

## LAUNDRY

TRY THE EMPIR  
 WITH A KNEE



### SUMMARY OF THE DAY.

No Bar. Open Evenings. Tel. Main 4444

Gov. Taft negotiating : Mus



**Wpport Bead**  
nesday, July 23.  
sets good for three  
advantage of this op  
re. For full info  
Third Street.

**arrison**  
We Cure  
Varicose,  
Hydrocele,  
Bristle,  
Piles, Fistula,  
Blood Diseases,  
Private Diseases,  
Loss of Vital Power,  
Kidney and Bladder  
Troubles.

de-  
sare no expense  
be seen to be appreci

of Cure.

est Explanation of  
Pope's Position.

Actual Acceptance of  
American Offer.

Has Simply Avoided  
Embarrassment of an Open  
Agreement.

Can Be Cured.

ntific Methods.

COND FLOOR.  
North of First

celebrated dry-wine grow  
is grade of claret is regular  
saloon.

MARGAINS, TOO:  
old Perry, Angeles or  
sal, per gallon.

N WINE CO.  
Cor. Fourth.  
Tel. Main 919.

**\$2.00 Exquisite Muslin Skirts**  
73c  
This is an extra fine quality, made extra full with a wide embroidered  
band and dust ruffle, an exceedingly dainty, serviceable skirt.  
Regular price \$2.00; Monday's price 73c.

**As Moving Nears, Reductions Grow Deeper.**

**65c Wash Silks at 39c**  
The new grade is imported into America. They include the beautiful  
Bismarck and two-tone effects. The fashion journals inform us  
that these silks have had the most widespread popularity in Philadelphia  
and Washington. The lot is small and we must close them out at once.  
We go to the Broadway store. Take your pick Monday at 39c  
per yard.

**\$1.00 and 85c Colored Taffeta Silk 69c**  
They are made by Givernand Bros. You can choose them in a full line  
of colors and two-tone effects. The quality is exceptionally fine and good. They  
have been among our best selling silks; the price has been 85c and  
\$1.00; while they last, tomorrow, 69c.

**\$1.50 Black Peau de Cygne**  
All Closed Out at 89c  
This comes 21 inches wide, every thread is pure silk. It is a quality that  
appeals to you lovers of good silks. No store would think of asking  
less than \$1.50 for this standard quality; while it lasts, Monday, 89c.

**\$5.00 Children's Hats**  
\$3.98  
Nothing could be more beautiful than these charming little creations  
of silk mill. They come trimmed with lace  
and have among our best selling hats; the price has been \$5.00 and  
\$4.50; while they last, tomorrow, 39c.

**\$2.00 Children's Hats**  
\$1.29  
These hats will be quick to take advantage of this sale. The hats are  
made of a fine quality of silk, and are trimmed with lace  
and have among our best selling hats; the price has been \$2.00 and  
\$1.50; while they last, tomorrow, 129c.

**\$2.98 Children's Hats**  
\$1.98  
The material used in these hats is a very choice quality of colored  
silk. Made with fancy shirred rim, crown trim-  
med with fancy touches of lace, very fine grade, and  
it was considered a bargain at its former price; to-  
morrow, 198c.

**85c Triple Extract**  
65c  
This is your chance to buy the very best triple extract, in  
any of the most popular essences at the very whole-  
sale price. While they last, tomorrow, 65c.

**At Goodenow's Move Sale.**

**THE LINEN STORE.**  
**Goodenow's**  
1212 & 1214 So. Spring St. Telephone 211 W. Broadway

**\$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50 Corset Covers.**  
69c  
In the lot are corset covers in fine nainsook, others in cambric, and still others in  
muslin; they are trimmed with lace and embroidery; daintiest styles; corset  
covers couldn't be more fetching or nice; any in the lot 69c.

**This Stock Must Be Converted Into  
Cash, And Immediately.**

It is a straightforward business movement. The new Broadway store will be  
filled to overflowing with new goods. We shall conduct our new store on new  
methods in a new way. Scarcely any of the present stock shall be taken to  
Broadway. Already our old store is leased to new parties. On the day set for us  
to vacate, we must move. There is no alternative—the stock must be gotten rid  
of. It is not a sale of undesirable goods but the finest, most valuable merchandise.

**Judge Whether You Ever Had Before Such Opportunities.**

**\$8.00 to \$10.50 Beautiful Pattern Cloths \$6.85**  
These are the finest that are manufactured. They come in a three yard length, and we can  
guarantee every thread to be strictly linen. Every housekeeper knows the reputation of Goodenow  
pattern cloths. These we have sold to the families in Los Angeles and to the leading hotels.  
Not one worth under \$8.00, fully half of them worth \$10.50. They will be closed out on Monday  
at the move price, \$6.85. Most exquisite patterns, and a rich, soft quality.

**\$2.50 Ladies' Bathing Suits \$3.00 Men's Bathing Suits**  
These come in a good, strong material that isn't in the  
least affected by salt water. They are trimmed with  
three rows of soutache braid, the effect  
is unique and very charming. The  
entire lot closed out Monday  
at \$1.48

**5c Fancy cotton torchon laces, width up to 1 1/2 inches, in-  
sertions to match, worth up  
to 12 1/2 c per yard.**  
**5c Black lace galloons, newest  
Parisian designs, serpentine  
effects, width 3/4 to 2 1/2  
inches, worth up to 18c.**  
**5c Exquisite English torchon  
lace, width 2 to 4 inches,  
insertion to match, worth up  
to 18c per yard.**

**\$1.50 Mocha Gloves 98c. \$1.25 Chamois Gloves 85c**  
You will be much pleased with their soft, expensive  
quality. Comes with two clasps, neat embroidered  
backs, colors are gray, black made and heaven. They  
fit perfectly and give the hand that shapely, small  
appearance so much sought after by well dressed women;  
while they last, 98c.

**3c Scrubbing brushes, neat convenient  
and strong. Enough in the lot to  
last several hours' busy selling. Do  
not fail to get one. Worth 5c.**  
**1c Cake of soap, sells regularly at 5c.  
A splendid soap for washing and  
general use; pure and harmless.**  
**1 1/2c Binding, comes in short lengths and  
odd colors; sells regularly at 7c per  
yard. While it lasts, choose all you  
want at 1 1/2c per yard.**  
**7 1/2c A splendid 18c pillow case, 42 to  
56 inches, made with a wide hem,  
round thread muslin.**

**At Goodenow's Move Sale.**

**75c French Challis Reduced now to 37c**  
You know how much these challis bring in all stores. The stock we put  
on sale today consists of the very finest and most costly grades—75c.  
They come in Persian designs with silk stripes. They make up into the  
most magnificent waist and costumes and are so exquisite and new that  
few people in Los Angeles have been able to secure them. 800 yds  
in the lot, all marked at half price, 37c.

**Stylish Moreen Suiting Formerly 38c**  
These come in a complete range of colors, such as cadet, rose, corse,  
lavender, gray and in the new two-tone effect. Made with a silk finish,  
giving the material a charm that is perfectly indescribable; price, while  
they last, 38c per yard.

**50c White Organdie Elegance Quality 29c**  
Perhaps there is no material so much used this season as white organdie,  
it is so thin, clinging and sheer that every woman desires at least one  
dress of it. Comes in a fine 50c quality, 73 inches wide.

**\$1.25 Tapestry**  
This is a thing you will find useful in draping about the  
house, making cozy corners, and all such purposes. It  
is also useful for lounge covers, 54 inches wide in hand-  
some patterns; entire lot will be sold at 59c per yard.

**50c Opaque Shades**  
There are only 100 in the lot, so it will be necessary  
to be on hand very early. Colors are dark green, light  
green and tan. They are a good, strong, serviceable  
shade. While they last, 29c each.

**\$7.50 Bagdad Portieres \$2.98**  
There are about twenty-five pairs in the lot. They are made in extra  
width and lengths, in the most strange and fasci-  
nating Persian effects; the colorings are those rich  
blendings that you find only in these high-grade  
portieres. While they last, \$2.98.

**50c Leather Purses. 25c**  
In going through our leather stock we found a big lot of ladies' leather  
purses in a big variety of styles, but not many of one kind.  
These will not be carried to the new store, so we shall  
make haste to close them out. They come with card cases  
combinations in several shades of leather; your pick, 25c.

**7 1/2c A splendid 18c pillow case, 42 to  
56 inches, made with a wide hem,  
round thread muslin.**

**At Goodenow's Move Sale.**

**WARS WILL WITHDRAW.**  
Best Explanation of  
Pope's Position.

**Actual Acceptance of  
American Offer.**

**Has Simply Avoided  
Embarrassment of an Open  
Agreement.**

**Can Be Cured.**

**ntific Methods.**

**COND FLOOR.  
North of First**

**celebrated dry-wine grow  
is grade of claret is regular  
saloon.**

**MARGAINS, TOO:  
old Perry, Angeles or  
sal, per gallon.**

**N WINE CO.  
Cor. Fourth.  
Tel. Main 919.**

**NAVAL FIGHT  
NEAR PANAMA.**  
Insurgent Gunboat May  
Have Been Hit.

**Gunners Evidently in  
Need of Practice.**

**Battle Thought to Be Going  
on at Agua Dulce—Con-  
fident Salazar.**

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)  
PANAMA (Columbia) July 19.—[By  
South American Cable.] The insurgent  
gunboats Padilla and Darien appeared  
last night between Pienzo and Otique  
Islands. Gov. Salazar thereupon or-  
dered the government gunboats, Chu-  
chuito and Clapet, to put to sea and  
meet them. Heavy cannonading is  
taking place at this hour, 10 a.m. The  
United States special service steamer  
Hanger is coming into the bay. Great  
alarm prevails in this city. The in-  
trenchments are full of soldiers.

**CONTINUED SEVERAL HOURS.**  
(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)  
PANAMA, July 19.—The cannonading  
between the government and the revo-  
lutionary vessels continued until 4  
o'clock this afternoon. It was heaviest  
at 10 o'clock this morning. At 2 o'clock  
the Darien was seen in tow of the Pa-  
dilla, and it is believed she was hit.  
The government fleet was handicapped  
by the absence of the gunboat Boyaca,  
which was being repaired, and it is  
thought probable that this fact was  
known by Gen. Herrera, who decided  
to attack Panama in order to prevent  
the government from helping Gen.  
Bertie's troops at Agua Dulce.

The United States steamship Ranger,  
which returned here at 10 o'clock from  
Chiriqui, came within the line of fire.  
During part of the heavy firing she  
was back of Fiomene Island.

A representative of the Associated  
Press was informed by United States  
Consul Guevara that American inter-  
ests at Panama had not been materi-  
ally interfered with.

The Boyaca, which is at La Boca,  
has been hurriedly repaired, and is go-  
ing out at 5 o'clock. The Padilla has  
gone. The Ranger left the bay after  
the Padilla started, taking the same  
course as the revolutionary gunboat.

No explanation is offered for the  
movement.

It is thought probable that a great  
battle is being fought at Agua Dulce.  
Whatever the result of this battle, be  
it a victory for the government or for  
Gen. Herrera's army, Gov. Salazar,  
said to the representative of the  
Associated Press that the revolution-  
ary forces will suffer terribly, and an  
attack by them upon Panama will be  
rendered impossible, even if they are  
not defeated. Gov. Salazar has  
blind confidence in his troops.

**Something New in Los Angeles.**  
Music as a cure. See ad. page 1, Part IV.

**MEMBERS OF Orange Endowment, No. 21,  
I.O.O.F., will meet at I.O.O.F. Hall, No. 224  
South Main, at 1:30 p.m. to attend funeral of  
our late brother, James Booth. P.C.F.**

**FRED A. ROWE, C.F.**  
**HARRY QUINLAN, Sec'y.**

**McBurney's  
Liver Regulator  
and Blood Purifier**

As a constitutional remedy, radically cures CA-  
TARRH. Acting primarily on the blood, eradicates  
SCROFULA, SALT RHEUM or eczema, cures  
all eruptions, pimples, boils, blood poisoning, HUMORS,  
anaemia and that TIREDE feeling. In all stomach  
troubles, like indigestion, DYSPEPSIA, gastritis, it  
seems actually to have "a magic touch." Invigorates and  
sustains the KIDNEYS, stimulates the LIVER, upon  
whose healthy action even life itself depends. It is a true  
NERVE tonic, because by purifying the blood it feeds  
the nerves upon strength-giving food.

**TESTIMONIALS** without number tell what Mc-  
Burney's Liver Regulator and Blood Purifier has done for  
suffering men, women and children, and indicate what it  
will do for you and yours. Be sure to get only Mc-  
Burney's and get it TODAY.

**McBURNEY'S KIDNEY AND BLAD-  
DER CURE, ONE BOTTLE CURES.**  
Prepaid \$1.50; Liver and Blood Purifier, \$1.25. Send 25c in  
stamps for sample bottle to

**W. F. McBURNLEY,**  
418 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

**TO OUST COUNCIL.**  
Ohio Attorney-General Begins Pro-  
ceedings and Municipal Body Is Re-  
strained from Granting Privileges.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)  
CLEVELAND, July 19.—[By Atlan-  
tic Cable.] Giovanni P. Morosini, a de-  
scendant of an ancient family, which  
has given Venice several Doges, and  
who is now a wealthy banker of New  
York City, has sent \$100,000 to help  
rebuild the Campanile. The contribu-  
tion has created great emotion. When  
Morosini left Venice he was poor,  
the architect, Boni, to whom, with the  
curses of the combatants, and the  
office of a committee has been given the  
work of reconstructing the Campanile,  
has been intrusted also with the emana-  
tion and care of all the other Venetian  
monuments. Sig. Boni is a di-  
rector of the excavations at the Roman  
Forum.

**TO REBUILD CAMPANILE.**  
Morosini, Descendant of Old Venetian  
Family and Now a New York Banker,  
Makes Big Contribution.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.)  
VENICE, July 19.—[By Atlan-  
tic Cable.] Giovanni P. Morosini, a de-  
scendant of an ancient family, which  
has given Venice several Doges, and  
who is now a wealthy banker of New  
York City, has sent \$100,000 to help  
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tion and care of all the other Venetian  
monuments. Sig. Boni is a di-  
rector of the excavations at the Roman  
Forum.

**PATENT CRANK'S CRIME.**  
W. J. Evans, the Well-known Mining  
Engineer, Shot Down Without Provo-  
cation at Butte, Mont.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)  
BUTTE (Mont.) July 19.—W. J.  
Evans, consulting engineer of the Big  
Washoe smelters of the Amalgamated  
Copper Company at Anaconda, and one  
of the best-known engineers of the  
Northwest, was shot twice and fatally  
wounded this morning in that city by  
John McGarry, a laborer, who is be-  
lieved to be a crank.

McGarry had a patent, which he  
wished Mr. Evans to adopt at the  
works, and upon being referred to  
another party, "sped" fire on the en-  
gineer as he turned to leave. The  
first shot struck Evans in the back,  
bringing him to the ground, and a  
second shot hit him in the chest, and  
he lay over his prostrate body. McGarry  
again shot him.

Great excitement prevails in the city  
tonight, as a result of the tragedy.

**CHAIN LIGHTNING, Etc.** All cycle stores.

**Refrigerators.**

Ice saving, Food saving, Money saving.  
Automatic Refrigerators.

Those who are using them now send their  
friends to us every day. Could we say any-  
thing stronger? Our automatic is scientific  
in construction, strongly built and best of all  
is fairly priced. See them before you buy.

**The Ideal  
Ice Cream Freezer**

Freezes ice cream in three minutes, oper-  
ates easier, uses less ice and gives better re-  
sults than any ice cream freezer made.

**Gate City Porous Stone Water  
Filters, \$3.00 to \$5.00.**

**Parmelee-Dohrmann Co.,**  
232-234 S. Spring St.

**BOOZE, SCRAP, CORE.**  
Two drunken men and a gaudy  
woman in the same condition, created  
a panic on the last outgoing West  
Second-street car this morning. The  
men were evidently both admirers of  
their flashy female companion, and  
became involved in a fight over her,  
in which she took a hand also, scor-  
ing a few hard blows. It was a  
furious scrap, and blood was scat-  
tered all over the crowded car and on  
the passengers. Shrieks of women,  
the crash of breaking windows, the  
curses of the combatants, and the  
flying gear, made up an unusual in-  
cident of trolley traffic. The conduc-  
tor finally stopped and put the ill-  
mannered trio off. They continued the  
battle on the street, and may be  
punching each other yet.

**MUST MAKE WALSH HAPPY.**  
LONDON, July 20.—The Sunday  
Times says that Thomas P. Walsh of  
Washington, D. C., and Mrs. Walsh  
were lately guests of King Leopold of  
Belgium at Ostend, and that King  
Leopold promised to pay Mr. and  
Mrs. Walsh a visit in 1903, at their  
homes in the American capital.

**EXECUTOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.**  
Notice is hereby given that the executors of  
the last will and testament of Daniel Schick,  
deceased, will receive bids for the sale of the  
real estate belonging to said estate, and in-  
cluding the southeast corner of Franklin and  
Spring streets, in the city and county of Los  
Angeles, State of California; fronting sev-  
enty-one and 5/16 (71 5/16) feet on Spring street,  
and two hundred and eight and 1/2 (208 1/2) feet,  
more or less, on Franklin street, on or be-  
fore the 24th day of July, 1902; said bids to  
be directed to the undersigned executors at  
the office of A. W. Hutton, Esq., rooms 31 and  
32, Temple Block, in the city of Los Angeles,  
California.

No bid for less than the appraised value of  
the property to wit: seventy thousand (\$70,000)  
dollars, will be entertained; and the under-  
signed executors reserve the right to reject  
any and all bids. Acceptance of any bid will  
be subject to confirmation by the Superior  
Court of Los Angeles County.

For further particulars, inquire of H. G.  
Weyne at rooms 31 and 32, Temple Block, Los  
Angeles, Cal.

**HERMAN HELLMAN,**  
F. H. REICHERT and  
H. G. WEYNE,  
Executors of the last will and testament of  
Daniel Schick, deceased.



## Riverside and San Bernardino.

(NEWS REPORTS FROM TIMES CORRESPONDENTS.)

### RIVERSIDE CAMP OF U. S. ARMY AND NAVY LEAGUE.

#### ITS OFFICERS WERE INSTALLED LAST EVENING.

Divorced Wife Sues for Insurance on Former Husband, Now Deceased—In-Adena Pupils Arrive from Arizona—Pasadena Bigger Gets School Bonds.

RIVERSIDE, July 19.—Riverside Camp No. 3, of the Army and Navy League of California, commenced its active existence last evening at Odd Fellows' Hall, when the newly-elected officers were installed by D. G. Mitchell, as follows: Colonel, Capt. C. H. Rice; Lieutenant-colonel, Capt. C. H. Vossburg; major, S. A. Drummond; adjutant, Harvey Potter; quartermaster, F. W. Stockinger; officer of the day, S. M. Bloom; officer of the guard, L. W. Hollis. Following the installation, Col. Rice made a brief address, outlining the objects of the organization, which are to assist the Republic in carrying out its principles, and to secure for comrades their share of the benefits, which are for disposal in the government service. Membership in the league is restricted to veterans of the army or navy, their sons, over the age of 21, and a limited number of honorary members. Miss Rice rendered an instrumental, which was followed by stirring speeches by C. H. Vossburg, S. A. Drummond, Capt. M. J. Daniels, Judge J. S. Noyes, W. A. Purinton, Esq., and John G. East, which was much enjoyed.

**WANTS THE INSURANCE.**  
Edith W. Seward, the divorced wife of Mr. Seward, deceased, has brought suit against the Knights of Macacoea of the World, demanding that she be paid the insurance on her late husband's life, as her name is given as the beneficiary. In his will, Seward gave the insurance to Lucy Webster, Mrs. Seward's objector to such disposal was overruled by the court, and yesterday she instituted suit against the Order of Knights of the Macacoea.

**INDIANS FOR THE INSTITUTE.**  
Superintendent Hall of the Sherman Indian Institute last evening received eight Indians, five Pima and three Papago, from the Arizona agency, located at Saco, near Phoenix. Their first arrivals at the institute are all full-blooded Indians. Pupils will arrive in small squads from different localities until September, when the main body of the Parris school will be removed here and the regular school year will commence.

**GILT-EDGED BONDS.**  
Bids were opened yesterday for the purchase of bonds for \$500,000, recently voted for enlarging the Seventh-street school and making other improvements in school affairs. Of the nine bids received, six offered \$400 and over in premiums. Together with the bonds, there was accrued interest. The award was made to Isaac Springer of Pasadena, whose bid was at par, with accrued interest and a premium of \$185.

**RIVERSIDE BREVITIES.**  
Prof. A. N. Wheelocks has been chosen to succeed Prof. H. L. Lunt as superintendent of the Riverside schools. He will at the same time act as principal of the High School in place of Miss Fuller, who has been granted a year's sabbatical leave.

The junior fire department gave an exhibition drill yesterday afternoon on Orange street. The boys made a fine appearance with their new apparatus and gave an excellent exhibition.

Joel C. Jackson died yesterday at his home in this city, aged 82 years. The deceased was an old and well-known resident of this city.

Dr. E. B. Howe and family left today for Laguna Beach, where they will remain until September.

Mrs. M. E. Flowers and maid left yesterday for Coronado.

#### HEMET. NEWS NOTES.

HEMET, July 19.—Miss Mary Thomas has been reflected assistant principal of Hemet Union High School. No selection for a principal has been made. Prof. Palmer of San Bernardino, who officiated as principal of Long term, is a candidate for reelection.

Wesley A. Prugh of Long Beach, formerly a merchant here, was among the arrivals during the week.

C. Lewis of Orange City, Iowa, is here looking up investments.

The Republican primaries for nominating delegates to the county convention will be held August 4. Hemet is entitled to six delegates.

W. D. Curran of Los Angeles spent a few days here last week, accompanied by Mrs. Curtis.

The Hemet Deciduous Fruit Association raised the price for cutting apricots to 12¢, cents per bushel, and secured all the cutters needed. Receipts of fruit were heavy during the week, but the crop is promptly marketed.

Los Angeles people registered at Hotel Hemet during the past few days are Mrs. S. Storow, Leonard C. Miles, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Foy, Walter Lindley, Ferd K. Rule and wife, Mrs. B. L. Harding, Miss L. Harding, William Hayley, Jr., F. B. Haines, Edith H. Helms, Mrs. A. A. Helms, Mrs. F. P. Helms, D. A. Whitney, Mrs. M. G. Orr, Miss Margaret Orr, C. A. Hubert, wife and son, Frank J. Schmitz and wife, P. Newmark, E. L. Hendricks, W. L. Collier and Miss J. E. Collier.

W. W. Middleton, an electrician in the employ of a Los Angeles firm, while engaged in wiring the Hotel Hemet annex, the Baptist Church, postoffice and several stores here, was called out on strike by Los Angeles labor union bosses Thursday. In representation that he would commence working for the firm, he was "permitted" to resume work.

W. M. Taylor and wife of Oakland have rented a furnished cottage and will remain here several months.

Valuable collection of pictures. Secure the story of the greatest disaster of modern times by sending 10 cents to The Times for the first part of "Martinique, St. Vincent and Danish West Indies," and other parts, to follow. See detailed three-column announcement today.

#### CORONA. PITCHFORK CLEAR.

CORONA, July 19.—The preliminary examination of Warner Rude, charged with assault with a deadly weapon in the pitchfork and gun fracas last week, was held before Justice Webster. Dist. Atty. Evans was the prosecuting attorney, and Lafayette

### SALT LAKERS Endorse Herpicide.

Herpicide stopped my hair from falling out. W. E. WEIHE.

Herpicide proves a rapid seller and gives splendid satisfaction to our patrons. CHAS. VAN DYKE.

Herpicide stopped my hair from falling out. J. E. DARMER.

We have a most excellent demand for Herpicide. We sell it on positive guarantee, and have not had a single demand to refund. SMITH DRUG CO.

We sell at least ten bottles of Herpicide to one of all other hair preparations, and while we guarantee results, we have had no complaint. W. D. MATTHEW & CO.

Our sales of Herpicide have been very gratifying both in quantity and satisfaction to purchasers. We guarantee it, and we have not had a single complaint. F. J. HILL & CO.

My customers who have used Herpicide most prefer it to any other hair preparation. It has entirely cured my customers of dandruff and falling hair. MAX A. PETERS.

I use Herpicide continually in my work. It does my customers more good than any dandruff cure I have ever used. It stops falling hair and cures dandruff. G. W. GIBSON.

Herpicide has been a great seller with us. We guarantee it to stop falling hair and to cure dandruff, and we have not had a complaint. Our sales of Herpicide are running much larger than of all other hair preparations combined, and are steadily increasing. DRIEHL & FRANKEN.

The past three months our sales of Herpicide have far exceeded the sales of all other hair preparations combined, and the satisfaction it has given purchasers is highly gratifying. We sell it under guarantee to stop falling hair and to cure dandruff, and we have yet to hear of an instance where it failed or of a complaint from a purchaser. Z. C. M. I. DRUG DEPT. (Modern Chain Company Institute.)

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## IS CAUSED BY DANDRUFF.

Stop Dandruff, and your hair must grow luxuriantly; but you can't stop Dandruff unless you kill the dandruff germ, and you can't do that unless you

Use Newbro's Herpicide.

The Dandruff Germ Destroyer and Hair Grower.

A Delightful Dressing for the Hair.

Makes the Scalp Feel Fresh and Cool.

Stops All Itching Immediately.

A Nebraska Lady Endorses Herpicide.

Herpicide cleaned the dandruff from my head and stopped the hair's falling out. I have always had dandruff, and have used many preparations without effect until I tried Herpicide. MRS. BOKKEY.

Chadron, Neb., April 5, '30.

A Californian Endorses Herpicide.

Herpicide does more than claimed for it. Barbers have noticed the hair sprouting on my scalp, and they have been curious to know what caused it. Of course I have gladly told them, and truthfully: "Herpicide."

ALF. R. KELLY.

2155 Deasdro st., San Francisco, Dec. 11, '29.

Other Utahns Endorse Herpicide.

Newbro's Herpicide has completely cured several bad cases of dandruff and falling hair of my barber-shop customers. FRED HALVANDSON.

Ogden, Utah, March 23, '30.

Half bottle Herpicide has nearly eradicated my dandruff and stopped my hair from falling out. As I was bidding fair for a conspicuous honor in bald-headed row, I greatly appreciate Herpicide. W. H. THAIN.

Logan, Utah, Feb. 6, '30.

Herpicide is used continually in my shop with efficiency as a dandruff cure and as a preventive of falling hair. My customers call for Herpicide. J. L. HARRIS.

Propr. Reed Hotel Barber Shop, Ogden, Utah, March 17, '30.

Being in the drug business, I have used everything put up for dandruff, but nothing has done it until I tried Newbro's Herpicide. It is the only thing that did me any good. H. G. BATES.

Park City, Utah, April 4, '30.

One Dollar the Bottle. At Druggists Everywhere.

For England Monday for a visit, and from there to South Africa, where he will make his home.

REDLANDS. FINE CHURCH PLANS ADOPTED.

REDLANDS, July 19.—Last night the vestry of Trinity Episcopal Church met and adopted plans for a fine edifice, which is soon to be built at Fern avenue and Fourth street. This is the largest of the denominational churches in the city. The new church, made by the wife of A. C. Burage, the Boston millionaire, who has a mansion here. The structure is to be one of the finest in the city. The general style of architecture is to be perpendicular Gothic.

REDLANDS BREVITIES.

The Redlands district schools are to have a woman vice-principal, Miss Nellie W. Ward, recently from Michigan. "McKinley" is to be the name of the new grammar-school building at Center street and Olive avenue, which is to be ready for occupancy by January 1. Denman, Jr., left today for New York, where he will spend six weeks taking pointers from various electricians in the new power house at the mouth of San Antonio Cañon to a street, eight miles. The walls of the power-house are up.

ONTARIO BREVITIES.

The Melrose Fruit Company employs 150 persons in its local yard handling apricots. The cannery is employing a great deal of help in the canning department, and dry yards.

Justice O. E. Hardy and wife left for Los Angeles Friday for a week's stay. Miss Pearl Simmons of Portland, Ore., arrived Friday, and will make a three-month visit with her sister, Mrs. J. B. Moore.

J. B. Oldrieve has sold his orchard east of town to Mr. Duke, recently from the East. Mr. Oldrieve started

the wedding of Miss Pearl O'Kelly and A. M. Bennett, popular young people, will occur at the First Methodist Church Tuesday evening, Rev. R. L. Bruce officiating.

The schooner Lottie Conson of San Francisco, Capt. Peterson, put into Newport wharf last evening after a seven days' trip from Eureka. She is

loaded with lumber for the Griffith company, and will discharge her entire cargo at Newport. The Excelsior, with lumber for the same company, is expected, having left Eureka nearly a week ago.

Mr. and Mrs. James S. Rice and Miss Stella Freble of Tustin entertained the Santa Ana and Tustin whist clubs yesterday evening, at the home of the former, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Buss and daughter, who will go to Bakerfield, Mr. Buss has been cashier of the Tustin Bank, but resigned to take a similar position in the Bakerfield National Bank.

George McKenale of this city has just completed the purchase of 120 acres of land at Old Newport from George W. Griffith, through the agency of J. G. Quick, for a consideration of \$12,000. It is a combined dairy and alfalfa ranch.

Mark Wilson, son of Rev. Yancey Wilson of Tustin, lost a toe in a bicycle accident.

Mrs. W. S. Bartlett is a guest at the home of W. L. Adams of Tustin. Requests have been received by local photographers from parties in England, desiring views of the big ribbon fish which washed ashore at Newport Beach recently. Several photographs of the curious sea monster were taken when it was on the beach.

Mrs. H. C. Warner of San Bernardino is the guest of her brother, James Sleeper, and other relatives here.

Mrs. A. A. Leachy and daughter, who have been here on a protracted visit with Mrs. M. L. Bagley, left today for their home in Conway, Iowa. Mrs. H. K. Snow, Jr., of Oxnard has been here for a few days, the guest of Tustin relatives.

Mrs. Ora Ball is the guest of Los Angeles friends.

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The Dandruff Germ Destroyer and Hair Grower.

A Delightful Dressing for the Hair.

Makes the Scalp Feel Fresh and Cool.

Stops All Itching Immediately.

A Wyomingite Endorses Herpicide.

Herpicide is excellent for cleaning the scalp. J. J. BENTLEY.

Sheridan, Wyo., March 27, '30.

I am more than pleased with Herpicide. It stopped my hair from falling out, and I find it a certain specific for dandruff. W. C. MORGAN.

Sheridan, Wyo., March 29, '30.

Idahoans Endorse Herpicide.

Herpicide has cleaned my scalp of dandruff, and it keeps my hair pleasantly and itchy. GRANGE MCORMICK.

St. Anthony, Ida., Dec. 3, '29.

Newbro's Herpicide cured my dandruff and made my hair grow. It stopped falling hair, and it aids new growth. It is an elegant adjunct to the toilet. J. R. J. PEARSON.

Victor, Ida., April 20, '30.

Am pleased to say that Herpicide has thus far produced beneficial results; and from all appearances it will accomplish what you claim for it—an absolute cure for dandruff and falling hair. IDAHO FALLS, IDA., DEC. 6, '29.

Myself and wife have been troubled with dandruff and hair falling out for several years. We had tried several remedies without effect until we used Newbro's Herpicide, two bottles of which completely cured us. C. H. REED.

Victor, Ida., March 3, '30.

Illinoisans Endorse Herpicide.

I used Herpicide for my dandruff and falling hair, and it has cured me with the results. I believe you have a good thing. E. J. BEARDSLEY, M. D.

Champaign, Ill., April 7, '30.

I have used Newbro's Herpicide for dandruff and herpes of the scalp, with excellent results. I shall prescribe it in my practice hereafter. J. T. FUGATE, M. D.

Urbana, Ill., March 12, '30.

After using Herpicide I heartily recommend it to persons with dandruff or falling hair. It completely stopped my hair falling. F. W. WOODY (Asst. P. M.).

Champaign, Ill., Feb. 5, '30.

One customer of ours who did not have a hair on top of his head when he began to use Herpicide, now has a fair start toward a good head of hair. We believe Herpicide to be by far the best preparation of its kind on the market. H. W. ANNELL & SON (Druggists).

Champaign, Ill., May 22, '30.

Newbro's Herpicide in one month cured me of dandruff and stopped my hair's falling out. Before I began the use of Herpicide my hair was coming out at an alarming rate. ALBERT ANDERSON.

Sturgis, S. D., March 4, '30.

pleasant social last night, the program being as follows: Helen Gage; original poem, Rev. Mr. Sweet; vocal solo, Mrs. John Gardner; recitation, Goldie Sweet; vocal solo, Bert West; vocal solo, Jessie Gage; instrumental solo, Miss Ethel Spencer; vocal solo, Mrs. Crowell; selection by male quartette; instrumental trio, Misses May, Carrie and Sue Sheppard.

The second Chinese to register in Orange county has had his name on the list with a registration clerk. His name is Shu San Chinler, and he was born in Anaheim twenty-one years ago.

**SANTA BARBARA COUNTY.**  
BOLD CASH THIEF CAPTURED.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.)  
SANTA BARBARA, July 19.—While San Yuck, a Chinese merchant, was at breakfast yesterday morning he was rudely disturbed by an outcry in his house, and the sounds of a scuffle. His store was invaded by Harry S. Elliott for the purpose of robbing his strong box. Elliott entered the house, carefully locking the front door after him, and breaking open the cash drawer, took a tin box of valuables, and made his escape over the back fence, finally landing in the arms of an officer. Elliott secured \$10, gold, and so is held on a charge of burglary, the case to come up Tuesday morning. Elliott was a piano player at Johnson's saloon.

**SANTA BARBARA BREVITIES.**  
Right of the two-night match bowling games were played at the Monarch alleys last night. F. M. Whitney rolled the high score, with 200 pins, and Francis Wilson and Lawrence Redington rolled the highest house score with 260. The games were as follows: Hewett and Leslie 275, against Greville and Smithman 28



















**PERSONAL—**  
**Business.**

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FOR SALE—  
Houses.

SALE-HOUSE.

INSTRUCTION TO BUYERS AND  
SELLERS"  
HENCE, TATUM & SCHENCK,  
21-27 LAUGHLIN BLDG.  
PHONE MAIN 88

display advertising has caused group  
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**FOR YOUR HOME OR A**  
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ME BARGAINS —  
ME BARGAINS —  
ME BARGAINS —  
ME BARGAINS —  
\$500 —  
YOU 11 PER CENT. NOW

AL PROFIT, BUT  
 NETTING PAYING INVEST-  
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 Twenty-third street, ad-  
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 as us quick. Lot 34111.  
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 Modern 3-room house on 51st  
 lot at 34111, porcelain bath,  
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 be sold. Let us show  
 us an offer.

INVESTMENT WILL  
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near Union ave., 'ot  
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Westlake home of 7  
northwest corner, with  
polished floors through-  
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fruit, shed, electric  
hotters, porcelain  
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large dining-room,  
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## Real Estate.

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## SENSATIONAL SCRAP

IN LOWER REGION.

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**SAN DIEGO POLITICIAN SLAPS A  
COFFEE MAN'S FACE.**

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D. C. Collier, Jr., Republican Candidate for Nomination to Congress, and Arthur Cosgrove Come Together—Two Jail-breakers Reported Captured.

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**SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.)**  
SAN DIEGO, July 18.—The sensation of the hour here was a swap this afternoon between D. C. Collier, Jr., candidate for the Republican nomination for Congress, and Arthur Cosgrove. The former is a prominent attorney and the law partner of Samuel F. Smith, and the latter a leading business man, a member of the wholesale house of Bailou & Cosgrove, Importers and whole-

had blood between the men. Collier had an idea that Cosgrove has been trying to injure his chances for Congressional honors. This afternoon when Cosgrove was coming out of the First National Bank, Collier rode up to the curb in his automobile and freed his mind, closing his remarks, which were more forcible than elegant, by calling Cosgrove bad names. Cosgrove responded in kind, and then Collier slapped the coffee man's face twice. Without striking back, Cosgrove called a policeman as a witness, and asked him to arrest Collier. No sooner had the officer become seated in the automobile than Collier drew off and laded a heavy undercut on Cosgrove's chin. Though intended for a knockout blow, it hadn't the required force. Cosgrove hired a lawyer and had a warrant issued for Collier's arrest, but later the complaint was withdrawn and the affair adjusted between the parties.

**WATER TIME ASKED.**

Last evening the attorney for the

The agreement was that the city should take a certain quantity of water from the bank at a specified price, the condition being that the mains from the hack country reservoirs should be completed in one year from the time the city came into possession of the water plant. The weather has prevented the laying of the pipe, inasmuch as it was found that the pipe would be of no use. The committee will recommend an extension of a year, if rains are bountiful, and eighteen months, if there are not.

The company expects to have the water from the Barrett dam reservoir here within two years. Meanwhile it is expected that the city will develop more water from the Mission Valley.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of Los Angeles County has elected Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has selected the following officers: President, Mrs. Anna C. Wray; secretary, Mrs. J. H. Reynolds; vice-president, Mrs. Mosher; saints Ana; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Brown, Los Angeles; treasurer, Mrs. Hamilton, Los Angeles; recording

**FUGITIVES CAUGHT.**  
A report has been brought from two sources below the line, to the effect that two of the jail breakers from this city have been captured by rurales near Descanso, Lower California. The report states that a man and a woman were taken, and it is thought they are Randall and Beasle Hall. The same report comes from La Juana and El Estero, and a message from Carlsbad is to the same effect. This would indicate that Brooks, the third fugitive, struck out by himself.

**SAN DIEGO BREVITIES.**  
The school election today for a tax levy of \$30,000 for the maintenance of schools and \$10,000 for a new school building, carried by a light vote, two to one.  
The launches Dolphin and Fashion left this evening for Terminal Island, with yachtsmen and newspaper men for tomorrow's races.  
The British ship Oberfoyle, Capt. Ogilvie, arrived outside the harbor this evening. Because the Santa Fe tug is up

repairs she will remain outside till tomorrow, when arrangements for towing her in will be made. The ship is sixty days out from Newcastle, and she had a cargo of Australian coal for the Sprackels Bros., Commercial Company. The captain reports an uneventful voyage.

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Something New in Los Angeles.  
Music as a cure. See ad., page 5, Part IV.

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**SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.**

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**The Thoburn School.**  
PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA.  
Speres gift for Stanford University. Special courses also arranged. Stanford library, instruments, and musicals open to The Thoburn students. Paul term begins August 1st. See the principals: Miss Catherine Harper, R. B. (Yankee), Miss Florence Hayward (Stanford). Reference: President David Starr Jordan.

---

**Private Tuition.**

58 GEORGIE WATSON, A.A., graduate of Andrews University, Scotland, English, Mathematical and Electrodynamic Methods. Is prepared to teach pupils at their own residences. Subjects: English in all its branches, Mathematics, French and Italian.

124 STREET, HIGHLAND PARK  
LOS ANGELES

**Military Academy**  
Commonwealth Avenue.  
14th year begins Sept. 1931. Boys received  
partial vacation. Summer classes  
beginning June 1931. Walter J. Bailey, A. M., Prin-  
cipal.

**Harvard School**  
(MILITARY)  
Western Avenue, Los Angeles.  
Superintendent, C. Emery, A. M., 1625 Western  
Office—34 S. Broadway. Tel. West 501.

**Matthew's Military School,**  
SAN MATEO, CAL.  
FOR CATALOGUE AND ILLUSTRATED  
Circular address  
REV. WILLIAM A. BREWER, A.B.,  
Rector and Headmaster.

**Convent of Immaculate Heart.**  
Haight, Los Angeles, Cal. Saint board-  
ing day school. will resume studies Sept. 1.  
English, French, Latin, Spanish, Music, and  
Latin during July and August.

**French's Classical School**

Primary, Intermediate, College Pre-  
paratory. Send for catalogue. \$12  
Elvarado St., Los Angeles.

**Chester Place School.**  
Twenty-third St. Fall term will open  
September 10. Apply for circulars. Rev. Ed-  
ward W. Weston, B. A. and S. C. L., Alvin P.  
Smith, A. M., Principals.

**WYNTON NORMAL.**—A school for  
Teachers  
Prepares for County Examination. Calls and  
correspondence invited.  
255 STIMSON BLOCK

**English Classical School** <sup>for</sup> **girls.**  
Boarding and day school in Pasadena.  
Catalogue addresses Anna E. Orton, principal.



## FREE SCHOLARSHIPS AND CASH PRIZES.

BEFORE the opening of the next school year THE TIMES will distribute a number of prizes in the shape of scholarships, fully paid, entitling the respective recipients to a year's instruction in one of the best educational institutions in Southern California.

These scholarships, which have a cash value of \$50 to \$150 each, will be supplemented by a series of cash prizes ranging from \$70 to \$150, to defray incidental expenses of the student while attending school.

### LIST OF SCHOLARSHIPS

The schools to which the scholarships will give entrance have been selected on account of their excellence in their respective lines. The list, which may be increased before the contest closes, is at present constituted as follows:

- University of Southern California—College of Liberal Arts—One scholarship; Preparatory School, One scholarship.
- Los Angeles College of Law—One scholarship.
- Pomona College—One scholarship.
- Occidental College—Two scholarships.
- Cumstock School of Expression and Oratory—Two scholarships.
- Brownberger Home School of Bookkeeping and Graham Shortland—Two scholarships.
- Los Angeles Business College—Two scholarships.
- Southern California Business College—Two scholarships.
- Woodbury Business College—Two scholarships.
- Thompson Polytechnic Institute—One scholarship.
- Los Angeles Military Academy—One scholarship.
- Yale School—One scholarship worth \$100 for pupil from Los Angeles or vicinity, and \$100 rebate to one boarding pupil from Arizona.
- St. Vincent's College—Two scholarships.
- Los Angeles School of Art and Design—Two scholarships.
- Los Angeles Conservatory of Music and Arts—One scholarship.
- Los Angeles State Normal School—One hundred dollars for incidental expenses, tuition free.
- Territorial Normal School, Tempe, Ariz.—One hundred dollars cash for dormitory and incidental expenses. (For Arizona competition only.)
- Lamson Business College, Phoenix, Ariz.—One scholarship. (For Arizona competition only.)

### CASH PRIZES.

Including the \$100 that will be given in lieu of a scholarship to a pupil of the Normal school, the list of cash prizes will aggregate \$1000, divided as follows:

To winner of first choice of scholarships.....\$150.00

To winner of second choice of scholarships.....100.00

To winner of third choice of scholarships.....100.00

To winner of fourth choice of scholarships.....100.00

To winner of fifth choice of scholarships.....100.00

To winner of sixth choice of scholarships.....70.00

To winner of seventh choice of scholarships.....70.00

To winner of eighth choice of scholarships.....70.00

To winner of ninth choice of scholarships.....70.00

Bonus for pupil in L. A. Normal School.....100.00

Bonus for pupil in Arizona Normal School.....100.00

Total.....\$1030.00

The boy or girl who will secure the most paid-in-advance subscriptions in the aggregate, computed by "points" based on monthly subscriptions, will be entitled to first choice of the scholarships, with the accompanying cash bonus. The one who has the second highest number of "points" at the close of the contest will have second choice; the third highest, third choice and so on till all of the scholarships and the cash prizes are disposed of.

### POINTS IN THE GAME.

On subscriptions to THE DAILY TIMES, paid in advance, the following credits will be given to the scholarship candidates in whose interest the subscriptions are made, twice as many points being allowed for a new subscription as for an old one renewed:

TIME	PRICE	NEW	OLD
One month	\$ .75	50 points	25 points
Two months	1.50	100 points	50 points
Three months	2.25	150 points	75 points
Four months	3.00	200 points	100 points
Five months	3.75	250 points	125 points
Six months	4.50	300 points	150 points
One year	9.00	400 points	200 points

### CHANCE FOR ALL TO VOTE.

In order to give every subscriber of THE TIMES an opportunity to participate in the contest, by expressing his preference for some boy or girl who is working for a scholarship or cash prize, a coupon will be printed from day to day, which, if cut out, filled in as per directions printed upon it, and sent to THE TIMES, will be counted one point in favor of the candidate for scholarship honors whose name it bears.

### THE SCORE:

1. Florence Darch, Los Angeles.....	29,141
2. Bessie Beatty, Los Angeles.....	27,284
3. Egbert Edwards, Los Angeles.....	22,698
4. Frank Cummings, Los Angeles.....	21,013
5. Gertrude Smith, Downey.....	19,720
6. Philip English, Los Angeles.....	18,738
7. Gladys Edmonds, Los Angeles.....	17,983
8. Elsie Anderson, Pasadena.....	16,464
9. Winifred Beckingsale, Ontario.....	14,638
10. Glenn Morgan, Los Angeles.....	12,210
11. Harry Schwalitz, Los Angeles.....	10,310
12. Mary O'Shea, Los Angeles.....	9,421
13. Belle Campbell, Los Angeles.....	8,464
14. Jean C. Sanchez, Los Angeles.....	7,907
15. Violet Dawson, Los Angeles.....	6,785
16. Charles Clapp, Azusa.....	5,020
17. Rae Price, Santa Ana.....	4,653
18. Lila Greenwald, Los Angeles.....	3,788
19. Niles C. Folsom, Santa Monica.....	3,497
20. Gertrude Ellis, Los Angeles.....	3,272
21. Eva R. Fraser, Norwalk.....	2,944
22. Louisa Holman, Colton.....	2,471
23. Edwin B. Fustell, Pasadena.....	2,433
24. Leo Buckley, Los Angeles.....	1,859
25. Arnold Cayo, El Monte.....	1,779
26. Ralph Moore, Los Angeles.....	1,736
27. Elmer Stone, Stanton.....	1,616
28. Susie Edmonds, South Pasadena.....	1,461
29. Hazel Keller, Los Angeles.....	1,381
30. Hubert Leroy O'Neill, Tulare.....	962
31. M. Ella J. Lane, Compton.....	882
32. John Barlow, Pasadena.....	844
33. Claude Rothrock, Long Beach.....	721
34. Christopher Muthaupt, Los Angeles.....	721
35. Ross Ryan, Los Angeles.....	621
36. Robert Earle Dane, Long Beach.....	544
37. Annie L. Robinson.....	544
38. Lilla Harper, Los Angeles.....	461
39. Helen L. Buffington, Los Angeles.....	381
40. Dennis Forrest, Los Angeles.....	381
41. Vivian Lewis, Los Angeles.....	271
42. George A. Pitts, Redlands.....	218
43. Lucy Hummel, Los Angeles.....	218

### ARIZONA SCORE:

1. La Verne Lanning, Phoenix.....	297
2. Georgia McKee, Phoenix.....	125
3. Clyde Miller, Congress.....	37
4. Alva Barlow, Tempe.....	33
5. Clifford K. Green, Phoenix.....	27

DIRECTIONS.—Fill in name of person you favor for a scholarship and send to Scholarship Manager, Times Office, Los Angeles, Cal.

**THE TIMES**  
FREE SCHOLARSHIP CONTEST.  
Coupon No. 19. Good for One Vote.

Name.....

Address.....

TAKE NOTICE—This coupon is good only till July 27, 1932—will not be counted if presented after that date.

## WASHINGTON.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

a full share of the trade that will result from the continued development of Russian territory, particularly in Siberia.

### GEOLOGICAL SURVEYS.

WORK FOR COMING YEAR.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)  
WASHINGTON, July 19.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The director of the Geological Survey has issued the following orders for work upon the Pacific Coast during the coming year:

Dr. J. C. Branner will continue areal surveys on the Santa Cruz quadrangle, California.

J. S. Diller will complete the areal and economic survey of the Redding quadrangle, California, and make reconnaissance of the Klamath Mountains. He will be assisted by Dr. George B. Richardson.

Dr. George F. Becker will continue supervision of the division of physical and chemical research, and preparation of a report embodying his investigations on the conditions of gold deposits in the mother lode of California.

Dr. L. W. Stanton will continue general supervision of paleontological work survey, and will carry on field work in cooperation with J. S. Diller in the Klamath Mountains, California.

George H. Eldridge, who recently completed a study of the oil field in California, will devote the coming year to preparation of his report on this subject, and on the phosphate deposits of Florida.

Dr. George Otis Smith will continue areal surveys, necessary for the preparation of the Snoqualmie folio of Washington. On completion of his field season in the Cascade Mountains, he will survey the Blue Hill quadrangle, Maine.

### DEPENDS ON ROOT.

EARLY START ON HARBOR.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

WASHINGTON, July 19.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] With the plans for improvement of Wilmington Harbor before it, as mentioned in these dispatches this morning, the War Department officials believe they will be able to commence work before long, provided Secretary Root can get time to examine the plans and approve them before he starts on his trip to Europe.

The plans were laid before the Secretary immediately, and he must decide whether they meet all necessary requirements, and also whether he will make a contract with some private contractor for the necessary dredging, or wait until the government can buy a dredger and do the work under directions from the War Department. Mr. Root, himself, does not like the idea of the government undertaking the work like this. He thinks all such work should be done by contract, and then if things go wrong the government has recourse upon the bond that the contractor is required to put up when he gets the job.

### UNDESERVED CREDIT.

LITTLEFIELD GETTING IT.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

WASHINGTON, July 19.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] There are good clear-cut indications that the President does not like the amount of free advertising Representative Littlefield of Maine has got out of the coming anti-trust legislation, and Littlefield is in a fair way of being snubbed by the President on account for it. There is really no rant for the shoddy little fellow, who has been printed to the effect that the President has entrusted anti-trust legislation to Littlefield. Nothing of that sort has happened, and Littlefield has probably made a big blunder in not coming out and correcting the popular impression.

Last winter the President practically accepted an invitation to visit Rockland, Me., Littlefield's home, and he has been put down upon the books as one place he would visit during his New England trip in August. Rockland has since then been scratched out of the President's list, and as matters stand today he does not intend to visit there at all.

This all comes from the talk about Littlefield being the real thing in trust legislation, as a matter of fact.

The President's conferences with him have been of the most casual character.

### MAJ. GEN. BROOKE.

HE RETIRES ON MONDAY.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)

WASHINGTON, July 19.—A general order has been prepared by the War Department retiring Maj. Gen. John C. Brooke, who will reach the age limit of 64 years on Monday, the 21st. With the exception of Gen. Miles, Gen. Brooke is the only officer on the active list of the army, who reached the grade of brigadier-general in the regular order, and had been advanced in regular order to be major-general. Efforts were made by his friends during the last session of Congress to have a bill passed structuring him to the grade of major-general, but the bill failed.

Gen. Brooke became a major-general in 1904, after the war with Spain. When he was retired he was ordered to command the large penitentiary camp at Chickamauga. He went on the expedition to Porto Rico, and after the police protocol was signed he was made chairman of the evacuation commission in Cuba. He was then designated Governor-General of Cuba, holding the position until relieved by Gen. Wood. Since that time Gen. Brooke has been in command of the Department of the East, with headquarters at Governor's Island.

### BATES COMMANDS AT CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, July 19.—With the departure of Gen. MacArthur for the East today the command of the department of the Lakes passed temporarily to Gen. John C. Bates.

Gen. Bates, who is the first of the great military posts, which are to be the gathering places of the United States States of peace, and are to be great training schools of both regulars and militia.

The first post will be at Chickamauga. Secretary Root has allotted \$400,000 for the construction of a post there, to be constructed to accommodate one full regiment of cavalry and one company of artillery, which force is to be the nucleus of the first military post.

### Chickamauga Military Post.

WASHINGTON, July 19.—Secretary Root today gave the final order for the establishment of the Chickamauga military post, which are to be the gathering places of the United States States of peace, and are to be great training schools of both regulars and militia.

The first post will be at Chickamauga. Secretary Root has allotted \$400,000 for the construction of a post there, to be constructed to accommodate one full regiment of cavalry and one company of artillery, which force is to be the nucleus of the first military post.

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## Preserves

OF ALL PRESERVES ARE

Long's

GET A JAR—YOU'LL LIKE THEM.

ALL GRADES.

Long Syrup Refining Co.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

R. L. CRAN & CO., Agents.

### WHEN I AM DEAD.

When I am dead my boys will come  
As in old days beside my bed,  
And kneeling there will look on me  
With eyes of love—when I am dead.

They will not see the faithful scroll  
Innate time hath written there  
With ragged quill of sapient age  
Dipped in corroding ink of care.

But they will see a fair-haired girl  
With darkest eyes undimmed by  
tears,  
The blithe some of their sports  
In happy hours, thro' many years.

The blasted track of burned-out hope,  
With stifling smoke of strangling  
fate,  
Will glow and quicken 'neath the  
thought  
Of sacred love inviolate.

Mirrored in Love's enchanted glass,  
This faded hair and pallid face,  
Even laden mask of ghastly death  
Will glow with youth's refulgent  
grace.

The unresponsive, purposeless clay  
No fondster, fervid kiss can move,  
To them it will still be "Mother dear,"  
Incarnate with vivid love.

Sometimes, somewhere—it must be so—  
My little boys will come to me  
And clasp their arms about my neck,  
And sit again upon my knee.

There is no death—only a rest,  
Peaceful succor of fevered breath;  
A retroactive bliss supreme,  
Union with God—there is no death.

Then pass the unprotected clay,  
The coldly curious, breathless stare,  
Only the eyes of steadfast love  
Should view the cankered work of care.

Only my boys, my little boys,  
Kneeling again beside my bed,  
As in the olden, happy days,  
To pray with me—when I am dead.

EMILY GRAY MAYBERRY.

1897.

### VENTURA COUNTY.

OXNARD CUTTING AFFRAY.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.)

OXNARD, July 19.—A cutting scrape occurred near this place last night, in which Rufus Thompson, a colored prize fighter of Los Angeles, stabbed Tom Massey, another colored boxer.

Oxnard, Massey is in the County Hospital, and may die, while Thompson is held to answer in the Justice Court of Judge Louder with bail fixed at \$1000.

The trouble occurred on account of a woman with whom Thompson has been living, and who yesterday took a drive with Massey. Thompson learned of the departure of the train went out after them in another rig and caught them near El Rio, in the mean time the woman, who is of the color of the prize fighter, was seen coming, hid from his sight.

Thompson at once demanded to know where she was, and receiving the answer, he opened his revolver with a knife, using it with terrible effect. After almost killing Massey, he had the nerve to load him in his own rig and bring him to Oxnard, threatening to shoot him if he did not make a story saying that Massey had left him with the doctor, and he then told the complete story to Constable Lynn.

There are eight or ten severe knife wounds, two of them penetrating the kidneys and of the most dangerous character. Massey may be dead before Thompson receives his preliminary examination.

### CENTRAL COMMITTEE MEETS.

VENTURA, July 19.—[The Democratic County Central Committee met this afternoon at the office of Justice Argabrite. There were thirty Democratic statesmen present. Hon. T. A. Rice presided. The primaries will be held Monday, August 18, and county convention will be held on Saturday, August 22. The representation will be one at large for each precinct and one for every twenty-five votes cast for Thomas A. Rice. This will make a convention of ninety-two delegates. There seems to be a scarcity of Democratic candidates. There is but one official announcement, that of E. E. Neely for Coroner and Publisher of the Rock Island and the Mexican Central is now assured.

### READY TO PAINT SAN JUAN.

SANTIAGO DE CUBA, July 19.—Vassili Verestchagin, the Russian painter, who was commanded to paint a picture of the battle of San Juan for President Roosevelt, left here today for New York. He has completed a study of the San Juan battlefield, and the scenes of the battle with Admiral Cervera's fleet.

### CLOSER Traffic Arrangement.

TOPEKA (Kan.) July 19.—It is understood among the Rock Island officials here that a closer traffic arrangement between the Rock Island and the Mexican Central is now assured.

### Something New in Los Angeles.

Made as a cure. See ad. page 2, Part IV.

## Fire! Fire!

## AUCTION!

\$8000 Worth of Furniture

From Heywood Bros.' great fire, slightly damaged water, will be continued

Monday, July 21, at 2 p.m.

In large tent, Main and Seventh Sts., and continue during the week at same hour. Above consists in part of golden oak and bird's-eye maple room suits, chiffonieres, china closets, bookcases, retaries, office desks, library tables, children's and carts, office chairs, leather couches, dining couches and rockers, 375 cots and children's cribs, 400 pieces of wicker and reed goods, consisting of rocking couches, conversation chairs, settees, divans, tables, children's rockers and high chairs, tables, baskets, etc., all of which will be sold to the high bidder.

A. H. FAWCETT, Owner.

C. M. STEVENS, Auctioneer.

Office 203 Tajo Building.

THE ORANGE

Special and Authentic

THE ORANGE

Special and Authentic

THE ORANGE

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[illegible]







## Colored Dress

## Colored Dye

Embroidery  
Sale.  
Embroideries in this space  
marked at four prices:  
One lot at 15c.  
One lot at 18c.

One lot at 25c.  
together there are about  
ousand yards in the  
ot and they are worth  
half more than these  
prices.  
These embroideries com  
brook, swiss and ca  
s. They are all fine  
white rattens. On

are reducing prices r  
n wash goods are in

Wash G

**Dotted Swiss Organdy.**  
production is of the order of 1000 yds. Like them it is admirably adapted for evening wear; it is made in the dotted Swiss with faint floral patterns of new and rare patterns; it is unexcelled in quality and decided originality. Price 40c the yard.  
**Reduced to 30c the yard.**  
**Cotton Foulard.**

ated fabric is the cotton. The soft, pilable nature of the weave and the fine silky texture make it as durable as the cloth it is in the highest rank. It blends into close harmony with the standard that is far more costly. **Wide. Former price \$50 a yard. Reduced to \$35.**

making a visit in this city of Mr. and Mrs. George D. Cross and children have their home in San Francisco. Mr. Cross has returned from his travels in Europe after several months in Europe. Mrs. Robert Y. Hayne of San Francisco are now occupying the

Y of thirty young ladies  
tea Monday evening, an  
at to Miss Mauda Brown  
slea, formerly of Santa  
Miss Brown is the guest  
e Ray.

rs. George White gave a  
and bowling party to a  
friends Monday evening.

entertained a party of  
at a country club din-  
evening.  
tero and family are  
month at their ranch near  
the Santa Maria Val-  
of a month with her  
Ben F. Coons of this city.  
Cavitt and daughter of  
to have returned to their  
and party are in camp

Joseph H. Johnson re-  
Angeleno Sunday after-

Hogan of Los Angeles as Mary Rossi. Death of Pomona is visit-Mrs. J. M. Armstrong, of Goux has gone to New an extended visit. Edwards entertained party Tuesday evening. ent entertained friends noon at an informal tea.

ained a number of  
on the yacht Isabell.  
H. W. Keyes of Chi-  
ing two weeks in Hope  
the guest of their daugh-  
Robinson.  
McCliffe of Los Angeles  
Santa Barbara, the guest  
de Orday entertained  
ay evening at a beach  
Mitchell of San Francisco

has returned to his home after spending a month in Denver, formerly where he was visiting his father, Jackard of Los Angeles and home in Santa Barbara.

Mr. Man gave a tea Tuesday for friends at Le Cha-

company of friends at the roof garden of the Mayday afternoon. Tapered sixty guests. Howland in. Letner and family of ending the summer at Ter an absence of fourthis city, has returned and will again reside

C.C. Club entertained at the residence of Mr. Frederick, No. 227 West Tuesday evening. Overhill Meigs and family for Europe, to be months.



















**CRUDE OIL SCORES HIT.**  
Work on the tennis courts at Ocean Beach Country Club is being completed rapidly, thirty men being employed. The weather has been unusually pleasant, and the work is being pushed forward with great energy.

**TERMINAL ISLAND.**  
Several men were at work today on the huge stakes in front of the pavilion, one on Monday and another on Friday evening. Many people came from Los Angeles to see the work.

**Company Opening Up Deposits Near Rio.**  
The company's plant, which is being built on the beach, is now open for the handling of iron ore. The company is now opening up deposits near Rio, and is now opening up deposits near Rio.

**IRON PRODUCED IN THIS COUNTY.**  
The company's plant, which is being built on the beach, is now open for the handling of iron ore. The company is now opening up deposits near Rio, and is now opening up deposits near Rio.

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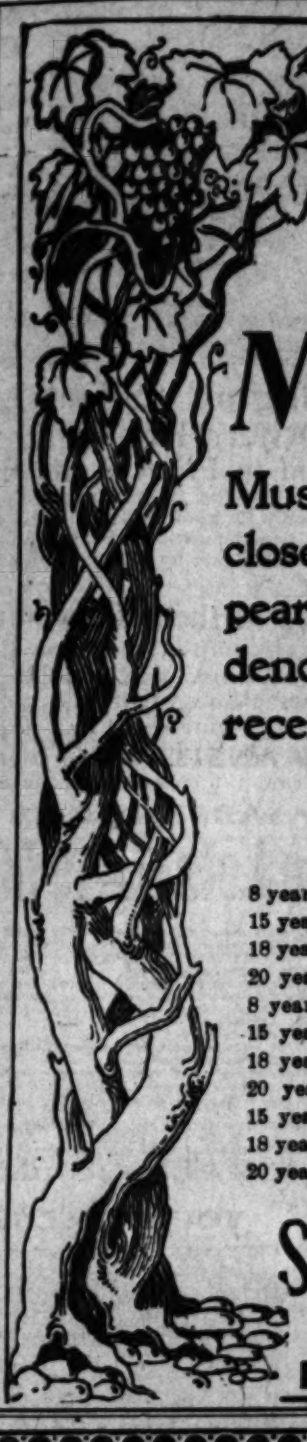
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**GIVES HIS SECRET TO THE WORLD.**  
A Remarkable Discovery by a Remarkable Man.

**The Art of Fascination, the Power of Charming, the Secrets of Personal Magnetism Fully and Completely Revealed at Last.**

**A Marvelous, Mysterious Force Which Gives Wonderful Mental and Physical Strength Overcomes All Diseases; Enables You to Know the Secret Natures of Others and to Handle Them as You Please.**



**The Great MORONEY SALE**

Must close very soon, as some of the lines are all closed out and other lines and qualities are fast disappearing. That people appreciate the quality is evidenced by the great number of duplicate orders we receive for goods.

**... Notice Prices ...**

Bulk Wines.	MORONEY'S PRICE.	SALE PRICE PER GAL.
8 year old Port.....	\$1.00	.59
15 year old Port.....	\$1.50	.87
18 year old Port.....	\$2.00	\$1.07
20 year old Port.....	\$2.50	\$1.39
8 year old Angelica.....	\$1.00	.59
15 year old Angelica.....	\$1.50	.87
18 year old Angelica.....	\$2.00	\$1.07
20 year old Angelica.....	\$2.50	\$1.39
15 year old Sherry.....	\$1.50	.87
18 year old Sherry.....	\$2.00	\$1.07
20 year old Sherry.....	\$2.50	\$1.39

Bulk Whiskies.	PER GAL.
Moroney's \$4.00 Whiskey at.....	\$2.54
Moroney's \$6.00 Whiskey at.....	\$3.49
Moroney's \$8.00 Whiskey at.....	\$4.67

**Bottled Whiskies.**

Moroney's Monogram and other well known brands of whiskey.

Quarts, 63c Pints, 38c

**Bottled Wines.**

Moroney's fine old Port, Sherry, Angelica and Muscat.

23c

**SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA WINE CO.**

220 West Fourth Street.

Phone Main 332

**It's Hard Work**

To push business this warm weather you need a good car. If you have a car, you need a good car. If you have a car, you need a good car.

**ADOLF FRESE.**

126 S. Spring

**THE MINER'S STRIKE**

Head not worth it if you use a GAS RANG.

**CRUDE OIL SCORES HIT.**  
Work on the tennis courts at Ocean Beach Country Club is being completed rapidly, thirty men being employed. The weather has been unusually pleasant, and the work is being pushed forward with great energy.

**TERMINAL ISLAND.**  
Several men were at work today on the huge stakes in front of the pavilion, one on Monday and another on Friday evening. Many people came from Los Angeles to see the work.

**Company Opening Up Deposits Near Rio.**  
The company's plant, which is being built on the beach, is now open for the handling of iron ore. The company is now opening up deposits near Rio, and is now opening up deposits near Rio.

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**SHORT LINE BEACH**

Immediately Adjoining Ocean Park on the South.

More Bonafide Sales have been made to date in the Short Line Beach Tract than in any other seashore property placed on the market in Southern California recently. Bonafide Sales tell the tale.

People who visit our Tract are at once convinced of its desirability on account of its close proximity to the 1300-foot completed Pleasure Wharf and

**\$20,000 Pavilion**

now under construction.

A 10-foot board walk—the longest on the Coast—leads directly from SHORT LINE BEACH to the Pavilion and Wharf. Then again, SHORT LINE BEACH is only a few

**Bathers are safe at Short Line Beach, as there are no treacherous under-currents or quicksand to contend with.**

**Easy Payments—Special Price Reductions on 10 or more Lots.**

**Strong & Dickinson** And Office **Robert Marsh & Co.**

135 South Broadway. On the Tract. 536 Douglas Building.

**ADOLF FRESE.**

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**BICYCLE REPAIRING.**

We have our new Repair Shop in good running order, and your work will have the attention of first-class mechanics.

**Cleveland, Tribune and Light Bicycles**

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Open Even'gs. Phone John 996.







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**\$6900—EASY TERMS, BUYS ONE OF THE PRETTIEST HOMES IN WESTLAKE DISTRICT** being No. 1509 on beautiful Orange street near Valencia, lawns, flowers, fruit, shed electric lights, 2 instantaneous heaters, porcelain bath, beamed ceilings, tinted walls, swag, den, fine home, lot 60x140—Seven rooms.

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**EDS** For Indian Basketry,  
flats, etc.

**REEDS** In two  
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**nt Co.** 326-330 South Main St.  
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434 S. LOS ANGELES ST.  
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## Laundry

**Admiral Hay Press.** The only three stroke bale press with a self feeder.

**Admiral Hay Press.** The only three stroke bale press with a self feeder.















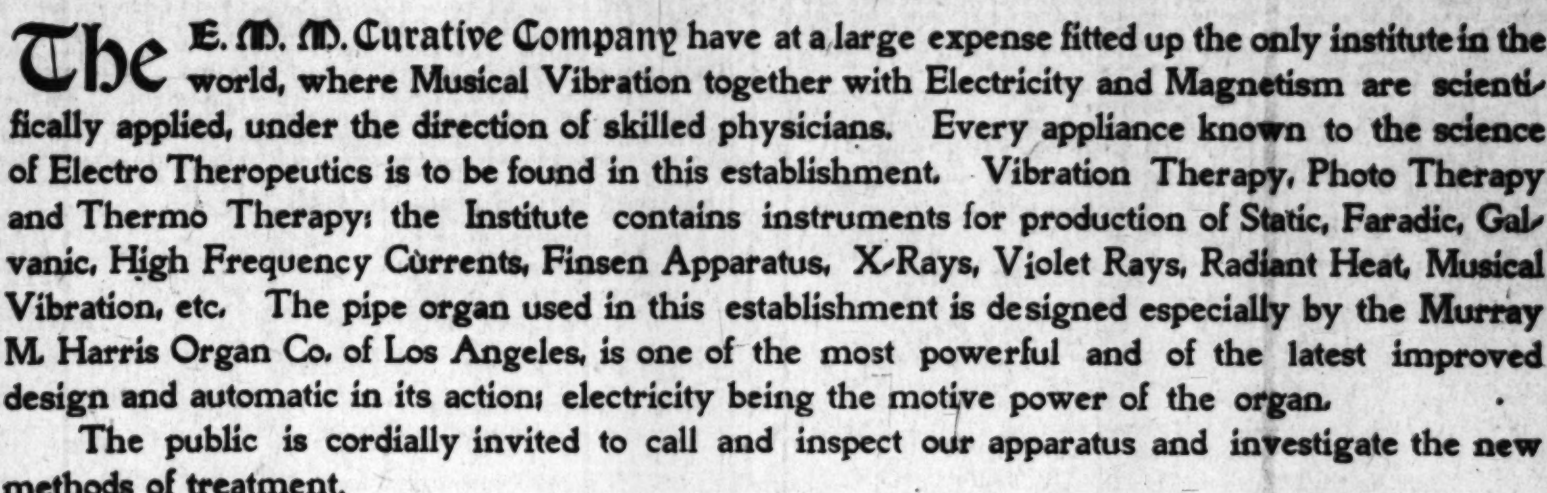
### Drops Letters in Second-story Windows.



**Los Angeles School of Art and Design**  
614 South Hill Street  
SUMMER CLASSES NOW FURNISHING  
art education L. E. & M. M. M.

publishing season and writers and publishers were counting on the autumn season to make good the damage—a hope somewhat dashed by the prospects of a coronation in October.

# THE CURATIVE POWER OF THE NEW CENTURY



**INSTITUTE, 529 SOUTH BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES, CAL**

414 South Hill Street  
SUMMER CLASSES NOW FORMING. Give  
you art education. L. E. O. MASON

—a hope somewhat dashed by the prospects of a coronation in October.

**CANCER** home without knife or plaster and without pain. Treatise, testimonials and letter of advice FREE. Address: **Manon Cancer Institute, 121 West 6th St., N. Y.**

The Bennett Toilet Parlor, corner Fifth and  
Spring streets, carry a complete line of my  
preparations.

**CANCER** without pain. Treatise, testimonials and letter of advice FREE. Address: **Mason Cancer Institute, 121 West 66th St., N. Y.**

The Bennett Toilet Parlor, corner Fifth and  
Spring streets, carry a complete line of my  
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ck  
feta 89c

Black Silk 69c.

Black Etamine 69c.

Black Goods 39c.

Red Etamine 79c.

Children's Hats \$1.00

75c Hats 25c

Children's

Orons.

Children's aprons have been so good...

43c 65c Aprons 39c

43c \$1.00 Aprons 39c

43c

Children's Dresses

Reductions.

Children's Dresses 50c.

Children's Dresses \$1.00.

Children's Dresses \$1.00.

Children's Aprons 15c

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Sunbonnets 25c

at this hot weather, you get a...

LYDIA E. PINK

LIVER PILLS

Cure constipation and sick...

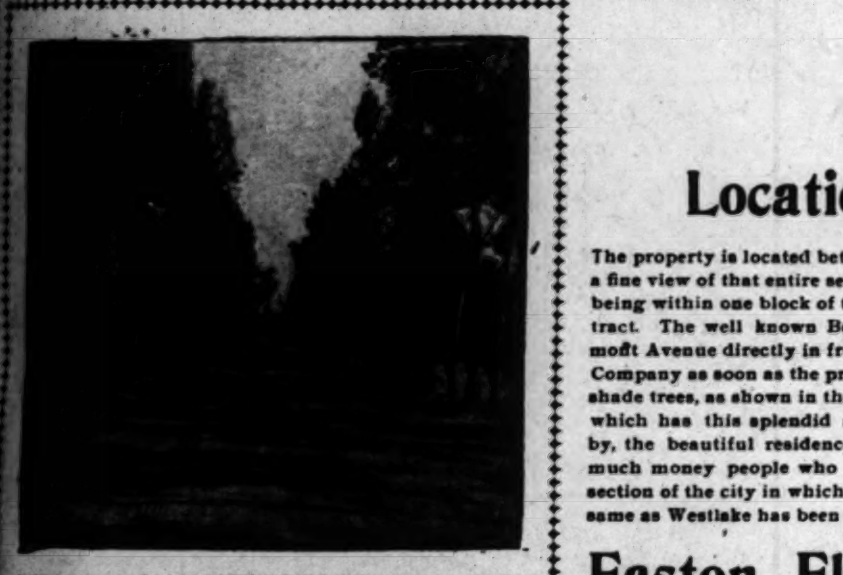
ing from female ill. See Ad...

# EASTON, ELDRIDGE & CO. CORPORATION REAL ESTATE & GENERAL AUCTIONEERS.

## Lots \$100 to \$300

\$10 and \$10 Per Month.

The owners of this property have instructed us to sell the lots at \$10.00 down and \$10.00 a month for the reason that they have unbounded faith in the future of the property, of which they have been the owners for several years. They know what the growth and development has been in this section of the city. They know what it promises to be. \$10.00 down and \$10.00 a month means a quick sale of the entire tract; it means that hundreds of people who could not otherwise own real estate and build homes upon more rigid terms, will now be able to participate in the advantages and profits of a rising market. With each lot we give a guaranteed title, free of cost to the purchaser. \$10 down and \$10 a month is all there is to it—no interest, no taxes. If you wish to build after you have paid for the lot, we will build you a house or let you the money to build, and arrange the terms in monthly installments to suit you. The price on all lots which remain unsold September 1st, will be increased. In other words, upon an investment right now of \$10 and \$10 per month, say from now until the first of the year; you can make a profit upon from one to three hundred dollars, which is the price the lot payments; as prices will surely advance September 1st.



STREET VIEW.

### CHILD'S SUMMER SCHOOL?

By HENRY WINTERROG.

Special arrangement with the...

DARLING—It was Thomas...

nothing unusual, for Thomas...

Chair had food for good...

morning, but if Tommy...

at the hotel for full half...

in broad daylight it was...

merely one of his little...

Tommy was once heard to...

that his heart was larger...

house so many more...

words, Thomas was a whole...

who conducted his campaign...

take had he sat in solitude...

hour the entire summer...

upon the island would have...

the strangeness of the...

not that such an event...

available when there were twenty...

at hand—that is, all were tract...

that he had been rejected by...

up to go ahead and make his...

of rejections complete he...

and angry reticent.

one would have believed the...

the twenty-seventh was the...

of his adoration—and that...

he was experiencing in this in...

he became oddly incapable of...

the words that would put his...

### IN THE SHADOW OF THE CAMPANILE.

By CATHERINE CORTELOS.

(Specially Contributed to The Times.)

It is with deep regret that we hear...

of the fall of the beautiful bell tower...

of Venice. It seemed the most soft...

and enduring of all the campaniles of...

Italy. Had the leaning tower of Pisa...

or even Giotto's fair tower in Florence...

fallen, our surprise would not have...

been so great. Let us go back and look...

at the Campanile once more. We have...

just arrived in Venice, and go at once...

to the center of interest—the Piazza...

San Marco, surrounding the Cam...

panile.

The tower rises so far above us that...

the bells are entirely out of sight. The...

bronze figures are striking the hour...

of noon on the old clock tower opposite...

the sun beats on the pavement of the...

Piazza, and there seems no life in any...

thing but the fluttering pigeons. An...

old man has a stand at the base of the...

Campanile, where he sells little sacks...

of corn for the tourist to feed the...

pigeons; he is dodging the hawk and will...

probably be destroyed locally, owing...

to the heavy cost of transport.

Socialist doctrines have found their...

way into the army and navy, and...

Vice-Admiral Hiltbrandt has issued a...

secret order condemning the...

## Location, Improvements, Advantages

The property is located between Hoover Street and Vermont Avenue. The Vermont Avenue lots on the tract command a fine view of that entire section. You can reach the tract by taking a Westlake Traction car, the terminal of this line being within one block of the tract. A representative always at the end of the car line to meet you, and an office on the tract. The well known Belt Line Franchise (for which Mr. Huntington paid \$158,000) covers the right of way on Vermont Avenue directly in front of the property, and will be built either by the Pacific Railway Company or the Traction Company as soon as the present contest over the franchise is settled. All streets in the tract are lined with magnificent shade trees, as shown in the photographic pictures in this advertisement. This is the only tract now on the market which has this splendid advantage. Opposite our property on Vermont Avenue are fine, handsome homes, and near by, the beautiful residences of Hon. John W. Mitchell, Mr. T. W. Brotherton, Mr. Barnes and others. You know how much money people who invested in lots just west of Westlake Park two or three years ago, have made. This is the section of the city in which the natural lay of the ground and the superb views, draw the finest residences; just the same as Westlake has been and Hollywood is now doing. This property lays right square between the two.

### Easton, Eldridge & Co., 121 South Broadway.



RESIDENCE OF MR. BARNES.

## What Our Easy Terms Mean.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been made in Real Estate in Los Angeles during the last six months. This money has been made mostly by men of large capital, who have plenty of funds for investment. Few opportunities that promised exceptional returns have been offered to the man of moderate means. These choice residence lots are the first solid, safe, sound, promising proposition that has been put before the public that a man with almost no capital could take advantage of and get part of the money that is now being made in the great development of Los Angeles. Lots at from one to three hundred dollars each are cheaper than acreage north, south or west of this property. These lots at from one to three hundred dollars each are just about one-quarter the price you have to pay for the same character of property in Hollywood, commanding an equal view. There is not a worker in the City of Los Angeles—man or woman, boy or girl, who cannot or will not make money by investing in one of these lots. It is the cleanest cut, the most conservative kind of an investment.



STREET VIEW.

# Uricisol Cures Rheumatism

## Rheumatism

### How Uricisol Cures.

Uricisol neutralizes the uric acid...

condition without over-stimulating...

the kidneys—this is the secret of...

its success.

It does not disturb the digestive...

processes.

It controls the action of the heart...

without depressing it, and without...

causing any exhaustion. In reduc...

ing the pulse it does not cause any...

nausea or other disagreeable action.

It does not impair the quality of...

the blood. In other words, it does...

not impair the constructive energies...

of the system.

It produces a mild and physiolog...

ical stimulation of the intestinal...

glands.

Uricisol is the only cure for rheu...

matism that will not injure the...

stomach or any other part of the...

system.

Rheumatism is caused by...

an excess of uric acid in the...

system.

Uric acid prevails in all the...

liquids of the body, but for...

many reasons there is oftentimes...

an excess of uric acid in the...

system which always results...

in rheumatism or some kind...

of complaint. In order to...

cure rheumatism it is necessary...

to take a medicine that will...

dissolve this uric acid and elimi...

nate it from the body, and the trouble...

with most uric acid solvents is that...

they cannot be taken sufficiently long...

to give more than temporary relief, for...

they antagonize the stomach and other...

digestive functions and prevent a com...

plete dissolving of the uric acid.

Uricisol actually helps the stomach.

It tones up the system and is a tonic...

as well as a uric acid solvent.

Uricisol is prescribed by physicians...

for the cure of rheumatism and has...

never yet failed to cure every case...

wherein it has been taken faithfully.

Here is a letter from a gentleman...

who was cured of rheumatism in Los...

Angeles in March, 1902:

GENTLEMEN—I feel that it is only...

due to the serious and intelligent effort...

which I am aware you have made to...

provide a remedy for one of the ills of...

mankind, that I acknowledge the re...

sult of my personal experience.

Having suddenly contracted a se...

vere case of rheumatism in the muscles...

of the back between the shoulder...

blades, I naturally as an ex-druggist...

had every opportunity to treat it by...

the usual methods. In fact, one of...

my physician friends prescribed salicy...

late of soda, salol, chloroform linim...

ent, etc., but all of no avail. In...

fact, my discomfort became so great...

that I could not repose at night in any...

position for any length of time.

A this juncture I purchased from...

you a bottle of your Uricisol and after...

a few days' use the rheumatism entirely...

disappeared and has not returned. I...

however, continued taking the medic...

ine until the entire contents of the...

## Uricisol Chemical Co., Los Angeles and Atlanta, Georgia

pecially left, difficult to be heard in a...

breeze.

The German Navy League has 600,000...

members and its annual income is...

\$500,000. During the agitation for the...

increase of the navy they distributed...

6,000,000 pamphlets, besides photo...

graphs of the maneuvers.

The English Navy League has 14,...

tain and 6 howitzer batteries. Ne...

gotiations for supplying the artillery...

with quick-firing guns have been en...

tered upon with certain German manu...

facturers, but financial difficulties...

stand, for the present, in the way of...

the delivery of the coveted pieces.

Value of Education.

It is the proud boast of Evanston...

"No wheeling on the sidewalks,"

"Light lamps at sunset." Truly, he...

who cannot read would have a rocky...

road in Evanston and along the north...

shore—to say nothing of the loss of...

the pleasant but scandalous literature...

proscribed by moral and intellectual...

opinion.—[Chicago Post.]

"What do you mean by saying that...

baseball causes more deaths than...



# HOW TO GET RESTFUL SLEEP

BY MRS HENRY SYMES

AN EASY ATTITUDE.

Sound Slumber is the Great Requisite to the Preservation of Feminine Youth and Beauty, Making New Women of Those Who Rest Well at Nights

**T**HE subject of sleep is one in which every woman is interested. Sleep is not only necessary, and a great physical comforter and restorer, but it is a beautifier. It is pretty little Madame Butterfly who says: "If I sleep an hour, then I shall be pretty again." The Japanese women understand the art of beauty as Americans do not. They know how to add the lips with one pouting touch of vegetable rouge. They know how to brighten the hair and make it shine. They understand the trick of posture and the using of the voice. And, more than all, they know the value of sleep.

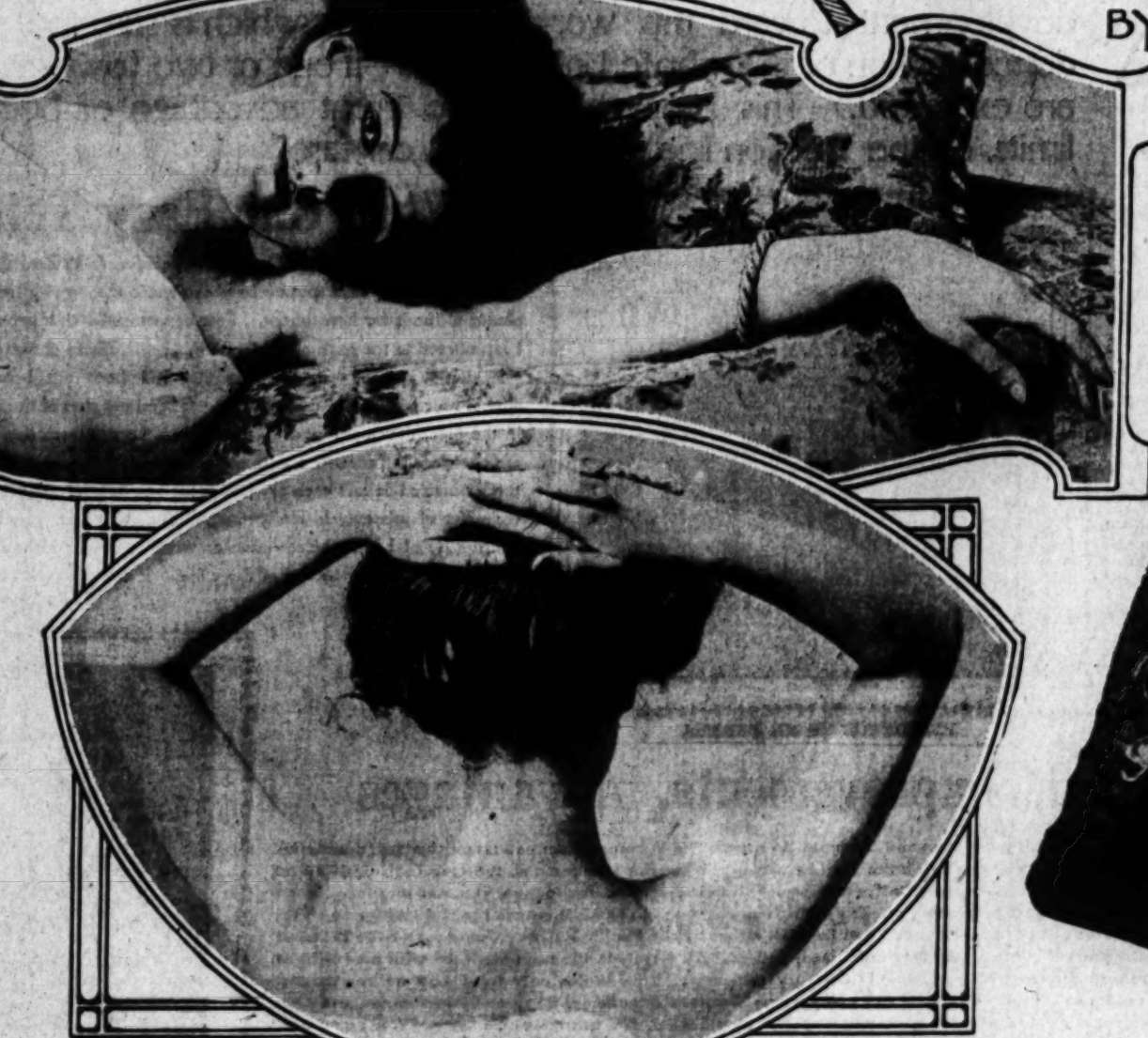
Sleep, in the right amount, clears the skin, brightens the eyes and gives expression to the face. It takes away that haggard look, fills out the hollows around the eyes, plumps the cheeks, removes those awful parentheses about the mouth, smooths out the forehead and makes a new woman of you.

No woman suffering from insomnia was ever pretty. The look of suffering in her face never goes away; she looks aged and her nervous, overwrought condition is visible at a glance.

The proper amount of sleep depends a little upon the constitution and a great deal upon habit. If you have trained yourself to nine hours of sleep you will be compelled to take that amount. Cutting off your number of sleeping hours will make you ill. So with taking the "nap." It is a necessity if you are trained to it.

Actually no living person requires more than seven hours' sleep out of the twenty-four, unless that person is ill, and there are people who can get along on six and a half hours. The German physicians who have studied sleep declare that, under the right conditions, the body will restore itself in seven hours.

The system is like a clock's work. It



TAKE THIS EXERCISE IF YOU FIND YOURSELF WAKEFUL

ing, find the utmost difficulty in quieting down after the evening is over. For them a cup of hot milk is advised with two toasted crackers. If the woman has indigestion, a little pulled bread or a toasted crust will assimilate better than the crackers.

A warm bath is an excellent nerve quietener and can be taken in this way: Fill the tub with hot water and drop into it three tablespoonfuls of orange flower water and a tablespoonful of almond meal. This will give a soft milk-looking water that is very soothing. The bath should not be taken red hot, but only a little more than lukewarm; and the patient should wet her head with cold water before getting into the tub. Women who suffer from bleeding at the nose, after an evening of excitement, will find a remedy in this wetting of the whole face with cold water.

After you have come out of the bath put on a very warm robe and put your feet in slippers with warm soles upon your feet. The robe should be very thick and light and, with it on, you must go through with

side. Do not sleep on the left side for fear of weakening the heart by the weight of the internal organs. Sleeping on the back is very beneficial, this doctor declares, but there are very few who can get comfortable in this way.

Do not sleep with the arms over the head, because you strain the ribs, the heart and the stomach, and you will rise sore and tired. Do not put the hand under the cheek, for you will wrinkle the face and will, besides, sleep in a cramped position.

Do not sleep with the knees higher than the head nor with the feet hanging out of bed.

The proper way to sleep, the physical culturists say, is upon the back, with the knees slightly flexed, and with every muscle of the body at rest. Be sure that you are relaxed, for unless you are supple and all your muscles are at ease, you will not get proper rest.

Insomnia must be treated in different ways. Often people cannot sleep, and the reason is that they do not require sleep. A certain woman went to her doctor complaining that she could not sleep more than five hours a night. "I waken

The woman who cannot sleep must not neglect her stomach. She must put something into it. A glass of warm milk, slightly salted, is a great stomach satisfier. And an egg, beaten very light and whipped into the warm milk, with plenty of salt, is very nourishing. If you are not opposed to stimulants, beat in a tablespoonful of the best whisky. If you do not believe in taking this, let the egg and milk be whipped together and a little nutmeg be scattered on top. You will have just as good a drink and one that will quiet the stomach just as well.

The question of stimulants to bring on sleep is one that needs no argument. The woman who depends upon them for her repose knows perfectly well how painful is her condition. She must build up her body at once and quiet her stomach so that it will do its work and satisfy the body without this powerful stimulant.

Once having learned the trick of going to sleep, and a trick it is, for each person goes to sleep in a different way, then turn your attention to the proper way to sleep. Unless you get your repose in the right way it will not rest you.

These Pictures Tell How to Compose Yourself to Sleep When Rest is Needed and Nature Has Been Exhausted by the Demands of Everyday Life



DO NOT SLEEP WITH THE HEAD HIGH AND THE ARMS RAISED

run with regularity just as it is set to run, and if it has been regulated to take nine hours of sleep it will need that number.

Fleashy people, those who suffer from embonpoint, should not sleep more than seven hours, although they are the very ones who need, or think they need, more. A fat woman who retires at 11 o'clock will sleep until 8, giving herself nine hours of perfect inactivity. Really she should rise at 6, at least while she is reducing, and should not allow herself to lie in bed one minute after she awakens. All fat people love the bed and will sleep hours and hours after their leaner and more active sisters are astir.

But this talk is more for the woman who cannot sleep than for the woman who can. The woman who is nervous and suffers from insomnia is the woman whose condition is pitiable. The agony of wakeful nights and the distress of heavy eyelids next day cannot be pictured. Drugs are resorted to and a disordered stomach follows.

At the first indication of insomnia a woman should take a very light narcotic. She should not take morphine, nor opium, nor anything of the habit-forming description. But she should put into her stomach, on going to bed, some very simple drug which produces a restful state of the nerves. There are ginger bromides that will be given by any druggist that are just the right thing for the woman with a high-strung nervous temperament. This should be taken only once and never repeated within a week.

Now that the nerves are at rest there must be done something to induce sleep. Women who read at night, or write, or professional women whose work is excit-

your gymnastic exercises. Nothing induces sleep more quickly than physical exhaustion. The woman who has bicycled for miles will sleep soundly; the girl who has walked ten miles will drop off like a log and not stir until morning; the woman who has put in a day in the garden, or has been engaged in vigorous indoor work with the windows open, will sleep as though she had been drugged. Yet none of these have had recourse to narcotics of any kind.

But it is the woman who stays in doors, who does fancy work, who puzzles her brain over household problems, and who is not physically tired when she goes to bed, she it is who stays awake. The woman who worries never sleeps well. She cannot sleep because her brain will not let her sleep. There is a belief that, if you give the stomach something to do, the brain will not trouble you. Rise in the night, if you are wakeful, and eat a cracker and nine times out of ten you will lie down and go to sleep.

There is a system advocated for getting to sleep which is working well with the crowned heads of Europe. It was discovered or invented by Bismarck's physician, and has been tried by the German Emperor and others with much success. This system advocates that, when going to bed, you lie upon your left side. Thus the weight of the body and of the heavy internal organs is thrown upon the heart. The heart, burdened by the weight upon it, beats more slowly, and this slowing up of the forces of the body quiets the nerves and brings on sleep.

As soon as you feel drowsy, which should be in about ten minutes, you are to turn over and to sleep upon your right

at 2," said she, "and he awoke until morning. The next day I feel exhausted, for my brain has been working all night."

The physician, on inquiring into the habits of this woman, found that she was in the habit of taking a nap every afternoon for two hours, and that she retired at 10. Of course, she became "slept out" and the result was insomnia. He advised her to stop her naps, which she did, with the result that she slept well all night.

But a great many people who do not take naps in the daytime suffer from insomnia. In exercising remember that the object is to bring on weariness—Put on a warm kimono and stand up in front of your mirror. Stretch your arms above your head and lower them, and repeat this exercise for fifteen minutes. If you have taken a warm bath you should keep the windows down or should keep out of a draught. But if you have not been heated in this way you may take your exercise with the windows open, so as to fill your lungs with fresh air. Practice until you are worn out, the more the better, and when you crawl into bed let it be with a feeling of thankfulness that at least you can rest. Nothing but bodily fatigue will relieve the overwrought nervous state of the system, which will not allow repose.

Dancing, jumping and body bending will induce sleep, but not as quickly as will the moving of the arms, for this seems to bring a fatigue of the muscles and a curiously drowsy sensation which is not found in the vigorous movements.

From experience you know that if you go to bed with a "crick" in your neck you will waken with one. You know that if you sleep with your head twisted your shoulders will be lame. You know that a ridge in the bed will leave an ugly feeling in your side, and so through all the bodily possibilities. Unless you are allowed to sleep correctly you will not rise refreshed.

Let the bed be level, with the head rising very slightly. To secure this let the castors on the head of the bed be a very little higher than those at the foot. If necessary, put a block of wood under the legs at the head of the bed, or saw off the lower ones. The difference need not be more than half an inch, but it will have the effect of raising the body at the head.

Now, in sleeping, do not lie flat. Let your pillow lift the head until it rests even with the shoulders. It may be that there are people who can sleep without a pillow, but the ordinary mortal will rise with a headache, and very often will suffer from nose-bleeding. The blood rushes

to the head and makes you ill. Have the head raised on a level with the shoulders, lie upon the back, a little toward one side, dispose the arms comfortably and cover up the feet. The feet feel the cold quickly, and there is no better way to catch cold than by exposing them. Sleep in light slippers knitted of fine wool, winter and summer. If you can, certainly do so in winter. Keeping the feet warm will bring on sleep, while cold feet drive it away.

In cool weather a flannel night robe and light wool slippers are the best sleep inducer you can find. In hot weather, however, these are out of the question. But one can get rest by physical exhaustion and by feeding and humoring the stomach. The massage is the greatest impetus to sleep. She can rub the limbs until you are tired, and actually bring on drowsiness by a manipulation of the body, especially across the back and the chest. But the services of a masseuse are not always to be obtained, and the next best thing is exercise.

Ovid wrote a great deal in those old classics of his about love. But he also wrote about perfumes. If wakeful, try the scattering of a good toilet water upon your pillow. Massage your chest with it, rub it into the skin, let there be a gentle aroma of perfume about your room, and you will find that sleep comes on more easily.

The use of perfumes are many and, probably, as a narcotic, they are not famous, but you can do a great deal with good cologne, and the woman who can not get rest will find this a pretty and agreeable way of inducing the Sleep God to visit her pillow.

In sleeping do not forget your beauty possibilities. A pillow which is said to be very sleep-inducing consists of hot beef tea, one cup and one beaten egg, stirred very gradually into the beef tea while it is boiling hot. This will be, not thick, but of a creamy consistency, and can be taken through a straw if desired.

Let the nightly drink be warm, it be taken just as late as possible, after you are in bed, if practicable. For the woman who is troubled by settled insomnia, a victim of no other ailment, which has headquarters in New York, and the Havana cigar company, which has headquarters in Havana, is a great help. The Havana cigar company, which has headquarters in Havana, is a great help. The Havana cigar company, which has headquarters in Havana, is a great help.

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TRY THIS AFTER A HOT BATH

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THE OPENING SA with a hotel fluer than slding sites possible to odevelopment of the tow are asked to pay for a s

The Beach

PROCRATIC SMOKES FROM HAVANA WEED.

DONS RETIRED BY THE YANKEE TRUST.

Income Requisite to Enjoy the Brand—Pays a Dollar apiece. Reduction Predicted in

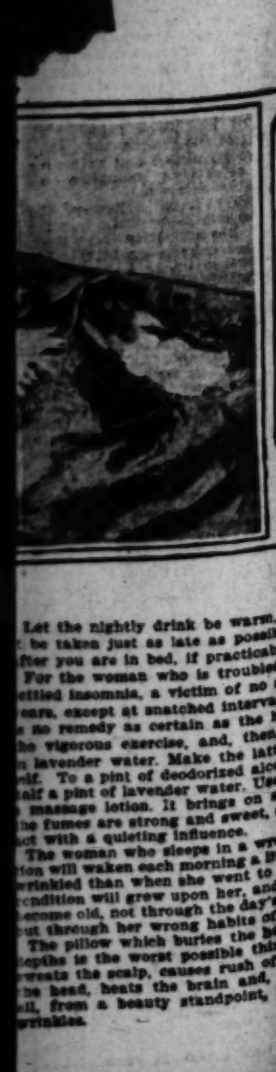
Herald. American bled the Cuban cigar at the present time only of the Havana cigar fac- independent. All of the members of one or another the Havana Com-pany, which has head- New York, and the Ha- tobacco factories, which has headquarters in Havana, is a great help. The Havana cigar company, which has headquarters in Havana, is a great help.

These factories the institutions of the the entire population. But the welfare was jealously the English and American now lay siege to the The old order changeth now to the new. Ten Henry Clay factory was Now it is part of the and Tobacco Factories, of the more prominent



TRY THIS AFTER A HOT BATH.

Proper Physical Exercise and a Correct Posture in Lying Down to Sleep Are Two of the Chief Essentials to Health and Good Looks



# PLAYA DEL REY

## THE KINGS BEACH

Careful Selections Made for Out-of-town Buyers.

### Go Where the Money-makers Go-- Invest Where the Activity is. Put Your Summer Home Where all Your Friends will Be. Playa del Rey--the Kings' Beach.


The great opening sale of lots at Del Rey shows the confidence in the grand success of this new town which men of business feel. There are doubters and hesitators, of course--there always are--but those are the very people who never make a mark on the progress of the world. It is the men who believe that Los Angeles is fast becoming one of the great cities of America--it is the men who stand for progress and better things--it is the men who have helped to make Los Angeles the wonderful city it is today that are first to plant their dollars in this grand enterprise. The slow-goers, the hesitators and doubters will be buying property in Playa del Rey a year or two hence and paying double or three times present prices--mark the prediction.

### Those Who Have Bought

We are unable at this writing to give anything like a complete list of buyers since the sale opened. The following are some of the names reported by our salesmen. There are about one hundred others who have paid deposits--some for only one lot, others for from five to twenty lots.

Geo. A. Cook, Vice-President First National Bank of Pasadena, and who contemplates building a handsome residence.  
W. D. Clark, Redlands, Cal., retired capitalist.  
Geo. W. and Arthur A. Baird, Tolosa, Cal. (business property).  
Miss Kate Badier, Tolosa, Cal. (Residence property).  
G. F. Greiner, Los Angeles, Cal. (Expects to build business property).  
Herbert W. Johnston, Redlands, Cal.  
A. Fred Solano, Los Angeles.  
Prof. C. R. Paine, Redlands.  
F. J. Hart, Southern California Music Co.  
Chas. E. Kiehlberger, Los Angeles, capitalist.  
Mrs. W. R. Vischer, Ocean Park, Cal.  
Joseph Monner, Los Angeles.  
E. W. Hook, Long Beach, Cal.  
Dr. James T. Moran, Los Angeles.  
M. L. Wicks, Los Angeles.  
Geo. N. Nolan, Los Angeles.

Chas. C. Lamb, Los Angeles.  
M. M. Fowler, Pasadena, Cal.  
A. M. Fleming, Pasadena, Cal.  
P. M. Green, Pasadena, Cal.  
W. D. Woolfson, Los Angeles, Cal.  
W. G. Patterson, Los Angeles.  
Godfrey Hotterhoff, Los Angeles.  
Daniel Murphy, Los Angeles.  
I. N. Sterry, Los Angeles.  
J. G. Gonzales, Los Angeles.  
A. C. Cole, Los Angeles.  
M. J. Nolan, Los Angeles.  
W. S. Brush, Beaumont, Texas.  
G. A. Smith.  
A. Curtis, Chicago.  
P. L. Ladd, Denver, Cal.  
M. L. Vicks, Los Angeles.  
M. H. Sherman, Los Angeles.  
R. P. Clark, Los Angeles.  
R. C. Glavin, Santa Monica.  
Henry P. Barbour, Los Angeles.



WORKERS BEGINNING IMPROVEMENTS.

Now is the time to make your selection of lots. Now, before the improvements cause the sharp advance which is sure to come when the beauty of this modern Venice shall become more noted than Coronado or Del Monte.

THE OPENING SALE AT PLAYA DEL REY.

a hotel finer than any resort on the Coast--with the safes, and most varied amusements to be found anywhere--with grand Venetian Carnivals--with the most magnificent sites possible to obtain--with building restrictions that will work for the good of all--with the investor and homeseeker safe-guarded at every point--with plenty of money for development of the town on a splendid scale--there can be no reasonable question about the wisdom of the investment at present prices, which are only slightly in advance of what are asked to pay for a sand lot on a bleak and barren shore. This is the time to buy.

## The Beach Land Co., 219-20-21 Conservative Life Bldg. Third and Hill.

### STOMACH AND BOWEL TROUBLES

TAPE WORMS, Stomach, Intestinal, Thread Worms and all other parasites which infest the human body, which are the cause of so many Chronic Troubles, can be removed without inconvenience or fasting.

One of the most prominent symptoms of the presence of parasites is the accumulation of mucus in the stomach and bowels. This mucus which is formed by these parasites, adheres to the sides of the intestines and in time commences to show itself in the stools. This condition which is no more or less than a symptom, is in hundreds of cases, treated as catarrh of the stomach and bowels. It has been the history of every case we have treated, that the formation of this mucus ceases after the thorough removal of these parasites. In the past six months we have cured over 500 cases of so-called stomach trouble and have absolutely cured five cases of epilepsy. We diagnose and tell you whether you have any of these parasites or not. All charges for treatment are moderate. No charge if you are not satisfied.

CONSULTATION AND DIAGNOSIS FREE.  
Hours 9 a.m. to 12; 1 to 4 p.m.  
**DR. SMITH & ARNOLD, 202 1/2 S. Broadway, Rooms 220-221, Los Angeles.**

### Health

If you suffer from Cough, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sore Throat, Sore Lungs, Colds, flu, sore throat, send for our **HALPRUNER'S** MANUFACTURING CO., 211 California Street, San Francisco, California.

**Halpruner's**  
For Sale by all Druggists, etc. and by mail.

### Dividends

20 per cent per annum.  
See us about it.  
**PROVIDENCE GOLD SYNDICATE,**  
216 Broadway Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

### Stomach and Bowel Troubles

The better class of manufacturers, of course, are not resorting to this scheme, but the makers of cheap goods find it very profitable, and in consequence the importance of the fact that the Porto Rican cigar industry may be seriously injured.

Native Porto Rican tobacco is not as good by very much as that of Cuba. This is because the Porto Rican planters do not cultivate it as carefully. With improved methods and Cuban seed, it is hoped, however, to improve the island's product much, and in a few years American smokers may be able to buy cigars as good as the best Havanas, for 10 cents.

**Students of Theology Falling Off.**  
The number of theological students to be graduated this spring was 710 below the normal, and predictions are made that the number to graduate next year will be even further below it. Fewer students from the colleges are entering the seminaries. The number of graduates this spring was 232, all sorts save Roman Catholic. The ability of larger religious bodies, such as Methodist and Presbyterian, to absorb new men is much less than is generally supposed. And the number becomes proportionately fewer because lay effort is increasing rapidly. Causes for the falling off are being offered in great numbers. The cause least often presented, but probably nearest the truth, is the improved worldly conditions surrounding the clergy as a class. Salaries are increasing, better houses are offering to live in, elaborately equipped plants are multiplying. With these come a waning of the ministerial necessity. Ambition seeks large, not small things. Martyrdom, more or less pronounced, is always popular. Ease, good pay, long vacations, with their accompanying small responsibility, small service, are not popular, when compared with the same attainments in secular life. The Brooklyn pastor, who, receiving \$700 a year, was surprised by his trustees with an increase to \$900, was robbed of the heroic for himself and for many who might come after him. [Chautauqua Magazine.]



Shoe Sale

No matter the distance, you can sit in your own home and take advantage of our special sales. Be prompt in ordering as special sale goods sell quickly and to delay means to court disappointment.



# One Dollar



<p>Women's shoes made of good quality kid, soft new styles, new colors, medium weight, best patent leather or kid tips, all sizes, good value at \$6.00; priced for this sale,</p>	<b>\$1.00</b>	<p>Women's common sense shoes, made of the soft kid with pliable soles. plain broad toes, low flat heels, button or lace, all sizes, extra value at \$6.00; priced for this sale</p>	<b>\$1.00</b>	<p>Women's tan colored shoes, of the soft kid with light figured toe tips, hand burned soles, stylish lasts, sizes for all. B&amp;W values, priced for this sale per</p>	<b>\$1.00</b>	<p>Women's kangaroo calf shoes made with heavy kangaroo toe tips, lace leather throughout, strong and yet neat and comfortable, all sizes, cheap at \$1.50, priced for this sale.</p>	<b>\$1.00</b>	<p>Men's spring heel shoes, made of good grade kid, near stylish lasts, tips of kid kid or patent leather; medium weight soles, lace toes, sizes for all, good value at \$8; priced for this sale per</p>	<b>\$1.00</b>	<p>Women's shoes, made of the soft kid, with good all vesting tops, lace, wide tip, medium weight flexible soles, very dressy, good range of sizes cheap at \$7.00; priced for this sale,</p>	<b>\$1.00</b>	<p>Women's Juliette, easy to pull on and off, made of good grade kid, with front and back with small dress side; comfortable and dressy; regular B &amp; W values; priced for this sale, per tail number</p>	<b>\$1.00</b>
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**\$1.75** Congress shoes for men, good satin calf, single sole, kangaroo or calf tops, smooth throughout, large variety of lasts, all sizes, priced for this sale per pair.

**\$2.00** Work shoes for men, men's strong satin calf, double toe or congress, plain toes or cap toes and durable, all sizes; priced for this sale per

**\$1.75** Box grain shoes for men, tan soles, coin toes—strong and serviceable, all sizes; priced for this sale

**Misses' Shoes \$1.00**

**Children's Shoes \$1.99**

**Bargains**

**uctions on Veilings.**  
 et, deep embroidered edges, pretty dots  
 from. Similarly, two veils alike in  
 lay while they last, each ..... **25<sup>c</sup>**

**75c Veils 49c**  
 Clifton and fancy net veils, new colorings, some  
 with dots and rings, others plain—brilliant stitched  
 edges, new color combinations, novel patterns,  
 values up to 75c; sale price, each, 49c.

**ices on Made Veils.**  
 and lengths from 1 to 1½ yard; just the thing for hat drapes and  
 our sizes, fancy stitching, some with hand embroidered band, good

**69c.**  
**75c.**

**\$1.19 Veils for 98c.**  
**\$1.50 Veils for \$1.39.**

Chiffon and fancy net veils, new colorings, some with dots and rings, others plain—brilliant stitched edges, new color combinations, novel patterns, values up to 75c; sale price, each, 49c.

**Prices on Made Veils:**

Lengths from 1 to 3½ yard; just the thing for hat drapes and us sizes, fancy stitching, some with hand embroidered band, good

69c.	\$1.19 Veils for 98c.
75c.	\$1.50 Veils for \$1.39.

and hair curlers, gloves stitched, 3 sizes, cheap at 3<sup>c</sup>  
Monday and Tuesday  
or doz.....  
combination needle book, 4 papers assorted sewing 5<sup>c</sup>  
edles, darners, bedkins, pins, hat pins enclosed  
a neat book, worth 15c; Monday and Tuesday, each

Those are the words of our chief. He says we have entirely too many muslin curtains. The manager of our Drapery Department has cut prices down to a notch that in many instances is below the cost, and in a few cases even below that point. In the lot are handsome ruffled muslin curtains—not the cheap kind that are so often advertised as special sale goods, but good, ample size curtains that are handsomely and substantially made, many with pretty lace insertions and edges. Proprietors of rooming houses and owners of beach cottages should take advantage of this sale. There's a good, liberal supply of these curtains that will be great, as such reliable goods are rare & sold at the prices attached to this lot. First choosers will get the cream. Here are the prices:

**\$2.98 Muslin Curtains on Sale at \$1.98**

---

**Three Bargains in Bedspreads**

Three bed spreads. Macallan pattern. 1. Handsome bed spread, heavy Macallan. 2. Bed spread, small size for child, wool.

## Good News From the Towel Section

Huck towels, good, soft finish, fringed ends, size 18x30 inches, worth 74¢; Monday	5¢
and Tuesday each	
Checked towels with fringe ends, size 18x37	5¢
74¢; Monday and	
<p>           Linen huck towels, hemmed ends with neat ball-line stripe, size 18x36, worth 29¢; Monday and Tuesday, each .....            Unbleached Turkish towels, size 17x33, good strong weave, chem at 34¢; Monday and Tuesday .....         </p>	

and Tuesday, each.....	23	Tuesday, each.....
Fancy honeycomb towels, plain white, fringed ends, 12 1/2c quality; Monday and Tuesday, each.....	10c	Bleached turkish towels, size 20x39, good fringe ends, better than the average 10c towel, Monday and Tuesday, each.....

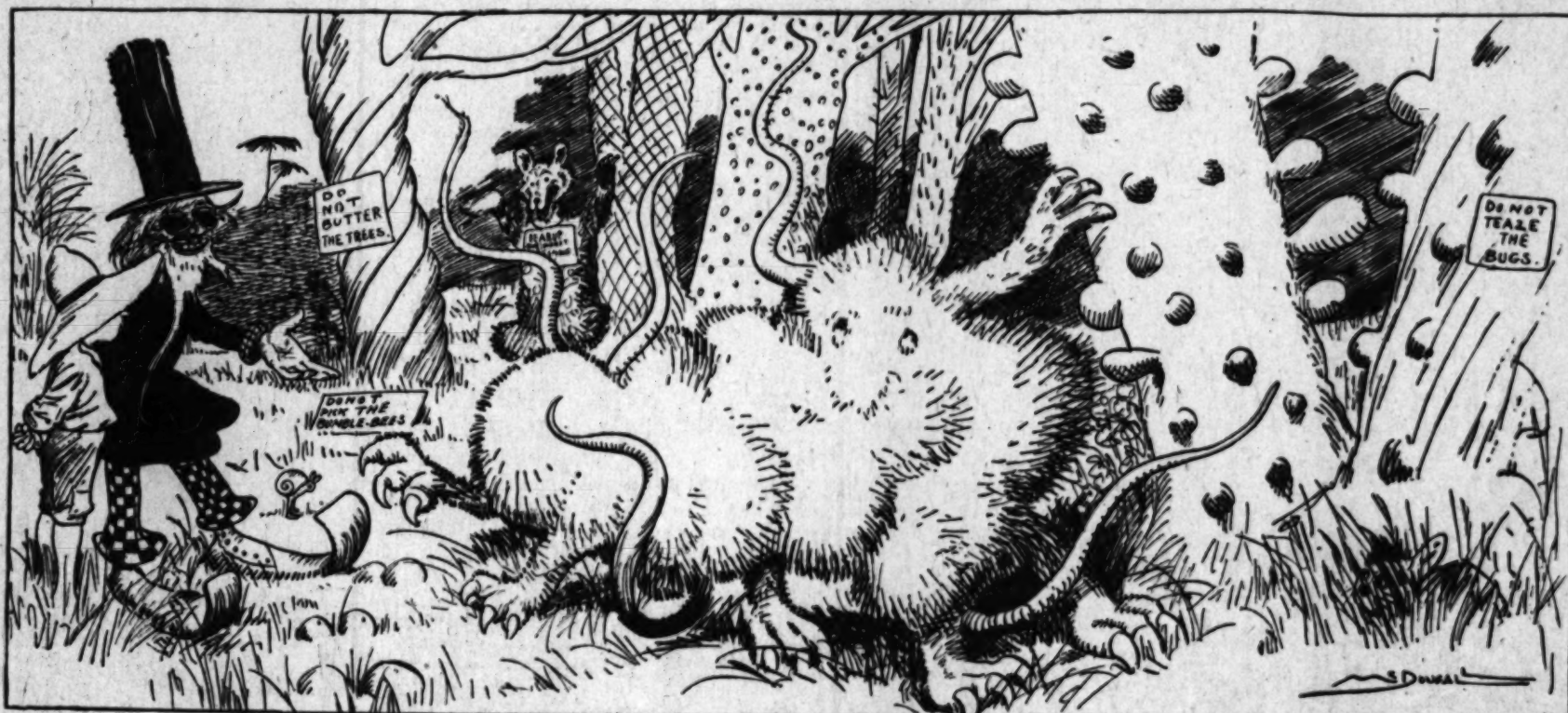


**\$75 each.**



## GOOD STORIES FOR CHILDREN---By Walt McDougall

Being the True  
Story of  
How  
Nancy Hanks,  
the Good  
Old Fairy,  
Saw That One  
Boy Was  
Granted His  
Wish,  
Much to His  
Regret



**S**AMMY TWEEDLER was a country boy who was an only child and lived on a farm. He rose at 4 and acted as chambermaid to a lot of milk-eyed Jersey cows, made the kitchen fire, chopped some wood, drew some water and then had breakfast.

In the summer time when there was no school he watched the cows when they were let out into a grassy pasture, pulled weeds, carried milk to some customers nearby, picked stones out of the strawberry bed, fed chickens, raked hay, dug fence posts, churned butter and picked peas until dinner time. In the afternoon he had a dozen other things to do until evening came, when he sheared the hogs into the coop, fed them, milked the cows, chopped more wood and was ready to go to bed.

"I wonder that I don't have to wash the cat!" said he to himself, "or trim the goat's whiskers or something like that, so as to keep busy a little longer!"

It seemed to him that he never had a moment for fun, for even when he lay in the sweet-smelling grass with the bees humming overhead, the birds piping above in the green shadows and the fleecy clouds sailing along in the calm blue sky, he thought it was hard work and wished for the time when he would be a man and have nothing to do but go fishing, bump-riding and romping from the bank.

It was on a balmy summer day when the air and sky were dreaming in a sleepy fashion, when the sunlight seemed scented with the perfume of poppies, and even the birds and butterflies dozed, that Sammy lay beside the brook in the pasture. He had watched the cows until they moved under some trees and sank down into the tall grass, and then he found the sun creeping around into his shaded retreat, he was obliged to move also. He rose lastly and walked along beside the high stone wall toward the corner of the pasture. As he went he noticed a slightly worn pathway which he was sure he had never seen before, familiar as he was with that field. He followed it curiously. Sometimes it was faint and almost invisible; again it was plain and marked as by many feet. It led to the end of the pasture, as he could see, but he knew that it could not cross the fence there, and expected to follow it along the end wall, but when he came to the other end he was astonished to see a small wooden door in the wall. There the path ended.

Now, often as he had been in that pasture since he was a small boy he had never before observed that doorway. It certainly must have been made within a few days, yet it looked as old and worn as the stone wall itself, and cobbles were laid across it that showed they had been there many days. So mysterious and uncanny did it seem that instead of reaching out his hand and trying to open the door he hesitated, and then he softly rapped upon the time-stained wood.

## FUNKY LITTLE WOMAN PEEPED OUT

Hardly had the echo of his knock ceased when the little door opened and a funny old woman in a green sunbonnet peeped out and smiled at him comically. Beyond her through the open door he saw only another field like the one he was in.

"Good morning," said the old woman; "and what do you wish to-day?"

"I was curious about this door. I've never seen it before, although I have been in this pasture every day for years," said Sammy. "What is it for?"

"It's the opening into the wishing-garden," she replied; "will you step in?" Sammy hesitated, for he had heard of such things, and was somewhat doubtful as to where they led one to. However, she looked so smiling that he felt she was harmless. He entered the gateway and the door was closed. The garden, as she called it, seemed in nowise different from any other field; in fact, it seemed rather more weedy, he thought, than the pasture.

"You are not the first," said the little old woman. "Who has seen that door, but you are the first for more than a century who has passed its portals, for, instead of trying to push it open as all others have done, you were polite enough to knock for admittance, and that's what I've been waiting for."

"Thank you," replied Sammy. "Now what do you do here, may I ask?"

"I am the fairy Nancy Hanks. You may think that's a funny name for a fairy, but I am a plain country fairy and have a plain name. I will grant you any wish you may ask me because I am so glad to meet a really polite boy in these rude times."

"Well," said Sammy; "I was just wishing, as I lay there in the grass, that I was a king, and I guess that'll be good enough for me."

Nancy Hanks smiled, but while smiling, she shook her head somewhat doubtfully as if she questioned the wisdom of his wish. "Go and lie down again in the shade and I'll see about it," she said. Then she opened the door and Sammy stepped out. She caught a shady spot again, and began to think over this strange episode. Soon he fell asleep, but just as he was dreaming something awoke him and he sat up.

He found himself in a most gorgeous bed of ivory and gold and surrounded by magnificently dressed gentlemen, all of whom were holding in their hands pairs of splendid clothing, all of satin, velvet and lace, with diamonds and rubies sewed all over them.

"Will your gracious Majesty be pleased to arise?" said the most gorgeous of them all, as he stepped to the bedside.

"Where am I?" asked Sammy.

"Your Majesty is confused with the sudden awakening," replied the glittering creature. "Your Majesty is in bed, of course."

"Ah," said Sammy, "the fairy has made good. I am a king. Good! Look at my clothes!"

## SAMMY WAS NOT AT ALL SURPRISED

Sammy was not at all surprised, of course, for he believed in fairies, and so he was prepared for anything. He hopped out of bed and was about to pull off the nightgown of satin that he wore, but another man, as splendid as the others, cried out:

"Oh, my duty, your Majesty! you forget my honorable task is to remove the royal necktie."

"Oh, I forgot," said Sammy, and sat still.

Then one came with the royal diamond-studded shirt, and another with his stockings, all ruby-studded, and then his pants and coat. Each one had to be put on with great ceremony by the proper official, and it took them about an hour and a half to wash and dress Sammy, who himself never took more than four minutes at the job any time. He was getting pretty tired of it when suddenly another glittering gentleman entered and asked:

"What will your Majesty have for breakfast?" All the royal dressers, buttoners, washers, combers and clothes holders stood aside, for this was the Gentleman of the Dining-room. Sammy said: "I'll take some pickles, some turkey, some ham and eggs and some fried cakes."

The Gentleman of the Dining-room looked startled, and then cried: "Is your Majesty jesting? Such things are not for royalty. That is food for the laboring classes!"

"Well, what have you got?" asked Sammy.

"Some nightingale's tongues, the wings of birds of paradise on toast, and cream of cows fed on orange blossoms."

## "IT IS THE MANAYUNK"

"Very well, I'll take that," said Sammy. But he did wish it were ham and eggs when he sat down alone at the great table covered with crimson velvet and with dozens of solid gold dishes all around him. The room was filled with silent gentlemen all gazing solemnly at him as if to anticipate each wish, and he was not allowed to reach for anything before him, his crown weighed like a ton of lead on his forehead, and everything was so solemn and precise that he soon grew tired enough. Nobody spoke, for that would have been improper unless Sammy spoke first, and as he was afraid of making some blunder he didn't open his mouth. It was still very early in the morning, as he saw by the great clock of pearls and gold that faced him. He turned to one of the gentlemen near him and laying aside the gem-embroidered napkin asked if they always had breakfast so early.

"Your Majesty forgets that to-day we review the Royal Flitlock Fusiliers," replied the gentleman-in-waiting.

"Ah, then I shall ride a horse!" cried Sammy.

"Heavens, no!" cried the Master of the Stables. "There isn't a horse that I dare trust you on."

"No, your Majesty must go in the coach for reasons of state that I cannot here mention," added the Prime Minister gravely.

## PLACED IN A GIGANTIC COACH

Just then the Lord Physician to his Majesty felt his pulse and stated that he had eaten enough, and he was politely ushered from the table, although he had scarcely begun to make a meal. This made the Boy King sore, but as he was about to assert himself he caught such a fierce and chilling look from the Lord Chamberlain that he kept silent. He was placed in a gigantic gilded coach, the windows of which were so high that unless he stood on tiptoe he could see nothing, and with a glittering cavalcade of officers following on horseback, set off for the annual review of the Royal Flitlock Fusiliers. The coach was drawn to the top of a hill and stopped while all the generals and other officers gathered close about it so that the king saw nothing but several clouds of dust. Then they all galloped swiftly back to court, where another jeweled suit of clothes was put on King Sammy, and he had to go and stand on a marble platform and listen to long speeches in Greek and Latin, after which he had to present a pile of diplomas to a lot of long-haired scientists who wrote about bugs.

"I think I'll go out and take a walk," said Sammy after this was over. All the courtiers looked shocked.

"It would be very unwise, as well as very bad form, your Majesty," said the Duke of Oikopworth, as he nervously fumbled with his great star of office. "Suppose you should be seen! The mob might attack you, for no monarch ever walks."

"Hush! my royal face been seen?" asked Sammy.

"No, indeed, or at least but very rarely. It is unsafe, for there are so many Anarchists about now," replied the Duke of the Wand.

"Give me a good revolver and I will tackle any Anarchist around here," exclaimed Sammy.

Everybody shuddered at the thought. "Your Majesty is joking!" cried the Royal Keeper of the Ice Chest. "We do not dare to take such risks! We can find Anarchists anywhere, but how can we replace our king? No, remain within and attend to your royal duties. We now have the meeting of the council to attend."

They hustled Sammy away to another grand room, the Council Chamber, where for three hours they read reports to him regarding matters in the kingdom, such as the state of the bee-keeping industry, the epidemic among Angora goats, the 17-year-old locust, the servant girl problem, and a lot of things like that, until poor Sammy actually wished that he were back in school again, so dreadfully tiresome it all was. When the council was over Sammy exclaimed, "I've a good mind to slide down the banisters to loosen my legs!"

## HE PLAYED JACKSTONES UNTIL EVENING

"Horror! No. If the king unbends what will the people do? The whole country will rise in revolt if you should do a thing so undignified. Follow us to your private apartment, where there are other duties for you," they said, as they gathered around. Then to another grand room, all turquoise and silver, he was conducted, "where he signed 'SAMMY III' to many important state papers that he knew nothing at all about until he was tired."

"I think I'd like to go to a ball game," he said, when a rest and some amusement were suggested.

"Alas, no, your Majesty! It is unwise, as well as unsafe, and very vulgar. We had better remain in here and play jackstones."

Sammy was disgusted, but he saw no way of escaping from his Ministers of State, and so he played jackstones until evening, when he was attended by the Royal Bandmaster, who asked him to select the dances for the Grand Ball that evening. It just made Sammy sick to have to bother about things he knew nothing about, and yet when he suggested "Copenhagen," "Pillows-and-Keys," "Post Office," and some other pleasant little recreations common to his own experience, all the officers of the ball mortified in protest.

"What? Kiss at the royal ball! Kiss! Kiss! Oh, your Majesty is trifling with this solemn affair! Let us hope the reporters haven't overheard you!"

Sammy, much disgusted, walked to the window, and as he reached it a shot was heard, a bullet crashed through the glass and smashed a mirror on the wall behind him. The guards outside captured the man who had fired at the king and he was hauled into the palace.

"Why do you want to shoot me?" asked Sammy; "I never did you any harm, did I?"

## A VALLEY FILLED WITH MARVELS

"Well, I made a mistake that time, and I've got good and tired of rules and regulations, too, by it I'd like to go somewhere where there isn't a single rule!"

"Step in," laughed Nancy Hanks, and in Sammy sprang, to find himself looking down a valley filled with all sorts of wonders. An aged man came with a vacuum smile, saying, with a deep bow, "Mr. Ymmas, I believe."

"My name's Sammy," replied the boy.

"All right, Ymmas is Sammy backward. 'Havi a popcorn ball?' He handed Sammy what seemed to be a large, red popcorn ball, but as he took it the thing revolved up to the size of a barrel and then dropped to pieces slowly. "I am the professional guide in Woosyland," said the old man, "but as I am not allowed to listen, I'll just leave my ears here on this stump." He placed them on the stump and a woodpecker ran out and gobbled them off in a twinkling.

"Ha, there they go!" he chuckled. "The things here will get all I have yet. The porcupine ate my whiskers last week and the mole, who is the half-sister to the mole, borrowed my knee caps to bake bread in and hasn't returned them. But let us be merry. It can't last long." He led Sammy along the path toward a ferny grove.

"What's all that noise?" asked the curious boy as he listened.

"It's the avian plants at work. They are making rivets for the cow-slip so that they won't slip any more, thank goodness."

Sure enough when they reached the grove there were immense floral anvils banging away industriously and heating the rivets in a bed of fireflies on the ground. All around were wonders in the plant line. Four o'clocks, unlike the regular flowers of that name, grew with dials and hands like real 8-cent clocks, and now and then a lot of them would set off their alarms all together with an awful din; flowers with bells, whole chimes of them, grew there and tinkled with every breath of air; other flowers that went off at regular intervals like Roman candles and spattered fire all over the grass; trees that bore fruit in the shape of apples, pears and plums, but made of hard wood, while the bark was like fruit. Nothing was really what it seemed. The water in the brook that looked so tempting was solid glass, but when in disgust Sammy sat down on a rock the stone splashed up and flowed away like water, leaving him sprawling.

## SOME WONDERS IN THE PLANT LINE

"Well, this certainly is Woosyland, all right!" he exclaimed as he rose. "It's a dear old place," said the guide. "Let us mossy along and see the sights before they fade."

The old man gathered up some deep-green eggs as he spoke and put them in his pockets. "We will see what they come to," said he.

"Why? What's peculiar about them?" asked Sammy.

"Oh, they are liable to hatch out anything in a few minutes. Anything from a book of trolley car tickets to a live walrus. They are regular mystery eggs, I assure you."

They strolled along, Sammy missing nothing about him.

"What are these plants?" he asked, after awhile, stopping before a funny clump of shrubbery that blazed and crackled.

"That's the electric light-plant," said the aged guide.

"Oh, I have often heard of it," said Sammy; "it raises currents."

"Will you have some natural hoki-poki?" asked the old man as he reached into another bush and picked what looked like a snow-ball.

"Certainly," replied Sammy, putting out his hand, but before he could

## AND NOW THE HE IS A CROWN MAN AND WORKS HARD HE THINKS HE WILL WISH NEXT TIME TO BE JUST A PLAIN BOY AGAIN

take the hoki-poki it blazed up in a flame a yard high, and he was back in alarm. "They are too ripe, I fear. We came too late," he said sadly, and he wiped his eyes on his coat tails. "I have never in times to eat one yet." "I guess they are not meant to eat," he said, trying one of those things on the ground there that look like hoki-poki. "You are all out of breath," said the Lord Chancellor. He looked at it and saw that it had a great skull-and-cross-bones at the top. It was the death sentence of the Anarchist.

"Sign it and we will execute him at once," said the Chancellor with a frown.

"I can't," said Sammy. "There's no use talking; I can't do it!"

"You must," said the Chancellor, threateningly.

"Who's king here, you or I?" asked Sammy, angrily. "I'll discharge the whole lot of you!"

Instantly all of the noblemen grabbed the boy by the arms and legs and ran him out of the room into a smaller apartment, where the Lord Chief Justice said: "Do you think we let you be king to boss us, the grandees of the realm?"

"I thought the king was born," said Sammy, humbly, as he thought how many kings had had their heads cut off.

"Not much," replied the courtiers; "you're only a figurehead. We are the real thing."

"Then do your own bidding; I'm through!" cried Sammy, and he suddenly jumped out of the window and ran for the palace gates. They all put after him, and he was certain that they would recapture him, but as he ran he saw before him the little doorway of the fairy Nancy Hanks, and somehow he was relieved. The door opened when he got to it and he sprang in. The next moment he found himself in the old pasture with the cows all peacefully grazing in the sunlight.

"You are all out of breath," said the fairy, appearing again beside him; "how did you like being king?"

"It's enough to take the breath away," replied Sammy, panting.

"They wanted me to kill a feller."

"That's part of the king business," said the fairy. "If he doesn't kill a few people occasionally they might kill him. What will you try next?"

## HOW A COMET WAS WATCHED

"They are the most disappointing eggs," said the aged guide, who never can tell what to expect from them. Last week I saw a comet, but I will experiment further."

"What can you expect of eggs that grew upon Ethelred's nose?" asked the boy.

"Nobody asked you to join our party," said the aged guide, who never can tell what to expect from them. Last week I saw a comet, but I will experiment further."

"We are going to sail boats up the sand hills, and the exclusive to associates with you."

"You are very proud because you've got a boy to play with?"

"What is it?" inquired the old man suddenly.

"I know where the Manayunk has hidden your last wish!"

"Where, oh, where has he hidden it?"

"Step over here and I'll tell you."

The old man went a few steps away, and the boy followed him. "He would be hidden in it!"

"I dunno," replied the guide.

"In his hide!" roared the boy, and started off, with a man fall down and went so hard that a large public man came running upon a green-tinted thing rolled up beneath a tree. He was as he approached and then unrolled into a strip of carpet. The carpet was a great-tailed bat, but he could not see at which end of the strip was placed. It began to run around swiftly until he became dizzy and watching its gyrations. "What on earth is that?" asked Sammy.

"That's the Manayunk, and he's very lively to-day, because he's frothing on our cake last night. From always coming in the night, he is dangerous!"

"Is he dangerous?"

"He would be if he could find his head," replied the aged guide. "It takes him so long to do that that everything happens while he is looking for it."

"Where is his head?" asked Sammy.

"Somewhere in the middle there. It's fastened on with a string, and they get it tangled up so that he can't locate the right end of it. He sits there for hours and doesn't get it out."

"That's dreadful," said Sammy.

## FIRE-DOGS IN A CHASE

"Oh, don't waste any sympathy on him. He doesn't deserve it at all. A little farther they heard a loud howling, and the guide marked: 'Those are the fire-dogs chasing something again. Let them go. They are running after the Welsh rabbit, which is forbidden.'"

Sammy saw them quite plainly, saw pairs of "fire-dogs" as are placed in open trousers to hold up legs, all hurrying toward the Welsh rabbit, which was a small, white, fluffy creature, and many legs and several tails, but he could not see at which end of the strip was placed. It began to run around swiftly until he became dizzy and watching its gyrations. "What on earth is that?" asked Sammy.

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"I AM THE FAIRY NANCY HANKS"



KING SAMMY AT BREAKFAST



DAY, JULY 20, 1902.

# The Times' Answers by Experts

(COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY JOSEPH B. BOWLES.)

And Now That He is a Crown Man and Works Hard He Thinks He Will Wish Next Time, to be Just a Plain Boy Again

effect of a tyro's handful of grace notes thrown into the score of a symphony by Beethoven.

POETRY OF DAVID.

It is as impossible to improve upon the noble symmetry and simplicity of the narratives in the Old and New Testaments as to add new lyrics to the songs of Solomon and David.

POETRY OF DAVID.

POETRY OF DAVID.

POETRY OF DAVID.

sonal in its expression. John the prophet is wrapped in flames from heaven.

Then comes the terribly outcries of humanity imploring nature—the mountains and the rocks—to save it from the awful wrath of God.

From the ever-appalling pictures and conceptions of the Book of Job, with its myriad of sufferings, one may turn with new delight to Job, and then, even more reverently, to those wonders of literature, the "moralities" of Christ.

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# Men's Diseases



DR. O. C. JOSLEN. Strictly Reliable.

## Why My Cures Are Both Prompt And Thorough.

I have frequently stated in my announcements that I cure thoroughly in less time than other physicians require to produce a partial cure.

There is nothing unreasonable about it. The unreasonable is all on the part of the man who doesn't believe it.

My diplomas from the most celebrated medical colleges and hospitals in the world, together with my license from the State of California, are hanging in my office, where my patients may see and examine them.

All medicines are prepared from standardized drugs in my own private laboratory and are supplied to patients free of cost.

## "Weakness" Promptly Cured.

What is commonly termed functional weakness is merely a symptom of prostatic disorder.

Contracted Disorders Promptly Cured.

I have reduced the time required for curing contracted disorders about one-half. This is an important achievement.

Stricture Promptly Cured.

Surgery should have no place in the treatment of stricture. There is no remedy for it.

Specific Blood Poison Promptly Cured.

Others have the system with powerful mineral drugs, but only have been able to keep the disease in a dormant state.

# Dr. O. C. Joslen,

Corner Third and Main Sts., Los Angeles, Cal.

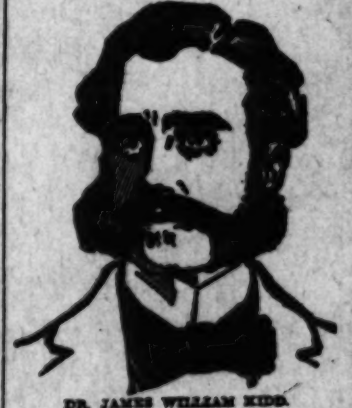
## SICK MADE WELL, WEAK MADE STRONG.

Marvelous Elixir of Life Discovered by Famous Doctor-Scientist That Cures Every Known Ailment.

Wonderful Cures are Effected That Seem Like Miracles Performed. The Secret of Long Life of Olden Times Revived.

The Remedy is Free to All Who Send Name and Address.

After years of patient study, and diving into the dusty records of the past, as well as following modern experiments in the realm of medical science, Dr. James W. Kild, 1001 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal., makes the startling announcement that he has surely



DR. JAMES WILLIAM KILD.

discovered the elixir of life. That he is able with the aid of a mysterious compound, known only to himself, produced as a result of the years he has spent in the study of the human body, to cure any and every disease that is known to the human body.

Partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, dropsy, gout, neuritis and other ailments are quickly cured. It purifies the entire system, blood and tissues, restores normal nerve power, circulation and a state of perfect health is produced at once.

Encyclopedia Britannica

## "Barker's" is Synonymous with "Good Furniture" Since 1880.



\$1.50 Roman Striped Damask Tapestry reduced to	\$ .75	\$2.75 Upholstery Satin Tapestry reduced to	\$1.50
\$1.75 Damask Tapestry reduced to	1.00	\$3.50 Silk Damask reduced to	1.50
\$2.00 Silk Damask reduced to	1.00	\$4.00 Damask Tapestry reduced to	1.75
\$2.00 Damask Tapestry reduced to	1.15	\$4.00 Silk Damask reduced to	1.75
\$2.50 Brocade reduced to	1.25	\$4.00 Oriental Tapestry Tinsel reduced to	2.00
\$3.50 50-inch Drapery Silk reduced to	1.25	\$3.50 Upholstery Tinsel reduced to	2.50
\$2.25 French Damask reduced to	1.40	\$3.50 Silk Brocade Tapestry reduced to	2.50
\$2.75 Roman Striped Emb'd Tapestry reduced to	1.50	\$3.75 Brocade reduced to	2.50
\$3.00 Oriental Silk Tapestry reduced to	1.50	\$5.00 Roman Damask reduced to	2.50
\$3.00 Oriental Tapestry reduced to	1.50	\$5.50 Silk Damask reduced to	3.00

## Special "Window Sale."

This week you will find an assortment of furniture in our window which has been reduced in price. There are many other similar articles in stock which are reduced in proportion. Among the pieces shown are

- Box Mattress Couches
- Marine Oak Furniture
- Morris Chairs
- Cobbler Seat Rockers
- Raffia Chairs
- Rattan Couches
- Willow Porch Chairs
- Beach Furniture

Carpet Oriental Rugs

BARKER Brothers



COMPLETE  
PAGE



country, beyond women and children believe, who do we not share the same? And, increasing the census of prison? If we get the prison we shall soon have city ordinances to make them more comfortable. We have no one to thank for our lives.

I know of no sport more than automobile driving. But we should remember the reason of an automobile is a right to the earth of "shooting" our friends of the Olds machine selling machine, blowing the whistle it has been my prize. Another we have sent out its dismal, continuously and unnecessary.

Dinkensap says, "The 'schmuck' of the world into realization of the attitude toward the public of most kindly yours.

0.0000



DAY, JULY 20, 1902.

at the Sea

WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

# Los Angeles Sunday Times

JULY 20, 1902.

PRICE PER YEAR....\$2.50  
SINGLE COPY.....5 CENTS

HE'D BETTER GET ABOARD.



EXPOSURE  
PHOTOGRAPH

#### ADVICE TO MOBILISTS

One of the Craft Points Out the  
Undesirable Results if Too Great  
is Maintained.

[Minneapolis Journal:] One of  
the rights of others and realize  
danger may accrue to the  
arousing public antagonism by  
low driving, gives the  
friendly and pithy warning to  
low-chauffeurs:

To My Fellow-automobilists—  
Boys: I wish to have a little  
to-heart talk with you, and tell  
few things that seem to me to be  
the interest of all. Do you know  
upon the slightest provocation  
are mobbing those running automobiles  
in New York, and in the East, and  
their carelessness or not causes  
accidents? If you do not know, I  
inform you. Do you know why?  
It is simply because the drivers  
have been careless of the rights of others.  
Why should you or I, become  
happen to own an automobile, driving  
up Nicollet avenue or any  
street in the city, blowing a horn,  
tooting a horn, or ringing a bell,  
people to get off the crossing if  
the earth, when it is our business  
go slowly enough to look out  
them. Blowing a horn at a man  
approach him at a crossing is  
lent to saying "I am coming."  
out for me. Get out of the way.  
This attitude is apt to set one  
boiling. If he has blood left in  
after we have passed by. Why  
not a man driving a team of  
horses go sailing up the street,  
a whistle, tooting a horn and  
a bell?

We claim that our machines  
much more easily controlled than  
vehicles. If so, why do we not  
them? There are a large number  
automobiles in use in this city,  
operated by good fellows like  
me. The people heretofore have  
us. Why not continue to move  
a fear that

Cuba:—Hi, dar, Unc'e, give me a tow, will you?

WINDMILL VALLEY LODGE, with first-class tents, clean, new linen, good  
and well cared for. Central dining-room with excellent chef and good service.  
FISH RIDGE—Furnished tents to rent well equipped for housekeeping. As ad-  
vanced as the department there are: (a) Well stocked general store; (b) Meat market; (c)  
delivered twice daily. (d) Bakery.

Baer Resigns From Endeavorers.  
Moros More Friendly to Americans.  
4. The World's Busy Workers.  
5. At the City's Gates.

eral of James Booth....Truck-driver  
loses his leg under car....More fire-  
alarm boxes....Deaf mutes' memorial  
service....Los Angeles, 4; Sacramento,  
3....Venus wins yacht race....Shar-

the acre. Previous estimates  
loss have been greatly increas-  
prospective yield, being four  
greater than ever before, ex-  
line of many farms that



### SCOPE AND CHARACTER.

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, Publishers,  
Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

**ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.**  
ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 5, 1897.

## THE CITY OF THE FUTURE

With a population of 125,000, the Los Angeles of today looks back upon the primitive Los Angeles of twenty years ago, with its 11,000 people, and discovers hardly anything in common with that vanished yesterday. That sleepy old past which centered about the old missions has gone forever. At all points are we in touch with the life of the present, and Los Angeles is keeping step with the swift march of Progress throughout the land. In no city can more beautiful homes be found, nor finer business streets than we possess. Nowhere better systems of street transportation, finer churches nor more numerous and better constructed school buildings; no community will we find anywhere that is better supplied with newspapers and other publications than our own, and nowhere a city that is more desirable as a place of residence. Beautifully environed on the one hand by lofty mountain ranges and upon the other by the vast "half-world sea," it is shut off from the hot air of the desert, and swept by the cool ocean breezes, which make it a realm of comfort and delight. It is the city

**OUR NATIONAL HERITAGE.**

L. F. H.

Second Ditto: Well, I'll take a high ball if it's all the same to you.—[*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*]

## LILIES AND ROSES

## CURRENT EDITORIAL COMMENT

There is a traditional idea that a whole lot of general wisdom is locked up in Boston, and yet when it comes to shake a man's faith in this pleasing idea to see three Boston young men tried to load a gun with dynamite.—[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

**QUEEREST PETS IN THE WORLD**

*By a Special Contributor.*

It is a wonderful lesson in the wonderful nature to see these signs of reasoning intelligence in creatures so low in the order of development. They seem to be far more nearly a vegetable than an animal.

*Ligh*

## MATCH

**FIGHT BETWEEN TWO RIV  
THE AMERICANS**

*From Our Own*

I have already written of the  
May and the American ma-  
chinery & May had the monopoly  
of Great Britain. No one attempt-  
ed to compete with them, and they had little fear  
of the American match trust.  
Then the American match trust,  
the Match Company, headed by Olin  
W. Smith, cast covetous eyes on the profits  
of the British match trade, and  
sent its men here to investigate  
the report that the chances were  
in its favor. They found the  
trade very poor and the possibilities  
enormous. As a result the  
Match Company determined upon the phosphoric  
match. They built this factory and filled  
it with machinery.

## New Phosphorus Feeds on Human

Bryant & May had been working the most of their matches were and they had to be dipped in such phosphorus came in contact with the flow, phosphorus is ordinarily very working in it. It is especially workman or workwoman—for who played in match making—who is now finds that she has a decayed finger to work, no jaw at all. The new system, it eats its way through bone, and the result is the terrible gangrene. Bryant & May had a terrible loss for them, and of these hundreds all such were affected by the poison. Worked on in despair, and dropped out became so bad that they could no longer stand of the establishment tried to keep a secret, but they at last came out to the public. Much indignation was the result. Parliamentary investigation ordered, and it was established that no more such matches should be made.

It was about this time that Diamond started his business. It made its mark very early that the hands of the workers in contact with the wet phosphorus were the first on the market in competition with the beginning work the Diamond. A careful examination made of the hands. It filled those that were defective. A regular dentist to do nothing else but the people working in the factory. This is the case today. There are many employed and these girls have the sweetest mouths of any thousand in any factory the world over. The girls and each corps is under the same business it is to watch the girls. If there is anything the matter with a girl that complains of a toothache, the dentist, and the cavity filled. Every so often the dentist makes an examination of each mouth and so far as the crisis whatever.

While the Bryant & May people  
at their diseased employe, the  
company began to flood Great Britain  
matches were made by the finest  
Mr. Barber had been studyin  
He had spent as much as \$10,00  
cents and as high as \$50,000 in ex  
It was that he went into the busi  
latest inventions. He had made  
million dollars by manufacturi  
States, his various works at  
em, employing about 6000 people  
ugh business man in every sen  
brought both experience and brai  
in working the trade.  
English Absorbed.

e Bryant & May people soon found it impossible to compete with the American agents all over the world for getting new match-making machines to be had. Then they tried making them but they did not understand the business and they were not a success. The



# Light in England. By Frank G. Carpenter.

## MATCH MAKING.

### THE TWO RIVAL TRUSTS IN WHICH THE AMERICANS CONQUERED.

From Our Own Correspondent.

IN THE manufacturing town of Seaforth, about four miles from Liverpool, not far from the banks of the Mersey, up which steam the greatest of our Atlantic ocean liners, stands one of the greatest fortifications of the American invasion. It is a gigantic building of gray brick, covering acres. It has four stories and is walled with windows. At one end is a smokestack so tall that it can be seen from the sea and over the country for miles around. High above the roof of the building are two signs, one marked, "Bryant and May," and the other, "The Diamond Match Company." The whole is under one firm, and it comprises one of the largest factories of England. The building is filled with American machinery, it is operated chiefly by American capital and it has a monopoly of the match business of Great Britain and Ireland. John Bull is the greatest matchmaker on earth, but it is Uncle Sam who furnishes the matches and makes the matches to light his pipe.

I have already written of the struggle between Bryant and May and the American match trust. For years Bryant and May had the monopoly of match-making in Great Britain. No one attempted to compete with them, and they had little fear of English opposition. Then the American match trust came in. The Diamond Match Company, headed by Ohio Columbus Barber, cast its eyes on the profits of the British monopoly, and sent its men here to investigate the trade. Their report was that the chances were excellent, the matches were very poor and the possibilities of the market enormous. As a result the Diamond Match Company determined upon the phosphoric invasion of England. They built this factory and filled it with the finest machinery.

#### Phosphorus Feeds on Human Jaws.

Bryant & May had been working after old methods. The most of their matches were strong in phosphorus, and they had to be dipped in such a way that the phosphorus came in contact with the skins of the workmen. The phosphorus is ordinarily very deleterious to those working in it. It is especially so to the teeth. The workman or workwoman—for women are chiefly employed in match making—who has a decayed tooth can feel that she has a decayed jaw, and, if she continues to work, no jaw at all. The phosphorus gets into the system, it eats its way through the tooth to the bone, and the result is the terrible disease known as necrosis. Bryant & May had a thousand girls working for them, and of these hundreds had decayed teeth. All were affected by the phosphorus, but they worked on in despair, and dropped out when the disease became so bad that they could not work. The head of the establishment tried to keep these conditions a secret, but they at last came to the knowledge of the public. Much indignation was expressed, a parliamentary investigation ordered, and the firm was told that no more such matches could be made.

#### The Americans Managed It.

About this time that Diamond Match Company began its business. It made its product by such machinery that the hands of the workmen did not come in contact with the wet phosphorus, and its goods were on the market in competition with Bryant & May's. At the beginning work the Diamond Match Company made a careful examination made of the teeth of its employees. It filled those that were decayed, and employed a regular dentist to do nothing else but watch the teeth of the people working in the factory.

This is the case today. There are about one thousand girls employed and these girls have perhaps the purest and sweetest mouths of any thousand girls you can find in any factory the world over. They are divided into two corps and each corps is under the head of a matron. One business it is to watch the girls, and to report at once if there is anything the matter with their teeth. The girl that complains of a toothache is sent at once to the dentist, and the cavity filled or the tooth taken out. Every so often the dentist makes a personal examination of each mouth and so far there has been no trouble whatever.

While the Bryant & May people were in trouble with their diseased employees, the Diamond Match Company began to flood Great Britain with its products. The matches were made by the finest of machinery. For Mr. Barber had been studying and experimenting. He had spent as much as \$10,000 a year for match experiments and as high as \$50,000 in experiments, and the result was that he went into the business equipped with the best inventions. He had made a fortune of eight million dollars by manufacturing matches for the United States. His various works at Barbours, near Boston, employing about 6000 people. He is also a successful business man in every sense of the word and brought both experience and brains to aid his patients in working the trade.

#### English Absorbed.

The Bryant & May people soon found that it was impossible to compete with the Americans. They sent agents all over the world for patents that they might get new match-making machinery, but there were none to be had. Then they tried making safety matches, but they did not understand the business and the matches were not a success. The heads would come

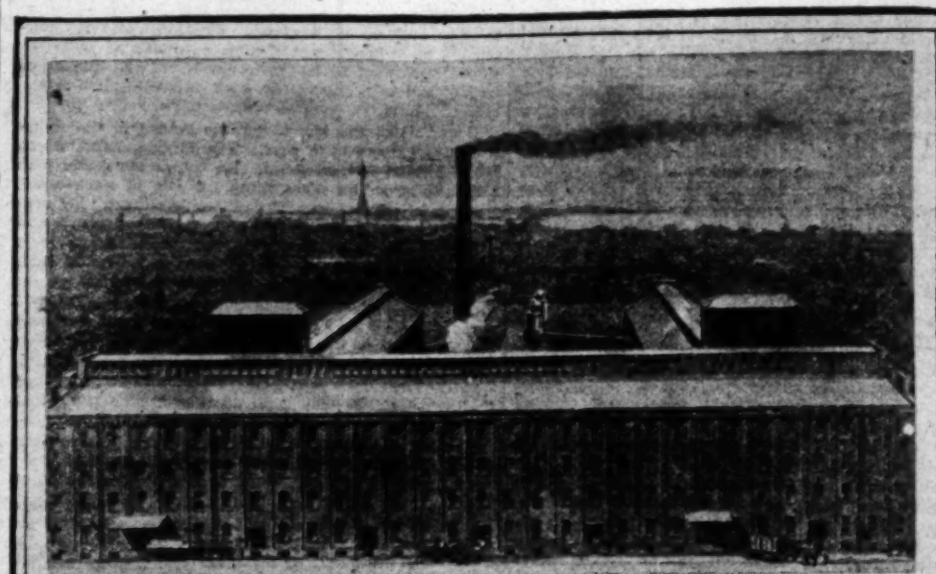
off or would fail to light, and they proved generally unsatisfactory.

The English monopoly had been paying dividends of 20 per cent., but under this competition they saw their business rapidly dwindling. The dividends fell to 14 per cent. and it was seen that in time there would be no dividends whatever. Then the heads of the American company stepped in and held a conference with the managers of Bryant & May. The Americans showed them that they knew more about the English match business than the English themselves, and proved to them that they could easily crowd them out of the markets. They said they would do this, but that it would be cheaper to buy them out or absorb them than to fight them, and they offered them the alternative. The Bryant & May people gave in and the English monopoly was swallowed up by the American firm. The business is

still carried on under the two names of the "Bryant & May" and "The Diamond Match Company." It is now nominally English, but it is really American.

#### How the Yankees Make Matches for England.

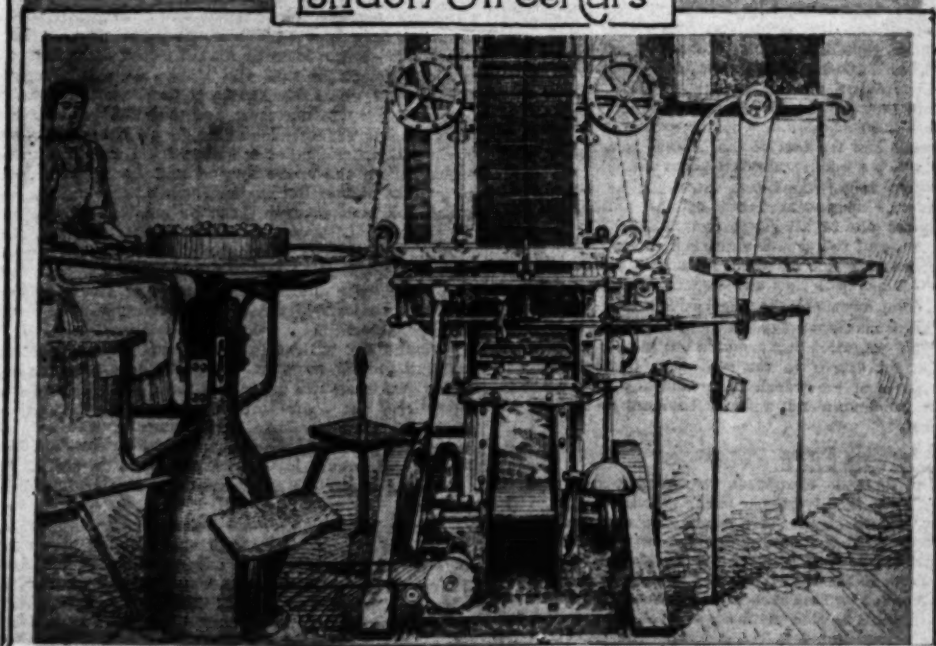
I went out to Seaforth this morning to learn how the Yankees make matches for the English markets. There is a street car, run by the city, which for a fare of four cents takes you the four miles from Liverpool to the factory. I had a seat on the top and could see something of the business of Liverpool as I rode. We passed through miles of warehouses, by teams of great Shire horses hauling loads from five to ten tons through long streets of two-story buildings, the homes of the workmen, by residences of the better classes, and on out into the country. There were factories here and there along the way and a thick smoke seemed to hang over



Seaforth Match Factory



London Street Cars



Match Machine

## LIES AND ROSES.

In sweet disguise,  
and us in our need and sin,  
of our summer skies,  
the angels enter in.

within the lilies' bloom,  
in taintless is the air  
of them, and where roses bend,  
the breath of praise and prayer.

that have open'd your eyes,  
all of Summer's honeyed kiss,  
seem fit for Paradise—  
then from that world to this?

ELIZA A. OTIS.

## EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Caiser's American-built yacht was here. Most things are.—[Philadelphia.]

American humor is that anything be a little bit funny is immediately worked to death.—[Washington.] Some get through with shipping trusts; they will give their attention to the which there is so much to be done.

Davis will never forgive King in turn of affairs just when Richard sharpened and his fountain pen.

ate, the automobile race from Paris completed without the destruction of a single spectator.—[Boston.]

of the crinoline, the bicycle remained it seems that the automobile was the inexorable push of industrial woman of her frills and follies.

him to have found Noah's ark in the is an evidence of their advanced civilization. They have already know how gullible the people in the dark story, properly "worked up" to be a great "go" in the States.—[Chicago.]

son is acquitted of charges of murder there are always those who know the law, at least toward women. This could be explained in a number of have come under our observation by brutality and coarseness with which and have attacked the women in the there was a fairly even balance of innocence and of guilt.—[New York.]

ional idea that a whole lot of good up in Boston, and yet it's enough in this pleasing idea to read that men tried to load a gun with dynamite.

## PETS IN THE WORLD.

THE SCIENTIST OF THE NEW MUSEUM HAS THEM.

Special Contributor.

ed what the very queerest pet in the world no doubt guess and guess again right unless it happened to be New York and seen them.

is that ever were are in New York pride and pets of Prof. Spencer in the New York Aquarium, and that once was the Castle Garden story.

ow of clear, flashing round glass of the aquarium are these and reach the tanks you behold great and artistic blending and moving and shining stones. Then, when you see what at first will seem peculiarly handsome and gorgeous flowers the little rockeries. Some of the dainty pink and white and yellow dahlias. Others look almost like the petals. Others look like little white and perfect. These flowers are large enough to fill a saucer.

watch these "flowers" for a few and suddenly, for all at once you will see. Then you will see another and the petals unfold or contract, sometimes, sometimes twining in the tank.

the table on which the tanks stand the petals will have disappeared. They really flowers at all. They are like sea anemones.

Profr. Spencer has tended and the animated flowers actually have when he feeds them he puts a little of a long, pointed stick, and puts into the water until it is near the and not take long for the beautiful and where at first they used to and shut up tightly when the and they twine gracefully and stretch as far as they can go, in order to

ful lesson in the wonderful way the signs of reasoning intelligence in the order of development that are nearly a vegetable than an animal.

them? There are a large number of automobiles in use in this city, operated by good fellows like me. The people heretofore have us. Why not continue to grow love and esteem? I fear that

STRAWBERRY VALLEY LODGE, with first-class tents, clean, new linen, good food and all well cared for. Central dining-room with excellent chef and good service, \$1.00 per week.  
FIRE RIDGE—Furnished tents to rent well equipped for housekeeping. As adjacent department there are: (a) Well stocked general store; (b) Meat market; (c) Bakery; (d) Delicatessen; (e) Candy store; (f) Ice cream parlor; (g) Beer and wine.

BAER RESIGNS FROM ENDEAVORERS.  
Moros More Friendly to Americans.  
4. The World's Busy Workers.  
5. At the City's Gates.

eral of James Booth...Truck-driver loses his leg under car...More fire-alarm boxes...Deaf mutes' memorial service...Los Angeles, 4; Sacramento, 3...Venus wins yacht race...Shar-

the acre. Previous estimates have been greatly increased...prospective yield, being four greater than ever before, expecting of many farms that were



the city as we rode out of it. I alighted at the wrong end of the factory and walked almost a mile in going about the walls which surround the grounds before I reached the office. I presented myself as an American newspaper correspondent, and upon my assuring the manager that I was not in the match business, I was shown over the works.

#### American Machinery.

Nearly every bit of the machinery in the factory is American. The engines were made by the Buckeye Engine Company of Salem, O., and the dynamos by the Electrical Manufacturing Company of Akron. The boilers came from Chicago and the match machines were put up by men from Barborton.

But I can give you a better idea of the factory by describing my trip over it. I was taken first to the top, where we found hundreds of girls seated high above the ground, about revolving tables, putting the covers on match boxes filled by machinery. The girls looked healthy and well dressed, and in these respects they are superior to the average factory girls of this country. They are far better treated, and the effect is shown in their general appearance. The shops are well lighted and ventilated. Dining-rooms are provided for the employees, and the American capitalists give them three meals a day gratis. They get a cup of hot tea and a biscuit in the morning, a bowl of hot soup at noon and at 4 p.m. they are again served with tea and biscuit. There are large kitchens in the basement and the provisions supplied by the managers are placed out with the food the employees bring with them from home, or they can buy their meals at cost price. A good dinner is served for 6 cents and single dishes for one or two cents. The result is that the factory is a most desirable place of employment. There is more than enough good labor always on hand, and the best workmen are secured.

The effect of the treatment has been a surprise to other employers of labor about Liverpool, and several of the large English factories are adopting similar methods.

#### About Matches not Made in Heaven.

But come with me and take a look at the factory. I have called it a Yankee institution, and so it is in its machinery and in the money that runs it. The most of the employees are English and the matches are sold all over England under the advertisement "Made by British Labor." It is at the top of the great building that the most of the matches are made. The room covers more than an acre, and there are sixteen machines in it which take the blocks of cork pine from the United States or Canada and cut them into matches. They dip the end of each match in paraffin, coat it with the sulphur and phosphorus which makes the fire and then dry it. The machine is automatic, and it packs the matches into boxes and delivers them on the round revolving tables where girls sit and put the covers on. In the whole process the girls' hands are not in contact with the matches until they are dry, and they are, therefore, in no danger from the contact.

It is wonderful how fast the machines go and what an enormous amount of work they do. Each machine cuts forty-eight matches at a stroke and the larger ones make 230 strokes a minute. As the matches are cut they are automatically stuck in a flexible cast-iron band, from which they project like bristles. This band travels over wheel after wheel, dipping the matches and carrying them by ventilating machines until they are dry and ready to pack. The machines are absolutely reliable; they will not handle broken matches, and the dust and the breakages drop out and are carried down into the furnaces under the boilers. It takes about twelve hands to work one of these machines, and each machine will turn out more than 4,000,000 matches in ten hours.

#### Making Wax Tapers.

Leaving this department, I went into the rooms where wax tapers and paper matches are manufactured. The paper lights are made of cardboard, being put into a machine which prints an advertisement on each match and cuts it to the proper length. Other machines dip the matches and dry them. They also put on the safety heads and arrange them in boxes.

Wax matches have a basis of fine cotton. The start is with the thread, which is twisted and drawn through a bath of heated paraffin wax, and then through a die containing a number of holes. When the paraffin coat has been put on the threads look like white wires of about the thickness of a match. They are wound on big drums and the rest of the process is much like the making of the wooden matches above described.

In other rooms the boxes are made by box-making machinery, being turned out by the millions a day. The boxes are of all shapes and sizes. The greatest number are of pasteboard and paper, many of brass and tin, and not a few of wood. Some of the strawboard box machines will turn out seventy boxes a minute.

The total output of the factory runs into hundreds of millions of matches a day, and it is enough to keep these 48,000,000 people in lights and to furnish an enormous product for export to the continent, the colonies and other parts of the world. The company is, I am told, paying good dividends and its business is steadily increasing.

#### Other American Plants.

I find that the Americans are doing a great deal in many lines in Liverpool. They handle much of the cotton business, they have established a steam laundry which is making money and they have recently got a contract to electrically equip the Mersey Railway, which runs through the tunnel under the river from Liverpool to Birkenhead. This road is now operated by steam and it gives about as disagreeable a ride as you can find anywhere. The tunnel is badly lighted and poorly ventilated, the cars are of the English pattern and are filled with smoke during the journey. The British Westinghouse Company contracted to make the change, and the machinery to be used will probably come from the

United States, as the new Westinghouse shops have but lately begun working.

There is also an American cold storage plant here, and the Diamond Rubber Company has erected factories to supply rubber to Great Britain. Americans are also interested in a mono-rail road from Liverpool to Manchester. The distance is about thirty-five miles, and the trains will be expected to cover it in twenty minutes. If they do the traffic will be enormous. Manchester, with its sister city of Salford, has 765,000 population, and Liverpool 685,000. At present there are three steam railroads, which cover the distance in forty-five minutes. The new road will be run at intervals of ten minutes and its speed will be 110 miles an hour. The system used is known as the Behr system, electricity being the motive power. It is really a five-rail line, two rails being carried on each side of an A frame and one on the top. The right to build the railway has already been secured from Parliament, and it is believed that the road can be successfully operated. I understand that Cleveland parties are interested in it. If it is a success it will lead to the construction of mono-rail roads, not only all over the United Kingdom, but all over the world.

#### English Troubles of American Builders.

I have already written of some of the troubles of our railway builders in England. The men who are putting up the different factories have troubles as well. One was complaining to me yesterday about the difficulties he has had in getting good work out of English laborers. Said he:

"I don't like the hours, nor the breaks in the working day that we have here. The English hand begins labor without his breakfast. He brings his meals with him, and it is the usual thing for him to work about two hours before he knocks off for breakfast. My men first came at 7 and dawdled over their work until half past 8, when they stopped to eat. After breakfast it took about half an hour to get into shape to do their best work, and the result was that the morning was practically spoiled. I called them together one evening a few days ago and told them that they must get their breakfast before they left home. I said they had better come a half hour later and bring their breakfasts inside them. There were some objections, but upon my telling them that they must do this or stop work they stayed.

"Another trouble is the holidays," this man continued; "you only get half a day on Saturday, and as many of the men drink, you often find your force short on Monday. At Easter and Whitsuntide the whole country stops for a week to loaf and play, and there are other holidays. I have also had considerable trouble to get full work out of my men. The masons will not lay more than 450 bricks a day without you push them, and it is only by offering extra wages that I have succeeded in getting as much as 900 or 1000 bricks per diem.

Liverpool, Eng.

[Copyright, 1902, by Frank G. Carpenter.]

#### STORIES OF WOMEN DOCTORS.

##### EXPERIENCES MET WITH IN FOLLOWING THEIR PROFESSION, ESPECIALLY AT NIGHT.

[Philadelphia Record:] While women physicians are now becoming too numerous to be regarded any more as novel, it is doubtful if many people realize the amount of real courage which a woman doctor in general practice is frequently called upon to display. Competition in a city is always keen, and the woman physician, like her male rival, is generally on the alert for patients—consequently, no call is refused because it should happen to come at a late hour of the night or from a part of the city that is not the pleasantest to visit. The meeting of the Alumnae Association of the Women's Medical College, held recently, brought numbers of women physicians together, and, while talking shop is generally tabooed among themselves, to a layman several were willing to tell some stories connected with their work.

"I can truthfully say that I never was frightened but once in my life," said a quiet-looking, dark-haired lady, whose manner denoted primness and determination. "It was after midnight on a winter's night when a man came to me to go down to Alaska street, in the slums, to see a woman he said was dying. He was a rough-looking man, and I told him to go on down and I would follow. I went to my room and gathered together the things I felt needful, intending to go over to Broad-Street Station and order a cab, as I did not wish to be dependent on the street cars in that downtown neighborhood at night. But the man was waiting outside my house, and insisted upon escorting me, and I could not get rid of him. Before I reached Broad Street Station I made up my mind it would not do to run the risk of offending the man by taking a cab by myself, and that I might be safer walking the streets with him than shut up in the confines of a cab. So we walked all the way down together.

"I found my patient in a very dangerous condition, and the squalid room in which she lay was occupied by no less than ten other people. I promptly ordered every one out before proceeding with my examination. All went save one gigantic negro, who said he would not go out in the cold. I insisted, however, that I could do nothing for the patient while he was in the room, and finally the other tenants succeeded in getting him out.

"It was an hour or more before I was ready to go home, and I intended to walk up to Eighth street and take a car. The man who had accompanied me down offered to go home with me, but I refused and started alone. Before I had gone a block I saw I was being followed, and by crossing over the street I managed to turn my head, and saw it was the negro I had sent out of the room. I walked steadily on, but my heart beat faster than ever before or since in my life. I missed the car I wanted to take, and, knowing it would be a

long time at that hour of the night before another would come I walked on, still hearing those footsteps just behind me. When we reached the shadow of the Pennsylvania Hospital wall I felt sure of my safety. My knees fairly knocked together as I walked, and I prayed for a policeman to appear, but none was to be seen.

"I still kept on, however, until I got to Chestnut street, and from there, block by block, to Fifteenth and the streets, I still heard those footsteps, and at times I most imagined I felt the man's breath upon me.

"I made up my mind the negro would attack me as I reached my own door, but, fortunately, my key turned easily and I stepped in. Then from a window I looked out, only to see that my pursuer had evidently been some time before I had entered my door and was retracing his steps. The next morning when I went to see my patient I was received like a prisoner, and that they had doubted my ability to go home alone, and that rough negro, whose aspect had struck me as I remembered how I had ordered him out, determined to act as my guard in case some one should attempt to attack me. I then learned that two physicians who lived nearer had refused to go to the house at night on account of it being in a dangerous neighborhood, a murder having been committed there a few weeks before. This was some years ago."

"I am constantly having rather amusing things happen to me," said another feminine M.D., who has been one of the largest practices of any woman in the city. "Some time ago I was standing near Ninth and the streets, waiting for a car. It was about 9 o'clock in the evening. A very well-dressed man came to me, and was reeling from drink.

"'Lady,' he hiccupped in most respectful manner, 'I want to go home. I ought to go home, but I don't know how, so I've been waiting, waiting for a lady or gentleman to tell me. Seen lots of women in my past, seen lots of men, too, but you're the first. Now, lady, I need to go home, I want to go, I know'—and the rest was unintelligible. I saw he was irresponsible, and while I finally got the man out of 'Thompson street' from him, I could not get him the number of his house. However, I realized it was not safe to leave him in his helpless condition in that neighborhood, for he had a gold watch and chain and several other pieces of valuable jewelry, so I took him to come along with me and I got on the car. I explained the situation to the conductor, and he promised to exchange the man with the Thompson street and, if possible, ascertain the number of his residence, which he could tell the conductor the other car.

"The next day the drunken man's wife came to my office to repay his car fare, which I had paid, and she was almost ready to get down on her knees to me. She was so grateful that I had taken him out of the neighborhood where I had found him. It seems the man had had a fortunate business transaction that day and had gotten drunk on the strength of it. The time I took him on the car and paid his fare was \$11,000 on his person. Had I not happened to see the 'Tenderloin' that evening he would probably have fallen into some one else's hands and been robbed. The man is in very good circumstances, and I think I can truthfully say that there is nothing I could do for him or his wife that they would not grant."

"I had an experience of rescuing a drunk," said a younger doctor, who was extremely petite in build. "I was coming along Fifteenth street, and at Arch street a man accosted me. He was a stranger in the city, did not know one street from the other, but he wanted to go to his home and did not know where the station was. As he was quite verdant in appearance I thought home was the best place for him, so, going past Broad Street Station I took him with me. A natured looking man was there, and he looked as if he saw a little woman like me in charge of a drunken countryman, but I said: 'This man has a ticket to —, and he wants to take the train. Will you see that he gets on all right?'

"'All right, little mother, I'll look after him,' said a good-natured man answered, and he did so, and often laughed since at the funny appearance I made as I came up to the ticket window with my companion."

#### ROUGH ON THE CLERGY.

In a certain Cleveland minister's family the youngsters who play much together, especially the dolls. The other day the younger of the two girls, confided thus in her mother with regard to her mas:

"Mama, I do hope Santa Claus will bring me a respectable boy doll. We haven't got a doll in either family, and every time I see a boy doll I broke Jumpie-Wumple, the monkey doll, and I want to be the preacher."—[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

#### THE EDITOR'S JOKE.

Isabel: I think that editor man is simply here.

Judith: Why?

Isabel: He placed the engagement announcement in my young Sloopington under the head of Business Opportunities."—[Smart Set.]

#### UNANIMOUS.

Briggs: What was it that first prompted me to make love to Miss Goldstacks?

Griggs: I wanted to prove to my own satisfaction that I could really love her in spite of her great eyes.—[Life.]

#### COUNTING ON IT.

Wife of Eminent Philanthropist: My dear, when you thinking of? You gave that poor man 50 cents.

Eminent Philanthropist: I know it, Amanda. He be \$10 when it gets into the anecdote column of the cago Tribune.

## UNCLE SAM

MORE THAN ANY OTHER EVER POSSESSED

By a Special Commission

THROUGH the Treasury Department at Washington, Uncle Sam's rather startling piece of news is that this country, at the close of the year 1901, had about a quarter of all the gold in the world.

To quote the official figures from the United States (including treasure, one thousand two hundred millions, whereas the world's entire stock of gold is less than five thousand millions (according to the latest figures.) New York's Uncle Sam's figures as to his own country is close to \$1,250,000,000—while all the rest of the world's gold is only \$2,750,000,000. This is a larger sum than has ever been possessed by a single country in the world.

Next to the United States, according to the figures, comes France, with \$810,000,000; Great Britain, with \$769,700,000; Russia, with \$721,300,000; and Germany with \$721,300,000. It is interesting to observe that in a class by itself.

The British Empire is second in the world. Its gold proper is last, its total amounting only to \$511,000,000. All the rest of the world is far behind in the race as not to

## UNCLE SAM'S ENGLAND DREAM



\$11,000,000. \$769,700,000.

IT WOULD A BILLION AND THE AR BEARERS V BROADW



second class. Austria-Hungary leads with about \$230,000,000, but even at this rate is very poor in gold money, relatively, for her gold supply amounts to only \$100,000,000 for her population of 47,000,000. The children have nearly \$16 in gold apiece, while the citizens of the French republic have only \$1.50. Germany comes third in the world, the figures being \$12.81, Great Britain, with \$12.81, and that of Russia, with her enormous stock of \$12,300,000,000, only \$5.64. The per capita of the British Empire is a shade under \$1. India's enormous horde of \$27,000,000,000, here, as in most other things, she exhibits the most astonishing extremes of excess: where the per capita of the United States is \$16 in gold, in Australia, for instance, it is \$16 in gold for every man, woman and child. At one time the South African Republic had per capita figures of \$26.24, but this is the highest. Canada's per capita is in excess of \$3.

These per capita figures of coined gold are as indicative either of a country's wealth or of its poverty as the circulation of money of all sorts in the United States. Of two thousand five hundred million dollars for every citizen of Uncle Sam's Empire, the highest, there is little money except that made from the precious metals. The great preponderance is in silver, and even greater degree in China.

It is doubtful whether any one can estimate the figures as stupendous as the



## UNCLE SAM'S GOLD.

MORE THAN ANY OTHER NATION HAS EVER POSSESSED.

By a Special Contributor.

THROUGH the Treasury Department of his government at Washington, Uncle Sam gave out a rather startling piece of news the other day, in the statement that this country, at this moment, possesses about a quarter of all the gold that has been made up of money in the entire world.

To quote the official figures correctly, there is now in the United States (including treasury coin and bullion,) over two hundred millions of gold money, and the world's entire stock of gold money is worth less than five thousand millions (\$4,906,700,000, according to the latest figures.) New York financiers believe Uncle Sam's figure as to his own gold money are shy, and that in truth the amount of gold money is the country is close to \$1,250,000,000—a billion and a quarter—while all the rest of the world possesses less than \$1,000,000,000. This is a larger sum of coined gold than has ever been possessed by a single nation in the history of the world.

Next to the United States, according to the latest reports, comes France, with \$810,600,000, followed by the British Empire, with \$769,700,000; Russia, with \$724,300,000; and Germany with \$721,300,000. So far as coined gold is concerned, it will be observed, the United States is far ahead of the rest.

The British Empire is second in the second-class, but Britain proper is last, its store of coined gold amounting only to \$511,000,000. All other peoples are far behind in the race as not to be eligible even for

needed to express the present wealth of this country in coined gold. It would take a laborer earning a dollar a day 416,666 years to earn a billion and a quarter of dollars, but at that he would have to have the longevity of more than 4000 Methuselahs. If the money had to be earned by day's work it would be better to put 416,666 laborers at it for a single year.

Reduced to avoirdupois, the one thousand two hundred and fifty millions of gold dollars now in this country would represent 5,000,000 pounds, or 2500 short tons of 2000 pounds each. Packed away as Uncle Sam packs away his gold in the treasury at Washington and in the various sub-treasuries, it would fill 2500 strong boxes, each 21 by 18 by 24 inches in size, inside measurement, and containing six cubic feet. Piled up, the gold coin thus accumulated would make a heap containing 15,000 cubic feet; a bar of gold containing \$1,250,000,000 worth of precious metal would be 5 feet square and 300 feet long; erected into an auriferous monument, it would be a highly imposing sight, and would make no mean showing beside the Washington monument itself, albeit of about 200 feet less altitude than that patriotic structure.

At two tons to the million, it would take 2500 double teams, or 5000 horses, to haul this unthinkable mass of coined treasure over the average roads of the country. Fixing fifty pounds as the proper load for the average man to carry any distance, it would require an army of 100,000 to pack the stuff. In ranks of twelve moving in fairly open order this army of gold bearers would stretch over eleven or twelve miles, or about the length of Broadway on the island of Manhattan.

There is little danger that the yellow specie of the great republic will be looted and carried away "by hand."

## What Our Coined Gold Would Buy.

One thousand two hundred and fifty millions of dollars would buy an enormous amount of merchandise,

is considered that the ordinary mind may come nearest to grasping with the real meaning of such a vast sum. Good, fair pies can be bought for ten cents apiece, and thus the coined gold now in the country would buy twelve billions and five hundred millions of pies. The square surface covered by pies varies, but fifty square inches for each would not be far out of the way, allowing for the waste room that would have to be allowed for, supposing the pies are round. On this basis the gold coin in circulation in Uncle Sam's dominions would buy pies enough to cover at least 4000 acres of land. How many pie bakers it would take to bake this enormous aggregation of toothsome ones in one day is matter for conjecture only.

Yet all this gold could be packed into a very small space, relatively speaking. Made into a pile forty feet square, it would be only a little more than nine feet high, and its weight of 5000 tons would not furnish a full cargo for any one of several of the great ocean liners now plowing the Atlantic Ocean, though it would build hundreds of them.

## Food for Serious Thought.

All in all, good Americans may well be proud of the magnificent showing our gold coin enables us to make before the world, yet there is another and a more serious aspect of the situation to be considered—an aspect, by the way, that thoughtful men are examining with much gravity. Will the presence of so much gold in the country produce the apparently logical result of permanently holding up the price of all things eatable by reason of its own comparative cheapness? Some economic philosophers declare that it will beyond the shadow of a doubt. In time they say there will also be a general uplifting of the scale of wages, but not until it is settled whether the present plentitude of the yellow metal is permanent or not. Naturally, in the meantime, the man who works will have increased problems to meet.

On the other hand, a plentitude of gold will mean lively circulation, and that will mean a continuance of the present "good times" for a considerable period to come. And, if the prophets speak wisely, the present unexampled quantity of coined gold in this country is only a forerunner of the future. Unless all signs fail, say they, the day is not far distant when we shall have two thousand millions instead of a thousand and a quarter millions of gold coin in our land.

PAUL DANBY.

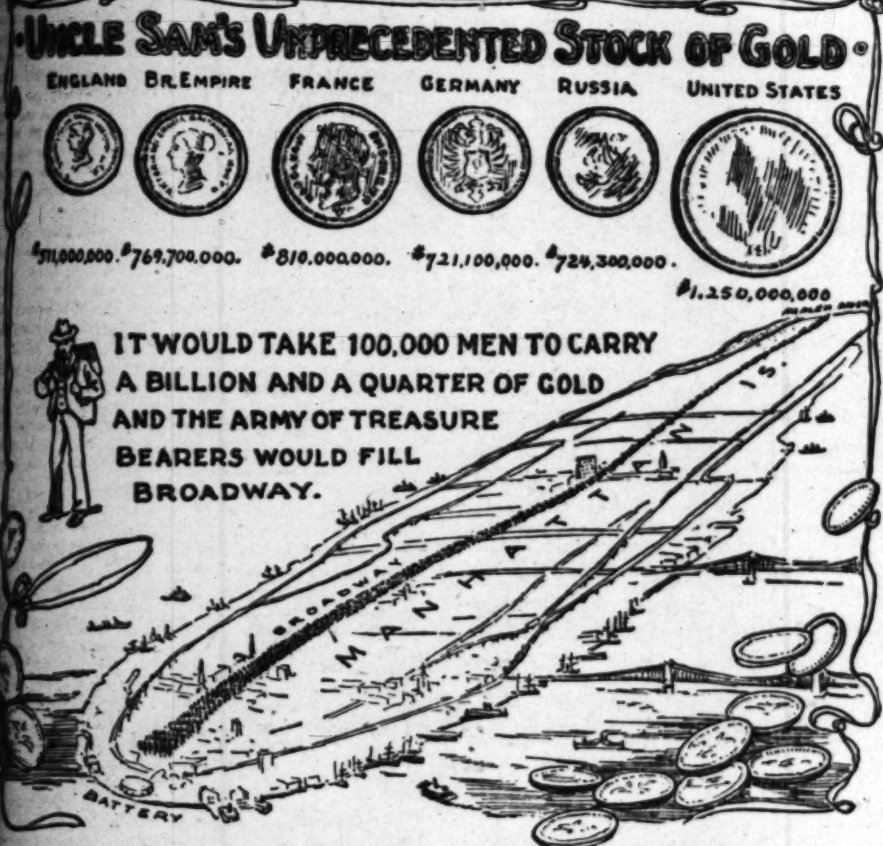
## BRAIN AND INTELLECT.

The exact seat in the brain of the highest intellectual faculties has formed a moot point in science since the functions of the organ of mind began to be investigated with accuracy. The general consensus of opinion localizes what we term "mind" in the prefrontal lobes of the brain, but by another school of thinkers the hinder lobes have been credited with performing our highest cerebral duties. The balance of evidence, I should say, is decidedly in favor of the former view, and recent researches and observations by Dr. Phelps, an American investigator, would appear to assist in strengthening the opinion that the most important portion of the brain is its anterior region. In the course of the investigations in question some 235 cases of brain injury and disease were examined. In all save two it was noted that interference of extensive nature with the prefrontal region resulted in serious disturbance of the mental faculties. Less severe injury produced less marked effects. These facts parallel the researches of other investigators, and they are further substantiated by what is observed in cases of idiocy connected with a want of development of the frontal lobes of the brain.

As to the relative importance of the two lobes or halves of cerebrum, or chief brain mass, most of us know that each half governs the opposite side of the body, and that, as we are right handed, so we may be called left brained. The superiority in functional importance of our left brain is not questioned, and it is therefore interesting to find Dr. Phelps insisting, from the results of his investigations, that our left brain lobe is really the intellectual half. The right half, it is added, is capable of sustaining severe injury without marked mental effects supervening, and cases are quoted in support of this fact. Indeed, such cases have frequently puzzled physiologists, seeing that the disturbance of the intellect has in no sense been commensurate with the injury to the brain. On the notion of the greater importance of our left brain, and on the theory that severe injuries which do not produce utter mental break-down really involve the right lobe, the puzzling constitution of the brain may be explained in part at least. But the last word has not yet been said concerning the brain's ways and work. Injuries of the left half do not always produce serious effects as regards the mental life, while we have had some physiologists insisting that we have really two brains, and that while the left lobe is the Jekyll of the intellect the right, on occasion at least, is apt to play the part of Hyde. A fascinating theory this, but one to which sober science is not likely to append its imprimatur.—[London Chronicle.]

## WHAT SPECTACLES HAVE BROUGHT ABOUT.

"Spectacles," said an ophthalmologist, "are as old as wagons, I suppose, or as clothes. Wasn't a pair found recently in a mummy case that dated back to something like 300 years before Christ? But the spectacles of the ancients were merely magnifying glasses, and the modern sorts—the prismatic, the spherical, the concave, the convex and the cylindrical, which correct double vision, refraction, myopia, hypermetropia, astigmatism, etc.—are comparatively modern inventions. They are made of rock crystal, and they have done much more good than anything else in modern medicine, except, perhaps, anesthetics. Medical records show that there is now 40 per cent. less of blindness than there used to be in the world, and this improvement is due entirely to the use of spectacles, which have kept weak eyes from succumbing as braces keep weak limbs from succumbing. There is also much less of headache than there was. A great deal of that came you know, from the eyes, and that sort of headache spectacles have banished utterly."—[Philadelphia Record.]



second class. Austria-Hungary leads the third with about \$230,000,000, but even at that the great power is very poor in gold money, relatively as well as for her gold supply amounts to less than \$4.90 per capita for her population of 47,000,000 souls. Uncle Sam's children have nearly \$16 in gold apiece, which is more than the citizens of the French republic, for each of them there is a little more than \$21 of gold coin a piece. Germany comes third in the per capita computation, the figures being \$12.81. Great Britain's being \$11.81, and that of Russia, with her enormous population of 128,000,000, only \$5.64. The per capita figure for the entire British Empire is a shade under \$2.20, that for the enormous horde of 297,000,000, being only 15 cents. Here, as in most other things, the British Empire exhibits the most astonishing extremes, for there is great excess; in Australia, for instance, there is more than \$100 in gold money for every man, woman and child. At one time the South African republics led with per capita figures of \$26.34, but now Australia is the highest. Canada's per capita is a few cents in excess of \$3.

These per capita figures of coined gold should not be taken as indicative either of a country's actual wealth or of the money in circulation. The total amount of money of all sorts in the United States is about two thousand five hundred millions, or more than \$25 for every citizen of Uncle Sam, about double the per capita figure of gold. In Australasia, where the gold money is highest, there is little money circulation except that made from the precious yellow metal; in the great preponderance is in silver, and this is even greater degree in China.

## Figures.

It is doubtful whether any one can comprehend the magnitude of figures as stupendous as those which are

and would pay the expenses of no end of wars or merry making. A few weeks ago, before it could be foreseen that the coronation of King Edward VII would be postponed by a royal illness, it was estimated that the total cost of the ceremonies to government and English people would be not far from \$7,000,000. At that price for such jubilees Uncle Sam's stock of coined gold would foot the bill for 179 coronations and leave some millions over.

A billion and a quarter dollars would build eighty Brooklyn bridges. It would build, equip and put in commission more than 400 great battleships. It would probably suffice to buy the whole British navy, providing that aggregation of marine fighting machines could be purchased at anything like a fair valuation. At a million dollars a day, the approximate cost of the Civil War, the coined gold now in the country would wage war for more than three years and four months.

Comparison of the quantity of coined gold in the country with the value of some of the country's staple products is somewhat startling. For instance, in round numbers the output of coal, both soft and hard, in 1901, was three hundred and twenty-two millions; of pig iron, more than two hundred and fifty millions; of silver, more than thirty-six millions; of crude petroleum, more than seventy-five millions; of corn, wheat and oats, nearly two hundred and nine millions; of butter and cheese, more than three hundred and eighty-four millions. Yet the billion and a quarter of coined gold now in the United States would buy all these products and leave a trifling matter of \$2,875,857 as a nest egg around which to accumulate another twelve hundred millions or so. It would build 62,500 miles of railroad at \$20,000 a mile, nearly a third of all the railroad mileage now in the United States.

## Thousands of Acres of Pie.

But it is when the purchasing power of a thousand and a quarter millions of gold dollars as applied to pie

of the night before another on, still bearing those footprints on the wall I felt sure of an attack. I looked together as I walked, and I felt as if I were being followed. I never, until I got to Chestnut street, by block, to Fifteenth and Arch those footsteps, and at times I felt the man's breath upon me.

and the negro would attack me as I went, but, fortunately, my key turned. Then from a window I looked out. My pursuer had evidently turned and entered my door and was now on the next morning when I went back I received like a princess. It seemed my ability to go home alone, whose aspect had struck terror into how I had ordered him out, but my guard in case some one should come. I then learned that two men nearer had refused to go to the account of it being in a dangerous order having been committed there. This was some years ago.

leaving rather amusing things happened. A feminine M.D., who has been one of any woman in the city, was standing near Ninth and Broad street. It was about 9 o'clock in the well-dressed man came to me, and

ughed in most respectful manner. I ought to go home, and I've been waiting. Waiting for a man, too, but you're the first lady to go home, I want to go, I didn't was unintelligible. I saw the man and while I finally got the woman, I could not get his name or name. However, I realized it would be him in his helpless condition. For he had a gold watch and chain, pieces of valuable jewelry, so I took with me and I got on the car with the situation to the conductor, who seemed to exchange the man with me. If possible, ascertain the number which he could tell the conductor of

the drunken man's wife came down to his car fare, which I had paid, and to get down on her knees to me, that I had taken him out of the car. I had found him. It seems that a fortunate business transaction that I drunk on the strength of it. At on the car and paid his fare before he went. Had I not happened to be there, even he would probably have been else's hands and been robbed. Under circumstances, and I think I may there is nothing I could ask of him, he would not grant.

gence of rescuing a drunk," said a man who was extremely petite in size. "I was on Fifteenth street, and at Arch a young man was a stranger in the city and did not know where the relief was quite verdant in appearance. He was the best place for him, so as I went to the ticket office with him. A man was there, and he looked at me like a man in charge of a man, but I said: 'This man is my mother, I'll look after him.' He answered, and he did so, and I was at the funny appearance I presented the ticket window with my high

## ON THE CLERGY.

Cleveland minister's family are playing much together, especially the younger of the two, a son, in her mother with regard to Christmas. Santa Claus will bring us a doll. We haven't got a family, and every since the monkey, the monkey doll, has been in the house.

## THE EDITOR'S JOKE.

That editor man is simply horrible. He engaged the engagement announcement in the head of the paper. [Smart Set.]

## UNANIMOUS.

was it that first prompted you to Goldstacks? I wanted to prove to my own satisfaction that I love her in spite of her great

## COUNTING ON IT.

Philanthropist: My dear, what you gave that poor man only

Philanthropist: I know it, Amanda. I put it into the anecdote column.

them? There are a large number of automobiles in use in this city, operated by good fellows like me. The people heretofore have been why not continue to use them and esteem? I fear that

STRAWBERRY VALLEY LODGE, with first-class tents, clean, new lawn, good food, and all well cared for. Central dining-room with excellent chef and good service, \$12.00 per week.

BAER RESIGNS FROM ENDEAVORS. Moros More Friendly to Americans. 4. The World's Busy Workers. 5. At the City's Gates. Weather Report.

eral of James Booth....Truck-driver loses his leg under car....More fire-alarm boxes....Deaf mutes' memorial service....Los Angeles, 4; Sacramento, 3....Venus wins yacht race....Sharing of many farms that were



*By a Special Contributor.*

So in front of a silversmith's bench or in the stall of a rug dealer, the veiled lady and the uniformed officer may exchange glances and talk of common things in common words with hidden meanings. By a fortunate accident a corner of the tcharchaf falls away from a beautiful face and is hastily put in place again. Or



To my great good luck the American ladies in Talas had just been invited to a wedding in which prominent Armenian families in the city were concerned. As soon

knowledge, and as their minds become trained, they do not take kindly to the absolute obedience that has heretofore been required. They love the freedom of the school and associates of their own age. They have had little girlhood and as yet have no desire for the trou-

But the day was warm upon this plain, even if it was nearly 2000 feet above sea level, and we were glad to descend the wall and hurry back to shelter.

MYRA HARTSHORN STRAIN

"Yes, count, in all the park there is no place so well as under this old, old tree." (Sighing deeply.) "There are tender associations, you know."  
"Aha, I comprehend, mam'selle. You have planted the tree!"—[Punch.]

*By a Special*

many ways on deck, the life-  
even there the risk is always  
and a frequent sweep, the  
the life-guard none too high  
at top speed means either  
chance of rescue. It takes a  
hand to hold the racing craft  
only months and months of  
precident. The highest of  
the vessel out a wonderful  
and only the skill of a  
nel can make the most of  
very practice that the depa  
the aim of the tactical unit  
tioned.

why seven boats should constitute a "unit" is not plain, save that it acts as a division leader while the actions of three for concerted action. The man navy have adopted a wonderfully skillful performance in that combination has no doubtless to remark that the trade is not a factor, nor has it influenced in a mission where your enemy to glory by an eleven boats forming our first construction, and they and the speedy torpedo boat Shubrick and Stockton—in any young officer to the use as the case required. In time would better apply, for to be termed the modern hope. The commander strife, in a torpedo boat, thought to acts upon his ret should he meet the enemy I will ever see his friends again has given him in the torpedo-like and purposeful as it seems a fabrication to be; and the modern quick-firing guns less disastrous, reach to. To make her light and especially vulnerable, and she bids before she can get close quarry, and even then success the price of her own destruction under cover of gloom or a torpedo-boat attack. Lying low, head on, but a modest green to merge more fitly in given the great speed needful watchful foe, the chances of how good only the next powers will show. The aim peace, are fine practice from point of view, but the absence gives a steadiness of nerve performance not to be counted war; besides that element and marred so many a boat of consideration.

officers as have been pr  
torpedo boats maneuver—a  
that the German navy is a  
been loud in their praise  
ne boats have been handled  
The favorite German form  
mation in the shape of a



## UHLANS OF THE SEA.

WHAT OUR NEWLY-ORGANIZED TORPEDO-BOAT SQUADRON WILL DO.

By a Special Contributor.

NEW days ago, at Norfolk, a little fleet of seven torpedo boats was commissioned to form a part of the programme cut out for the navy during the summer maneuvers. Small as the vessels are, the work assigned to them, besides being our first effort to put the torpedo craft upon a war footing will be in importance not even second to the task set the very biggest of the ships.

To those familiar with the service it is well known that our war with Spain found us sadly unfamiliar with the management of torpedo boats, while the limited number at our command made it impossible for us to consider them in the light of a "division" or tactical unit. The difficulties experienced in securing machinery acquainted with the fast-running type of engines peculiar to the torpedo boat and the days and days of waiting stress under which some of their commanders labored until they knew just what they could expect from the engine-rooms, are parts of the untold history of the war with Spain.

The naval architect and the marine engineer have combined to make the modern torpedo boat, especially of the destroyer type, the most wonderful fabrication of modern craft, while the ordnance engineer has added to it no less wonderful. Into seemingly fragile steel skins of which the blow of a stout boat would dent—the engineer has crowded a compact mass of high-speed engines that can send those boats along at a steady clip of twenty-five or thirty knots an hour. The moving parts of the fastest express make as many revolutions a minute as do these torpedo-boat engines. The overland flyers, were their driving wheels as large as the boats' propellers, would run quite a hundred miles an hour. The boilers that team with the enormous pressure needed to supply these throbbing engines are, in fact, virtual magazines of violence, and the conditions that feed those white-hot, gasping furnaces do but try conditions that only add the more to the probability of sudden death.

In many ways on deck, the life at sea is preferable, even though the risk is always great. The green sea has a frequent sweep, the foothold is none too sure, the life-guard none too high, and a tumble overboard at top speed means either a broken neck or a chance of rescue. It takes a cool head and a very steady hand to hold the racing craft to a steady course. Only months and months of practice will make a crew proficient. The highest of mechanical skill has been put to the test to produce a wonderful instrument of death-dealing, and only the skill of a highly-accomplished mechanic can make the most of the tool. Primarily it is a very practice that the department now intends to be the aim of the tactical unit of seven boats just commissioned.

Why seven boats should constitute a division or tactical unit is not plain, save that it permits one of them to act as a division leader while leaving two even numbers of three for concerted action. Our friends of the German navy have adopted a seven-boat division, and the wonderfully skillful performance of those little boats in that combination has no doubt influenced us. It is worth remark that the traditional luck in odd numbers is not a factor, nor has the biblical unit of three been chosen in a mission where the prime object is to send your enemy to glory by an Irish promotion.

Seven boats forming our first division, are of modern construction, and they are the destroyers and the speedy torpedo boats, Bagley, Biddle, Shubrick and Stockton—in name alone enough to give any young officer to the utmost zeal or desolation the case required. In time of war the term "torpedo boat" would better apply, for torpedo-boat service is aptly termed the modern apotheosis of the torpedo. In a torpedo boat, need not give a moment's thought to acts upon his return to port; his only duty should be to meet the enemy in force, and he should ever see his friends again. The ordnance department has given him in the torpedo something as reliable and purposeful as it seems possible for mechanical fabrication to be; and yet, against that modern quick-firing gun, which has a deadly less disastrous, reach than the murder-machete. To make her light and speedy the torpedo is peculiarly vulnerable, and she must face some odds before she can get close enough to make her quarry, and even then success is likely to be at the price of her own destruction.

Under cover of gloom or night is the first rule of the torpedo-boat attack. Lying low in the water, presenting head on, but a modest target, painted green to merge more fitly into the murk of the night, the great speed needed to the final rush at the unsuspecting foe, the chances of success seem good—how good only the next great war between the powers will show. The simulations of strife, of peace, are fine practice from an evolutionary point of view, but the absence of peril in its actual performance is not to be counted upon in the actual war; besides that element of chance has been made and marred so many battles, must be taken out of consideration.

Of our officers as have been privileged to see these torpedo boats maneuver—and it must be said that the German navy is a pretty close competitor—have been loud in their praise of the manner in which these boats have been handled in concert at sea. The favorite German form of attack is a "flying wedge" in the shape of a flying wedge or

arrowhead. The leading boat takes the center, with the six other boats in two divisions of three, flanking one another outwardly astern. So close can they keep this formation in moderate weather that a man can walk the entire length of the line by stepping from the bow of one boat on to the stern or quarter of the other, and thus pass from the aftermost craft to the leading one. The German theory of this formation is concentration of attack and the hope, even in the face of gun fire, that one of the boats at least will get close enough to make certain of torpedoing the foe, even though the six others be sunk on the way. It is certainly picturesque, even if it prove impracticable, while the formation would certainly be a disturbing thought to even the steadiest of gunners, for just one successful shot from out that racing ruck and the biggest battleship is doomed.

The seven boats just commissioned will be put through about six weeks of preliminary pacing or tuning up before they join the North Atlantic squadron for the army and navy maneuvers in early September. In that time the commanders of these small boats will be able to determine pretty well the promise of the personnel assigned them. Each torpedo boat, even if made by the dozen from the same molds and upon the same lines, with engines of identical pattern, is as individual in characteristics and performances as are puppies from the same litter. The complement of each boat must master its particular task, and all of them must be so harmonized that they can be maneuvered in perfect unison and with as much precision as a squadron of cavalry. A restive horse is a small matter compared with the restiveness of a racing torpedo boat, and the evolution of the flying wedge with its close formation will be attained only by very gradual degrees; the boats will certainly have to creep a good deal before they ever dream of running, and even then it will be surprising if some are not injured in the education. Abroad, such work has cost both craft and lives, and such efficiency is purchased not without its price. Men that can stand the hardest stress of life on big ships are sometimes the first to succumb to work on a torpedo boat, and one of the commonest causes of failure is seasickness. It is generally supposed that seafaring men do not suffer, as we land lubbers do, from mal de mer, but such is not the case, and especially is this so aboard torpedo craft. The boats themselves are the "liveliest" kind of rollers in a seaway; they twist and roll and lurch with the most distracting want of periodicity, to which the teeth-chattering vibration of the whole craft, at medium speeds, adds its quota of misery. To this is added the stiffness of the living spaces, for flying spray will find its way down open ventilator and uncovered hatches, and the heat from boilers and engines soon radiates to the remotest recesses between decks. When under way eating at a mess table is out of the question; things must be actually caught on the fly, and there is something very disquieting to a dizzy head and an unsettled stomach in the sight of dancing mess kit and slopping food. Imagine the added hardships in the dusty, humid, overheated fire and engine-rooms, with their aggravating reek of oil-laden steam. Truly it takes a stout stomach and steady nerves to bear up under these conditions, and, in time of war, no medium measure of valor to face the risks of death amid such surroundings.

Let us see how our little squadron will make its attack. The seven boats having taken the wedge formation, will creep at low speed upon the imaginary foe; care will be taken to keep down the tell-tale flash of the phosphorescent bow wave; fires will be fed so skillfully that there will be but a minimum of smoke from the huddled stacks; torpedo tubes have been trained to bear at given angles, and all but those absolutely required upon deck are sent below out of reach of possible gun fire. In the conning-tower or upon the circular bridge of each boat stands the skipper and his quartermaster at the wheel. The division bears steadily toward the foe, seeking to come as nearly into torpedo range—600 yards—as possible before detection. Suddenly a shaded lamp, hung low, flashes in the wake of the leading boat, and with the swiftness of scattering specters the six following boats disappear into the flanking gloom, only to converge a few moments later from a wide field upon the common target at topmost speed. Precaution is cast to the winds, the stacks belch great masses of smoke and glittering sparks, and the bow waves glister like bejeweled down in the glare of the enemy's searchlights. The foe has been caught napping, his rapid-fire guns give only a ragged defiance, the boats are well within the danger zone, there are eighteen muffled booms, and on to their errand of destruction are sped eighteen imaginary torpedoes, any one of which, in fact, would be enough to send the stoutest ship to the bottom, for skill has so adjusted them that they will strike ten feet below the surface, where no protecting armor shields the vitals from attack. There are a succession of quick turns on the part of the attacking craft, and such of them as have not been under fire for a prescribed period of seconds are seen scurrying off into the protecting gloom to rendezvous at some predetermined base, where, with professional glee, they gloat over the great craft they have sunk in fiction.

The public has a pretty fair notion of the modern Whitehead torpedo, and the great explosive force of its war-head, laden with guncotton, but it knows but little of that remarkable mechanism, the Obry steering gear, that seems to endow the torpedo with a will. This mechanism, in brief, is a gyroscope—more familiar to us when termed a top—which, set in gimbals like a compass, can freely move in all directions. The spinning top or gyroscope, put in motion automatically as the torpedo leaves the tube, exercises a directive force and tends to bring itself into line with the longitudinal axis of the moving torpedo just as the tail of a windmill brings the wheel into the eye of the breeze. Now the way the gyroscope acts is this: The torpedo tube is directed forward so many degrees off either bow; it cannot be pointed dead ahead, and the gyroscope is set so many degrees in the opposite direction. The vessel is pointed straight at the target and when the torpedo is dropped into the water it naturally does not bear upon

the foe's ship, but the gyroscope working through the set number of degrees back toward the center gradually brings the torpedo's aim parallel with the boat's line of attack and bearing directly upon the target by actuating the rudder. The process is a direct reversal of the action of the windmill, in which the wheel or spinning top controls the tail or rudder. Now, the object of the gyroscope steering gear—apart from holding the torpedo to its course when once attained—is to enable the torpedo boat to attack head on, thus affording the enemy but the smallest target for attack and yet permitting torpedoes to be fired in the same direction even when the tubes cannot be so trained. In effect it is like a gun that could shoot around a corner; in fact, the Obry gear can be so set that the torpedo will describe a complete circle and then take up a straight course.

The evolutions of the torpedo division will include target practice with the torpedoes, some of them being set to come to the surface after a run and then recovered, and some of them being fitted with war-head and used in actual attack upon a target. This latter employment will not be so general, for the expenditure or loss of a torpedo means an outlay of quite \$2000, and major benefits of drill can be had without destroying the torpedo.

These forthcoming torpedo-boat exercises are to form the basis of an extensive system reaching from the farthest end of Maine to Galveston, on the Atlantic coast, and from Puget Sound south along the whole of our Pacific seaboard, while the men so trained are to be the nucleus for a personnel peculiarly fitted for this type of service.

ROBERT G. SKERRETTE.

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## ONE-CENT STORES.

THEY HAVE BECOME A RECOGNIZED INSTITUTION IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

[New York Times:] When the five and ten-cent stores were established and proved a success it was supposed that the lowest limit had been reached. But the one-cent store has in the past few months become an established institution in New York. Unlike the five and ten-cent stores, these appeal to both sexes, but only to those of very tender ages. The little schoolboys and girls are the chief patrons of the one-cent stores and they are established in localities as near public schools as possible.

It might surprise the average person to see the variety of useful and ornamental articles that can be sold for a cent. The counters and windows of the one-cent stores are literally packed with goods of every conceivable variety, and when neatly spread out they make a rather tempting display. The average boy does not know what he wants when he has a penny to spend. He goes into a store of the ordinary kind and looks around, his eyes grow large and greedy, and he asks the price of one article after another, only to find that everything is beyond his reach.

"How much money you got?" asks the clerk, exasperated at the child's uncertainty and delay. The child holds up a penny—an important sum to him. The clerk sniffs at it, points to a small case with half a dozen dilapidated articles in it, and says: "That's all we have for a penny." Then he turns his attention to more important customers and the young purchaser, with his penny in his grasp, is neglected until the tears are ready to appear in his eyes. Sometimes the clerk takes pity on him and helps him to decide, but more often he is left to himself until he leaves the store in despair.

The idea of the new penny store is to make trade attractive to the child with only a penny to spend. The store is peculiarly his. Huge signs are displayed on every side, announcing that every article costs just one cent. What a feast to the eyes of the boy with only a penny to spend! He first gazes into the window and then goes inside and passes from one counter to another. Of course, he purchases something, and comes back the next day with another penny to spend.

## OLD ENGLISH BIBLE.

Of all early printed books, the most difficult to obtain, even in an approximately complete condition, are English Bibles—they are usually in a most advanced state of dilapidation. No perfect copy is known of the first edition of the Bible in English, printed at Antwerp by Jacob Van Meteren, 1535; of this, the Earl of Ashburnham possessed three copies, the finest of which cost £365, and realized £820; the next cost £130, and sold for £175, while the third, a very respectable copy, dropped from £190 paid for it by the Earl, to £96—a loss of £94. It is a curious fact that, with the exception of the first named, nearly all the early English Bibles in the Ashburnham collection realized less than the amounts originally paid for them. An unusually good copy of the first edition of Cranmer's "Catechismus," 1548, cost six guineas, and realized £36; while a complete copy, and as such probably unique, of the first edition of Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," 1562-3, which, after the Bible, was probably the most widely-read book of the sixteenth century, shows only an advance from £97 15s. to £150.

The "big gun" of the Ashburnham printed books was the splendid copy, printed upon vellum, of the first edition of the Latin Bible, and the first book executed with metal types, 1450-55. It is generally known by the name of the Mazarin Bible, from the discovery of a copy in the cardinal's library by the bibliographer De Bure; its importance is too well known to be enlarged upon here, although a very little known fact in connection with it may be mentioned. Trithemius says in his "Chronicle" that he was told by Peter Scholifer, the partner and son-in-law of Faust, that the expenses incurred in the printing were so enormous that 4000 florins were expended before twelve sheets had been printed. Only about four copies on vellum and less than twenty on paper have been recorded. The Ashburnham copy was formerly in the university library of Mentz, whence it was obtained early in the present century by Nicol, the King's bookseller; at his sale, in 1825, it was purchased by Henry Perkins, the book-collecting brewer, for 480 guineas; at the Perkins sale, in 1873, it was bought for the late Earl for £3400; and, at the Earl's sale, it advanced to £4000.—[Fortnightly Review.]

## AIR MADE TO ORDER.

is the latest novelty. The late George Jaubert, of the Ecole Polytechnique, who has discovered a combination of water, gives off oxygen. Bubbles made of this combination of oxygen, and the benefit of the water, hospitals, mines and submarines. It means, in fact, that a trip to the bottom of the sea can be made in the nearest chamber of one's own room.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

the money to buy that mule for the poor Mr. Erasmus Pinkley. "It was a good trade that I couldn't help advancing."—[Punch.]

all the park there is no place like the old, old tree." (Sighing and tender associations, you see, greenhead, mam'selle. You have

STRAWBERRY VALLEY LODGE, with first-class tents, clean, new linen, good food and all well cared for. Central dining-room with excellent chef and good service. Open all week.  
C. H. KNOX—Furnished tents to rent well equipped for housekeeping. As advertised in the department there are: (a) Bakery; (b) Meat market; (c) Fish market; (d) Groceries; (e) Hardware; (f) Lumber; (g) Paints; (h) Stationery; (i) Toys; (j) Miscellaneous goods. Delivered twice daily; (k) Bakery.

Baer Resigns From Endeavorers.  
Moros More Friendly to Americans.  
The World's Busy Workers.  
At the City's Gates.  
Weather Report.

eral of James Booth... Truck-driver loses his leg under car... More fire-alarm boxes... Deaf mutes' memorial service... Los Angeles, 4; Sacramento, 3... Venus wins yacht race... Sharps' shooting contest, stake, \$1000.

the acre. Previous estimates have been greatly in error, prospective yield, being greater than ever before, owing of many farms that



*By a Special Contributor.*

EVER and again, this cock-sure world of ours, toddling along on its self-confident way, is brought to a sudden stop by some little happening that makes us realize with a sudden start how blindly we walk on the edge of mystery.

Such a happening was it that has been brought about by three drunken negro fishermen of Bermuda—as mean instruments as nature could pick out to teach the world something new of her wonderful ways and to give us a glimpse of the unrevealed marvels of creation.

Out of an abyss of the tropic ocean the three pulled the first true deep-sea creature ever to be taken and kept alive. And with that capture the men of science have been almost forced to accept the belief that somewhere in the deepest depths of the deep seas there lives a true sea serpent—the "great eel-like form, swimming with exceptional swiftness and of unknown dimensions," as Drs. Bean and Goode of the United States Fish Commission put it in their official report in discussing the theory that somewhere in unknown chasms of the ocean there may exist such a monster as that of which men have talked since the days of Pliny.

This creature that has been dragged from its black home of eternal night to lie gasping in a glass tank to be seen by tens of thousands—the first time a human eye ever has seen its kind—is not great in size for its extreme length when it exerts its entire and startling power of expansion is not more than six or possibly seven feet. But its aspect is so thoroughly that of the Pit, so Satanic, so grotesquely impossible, that the ichthyologists who have studied it up to this time have become converts to the belief in the sea serpent. For men are convinced now that if there can be such things in the marine gulfs off our coasts, and if they can exist without letting science with all its grapples and dredges and sounding wires and trawls ever get a glimpse of them, there is ample reason for believing that vast creatures of aspect still more fantastic and frightful swim far below the surface, rising to the sunlight only in epochal periods to terrify the human mites that see them, and to flee again as terrified themselves by the blinding light of day and the noises of the upper world.

## What is It?

The creature has been identified only tentatively as yet as to species and genus. Prof. Spencer of the New York Aquarium, to whom it was sent, believes that it is the same kind of form that was seen dead on the surface of the Caribbean Sea off the Cuban coast by Richardson in 1844 during the famous exploring voyage of the Erebus and Terror. If this conjecture is correct, as it probably is, for Prof. Spencer is an observer of rare experience, the fish is entitled to the name *Channomurena Vittata*. That classification puts it into the strange Moray family, the huge and ferocious eel-like fish that have been infamous since the days of ancient Rome, when certain of the species were kept in ponds and fed with living men by their owners, who thought that their flesh became the more delicious from this human diet.

No man who saw this fish wondered at the terror that nearly drove the negroes who caught it out of their boat when they saw what it was that they had hooked. Finless, wrinkled, gulping ceaselessly, with a baggy, ophidian throat, it lies, a bloated, venomously evil thing, turning its weird head in reptilian motions. Tiny black beads of eyes, scarcely as large as pin heads, glimmer out of its dark head, set so near the tip of its jaws that, were it not for their baleful light, one would not dream that they could be anything except nostrils.

The head has a shape quite indescribable. It is as formless as a mass that has been stepped on and then partially straightened out, roughly and carelessly. Not that there is much head to it. Most of it is taken up with gape. The observer gets no opportunity to overlook that, for the fish has a habit of opening its jaws constantly, apparently swallowing air. Those gaping jaws extended far back into the very body of the thing, apparently. Never a creature known to man has jaws so over-huge.

Where its gills should be the observer fails to find any. But after a few minutes of close watching they saw a little swelling work up and down, like a slippery knot of muscle under the slimy skin. And then suddenly a tube peered out, protruded and slipped back. Continued observation showed that the tube was a true siphon, and that it takes the place of gills in this deep-sea thing.

It does not swim. It writhes. At times it stretches itself like a worm till its high, ridged body is quite thin and enormously elongated. Again it shrinks and compresses its great form until, with a hundred wrinkled folds over it, it lies shrunken and even more evil in its vague mass than it is when it lies extended, with its head raised at strange angles with the body, peering wickedly at everything within its ken.

Shrunken and wrinkled, it looks like a puff adder—equally thick-set, with the reptile head. Expanded to full length, its head seems far greater than its body, and then the resemblance to the venomous serpents is complete.

Now and then it raises itself in the water and holds itself upright, resting only on its tail. Then it is the cobra in attitude and expression.

These are not the only serpentine characteristics of the fish. In its absolute lack of fins it approaches the class of reptiles so closely in appearance and build that one is inclined not to scoff at the many and various accounts of sea monsters, all agreeing in describing

them as snakes. This thing, in every aspect, is far more snake than fish.

### A True Deep-sea Form.

There is no doubt that it is a true deep-sea form, of a kind that rarely ventures from the vast depths, where it makes its home among unknown forms that probably are still more strange, more terrible and more incredibly misshapen than even it. Where it was caught there is a high ledge of coral and limestone, rising sheer out of a chasm 1200 feet deep. No doubt the *Channomureana* writhed its way upward to the top of the ledge more by accident than design, for rarely do the fish that swim two hundred fathoms deep rise near to the surface voluntarily. Indeed, few of the deep-sea dwellers can do so and live, for their air bladders are adapted by nature to withstand the enormous pressures of water where they dwell, and when they ascend near the surface the effect of the decreased pressure on them is just as the effect of ascending to high altitudes in a balloon is on man: Blood bursts forth from ears and nose, and finally the eyes. Were it possible to ascend still higher, the aeronaut would burst. Just so is it with the fish. Those that are seized by deep-sea trawls and dredges always come to the surface split and torn open, with their eyes actually blown out of their heads and their entrails protruding. The more delicate forms are generally ruined for all purposes except those of mere scientific identification.

However, for some unknown reason, perhaps driven from its black caverns by scarcity of food, this uncanny monster did find its way upward until it lay in what was shallow water indeed—shallow enough to make its

the hook. Then the three fishermen pulled on the line and began to sway on it to break it.

### The Fight.

To their amazement, it suddenly began to rise easily, but with tremendous swirlings and eddies below. Pull as they would with all their might, the thing in the water was pulling harder than any arms could. Again and again the unseen came their efforts and shot toward the bottom.

Suddenly the thing ceased pulling and came  
and toward the boat with tremendous speed.  
its head shot above the surface, and with  
jaws it seemed to be heading straight for the  
One shrieked, "The Debbil! The Debbil!" and  
to the extreme bow of the boat, where he lay  
The man in the waist let go the line and ran  
intending to sever the twine and let the  
But the third man scented some great reward  
not the professor from New York always  
queer things?

This was a queer thing with a vengeance—queer for man to tackle. But with a mighty nerve the negro overcame his superstitions and held on to the line. Finally he induced the snake to help him, and at last the "devil snake" was in the live well, where forthwith it lashed and until the darkies were frightened all over again.

When they got ashore the news of their capture spread quickly. It was not long before the muda darkies had discovered positively that indeed something from the Bottomless Pit; and "snake" the creature was known thereafter.



## THE DEEP-SEA MONSTER.

tiny pin-points of eyes blink, dazzled by the light that filtered down through the wonderfully clear, light blue water, for the depth over the shelf of rock where the *Channomureuna* found itself was only sixty-six feet deep. And there, winding in and out among strange things, itself the strangest of all, driving the butterfly fish and the bride fish and the angel fish and parrot fish, in all their gorgeous reef liveries, before it in terror, it found a baited hook and snapped at it with that mighty, gaping mouth.

Floating above it lay a fishing boat, with a deep well in its hull, so that the captured fish might be kept alive. The negro fishermen lolled in the craft. They had sailed out to this spot, seven miles northeast of Bermuda, armed with great, belying bottles of pineapple rum, to fish for market, but they were devoting far more time to the flasks than to the fish lines. They were anchored right on the edge of the reef where it descended into the depths. Now and then they would pull up a gay fish—green, yellow, violet, blue, scarlet—fish of a dozen colors far more showy than any rainbow that ever was—fish of one color, some like flames, some like the sky overhead, some like the sky at sunset.

Gradually the pineapple rum took effect, and the three negroes began to doze. One happened to awaken for a moment, took hold of his line and tugged. He could not move it. After working lazily for a moment or two he decided that the hook was fast to coral on the bottom, and he settled to another doze, in the hope that it would work loose while he slept. But he awoke to find the hook still fast.

Then he took the lead-jack. The lead-jack is a hinged ring of lead, very heavy, that the reef fishermen put over their lines and send down to the bottom to free their hooks when they foul on submarine obstructions. The lead-jack plunged down swiftly, but it did not clear

reached a young naturalist, Mowbray of Bermuda, who hurried down to the shore to see the fish. He had it transported to a tidal pool where it was viewed by hundreds, and all sorts of stories were told of it. One was that it could grow smaller or larger at will. Mowbray, however, found that it was true. The beast could increase its uncouth body enormously or contract it at will. **America Gets It.**

Prof. C. L. Bristol of the University of New York in Bermuda collecting specimens for New York Aquarium. He heard of the find and bought it. He and the other scientists in Bermuda identified it in their first examination.

They put the creature into a great tin can, which was shipped to New York, in company with other cans containing two hideous specimens of octopus, and several dozens of beautiful, gaudy, graceful and other tropic beauties.

Thus in one day the aquarium was enriched with a collection that comprised within itself the most beautiful of the most beautiful ocean dwellers that there are as truly as the "devil snake" deserves its name, the angel fish earn its appellation. These are but wings in truth that bear it soaring through the transparent water of its tropic home. Its head is as that of a human being, and it is as graceful as it is beautiful. Over its dainty body are a dozen colors, all equally rich and all equally soft shading and tint. Bright blues chase bright greens, gold flushes along its side and fades and grows pink so pale that it may hardly be seen before it is gone.

Like birds these fishes soar through the  
and over the aspiring corals. Out of snug  
treats other fish thrust strange heads out

## FORUM EXCAVA

**HUMAN SKELETON WITH  
AND TEETH UNEAR**

(Home Correspondence London)  
In the Roman Forum are of  
general attention. Signor Boni, the  
main proved his deductions to be  
concerned notions of "scientific"  
many months he has been talking  
"propella" as though its existence  
His critics have not failed to laugh  
to conclusions," and even when  
he discovered the first prehistoric  
of Antoninus and Faustina the  
might possibly have found this tomb  
it was no proof of the existence of  
Signor Boni in reply has widened  
him to discover the first to  
measures about four yards square  
reckoning from the original level  
so doing he has discovered two  
heap of rough blocks of red and  
to have been built into a sort  
to mark the site. One of the  
the first one that was found;  
contains a funeral urn with ashes in  
a vase placed in a well-shaped c  
are known as well tombs (tombe a  
partly associated with the rite of  
it is possible to examine the co  
tomb for at least a fortnight, as it  
to divert a modern sewer which runs  
the necessary excavations can be co  
Meanwhile Signor Boni has found  
well tombs a so-called ditch tomb (t  
tumbling in shape an ordinary gra  
by the remains of a full-grown man  
buried without cremation. The  
preservation, the teeth are all sound  
the bones are intact, and on the bre  
not, apparently an amulet, which h  
has been examined. Beside the skull  
of terra cotta. The question ar  
that of a slave buried at the same  
bodies contained in the other  
measurement of the skull may  
of the race to which the person  
he said at present is that the gra  
to these remains, which are th  
found in Rome, as they date from t  
B.C. The work of examination  
with the greatest care. Every  
graphed before the removal, and  
and earth is being passed thro  
fully examined.

## WATER ROUTE TO SWITZ

Paul Gifford of Basel sends the news of a proposed all-water route for the plan of a young Swiss engineer; Basel is over three hundred miles, the nearest port on the North Sea to render the Rhine navigable at all seasons of the year by steamers. Beginning at the German frontier suggests the construction of fourteen suitable locks for the passage of boats for driving turbines for the production of power. It is estimated that the cost of \$20,000,000 to carry it to completion. The turbines would yield from 100,000 to 150,000 horsepower, which could be utilized by industries in Alsace and in the Grand Duché of Luxembourg. The scheme to place Basel in water communication with the sea that is being considered is the above-mentioned project is a single dam on the Rhine in Switzerland, a few miles from the junction of Basel with the famous Rhine, which enters the Rhine at the city. —[Consular Report.

GEN. PORTER QUOTES PO

"The Devil sends the wicked  
That blows our skirts knee high  
But God is just and sends the  
That gets in the bad man's



The "Manchester Guardian" relates the story of a bus driver who inquired of a passenger as to a red-peddled Parsee who had just descended from the vehicle. Why, that's one of them Indians as worship the sun," said the fellow-passenger. "Oh," said the driver, "I suppose 'e's come over 'ere for a rest!"—[London Leader.

estimated to make 75 to 100 bushels of corn per acre. Previous estimates of corn yield per acre have been greatly increased. The prospective yield, being greater than ever before, is the result of many factors that are



## PILGRIMS AT MECCA.

### GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF REMARKABLE SCENES AND CEREMONIES.

Correspondence of London Morning Post.

EVERY caravan on the road to Mecca is preceded by one or two, but sometimes by as many as half a dozen, chavoushes, or heralds, who bear aloft the green banner of the faith, on which is inscribed the Mohammedan watchword, "La Allah elallah Muhammad a resullallah!" (There is no god but God, and Mohammed is His Prophet!) The Shiaks of Persia add to this profession of faith the clause, "Alliá vellallah!" (Alli is His vicar!) Then comes the cavalcade of pilgrims, the rear being brought up by a string of camels, or other beasts of burden, heavily laden with tents and water skins, or mashka, with kitchen utensils and provisions. Some of the Persian grandees had with them not less than fifty camels and twenty servants, but the household of an ordinary pilgrim consisted of a general waiter, a water keeper, to whose care was entrusted the commissariat department, a cook, a scullion, a "foot runner" or messenger boy, and by a pipe bearer, whose business it was to serve his master with frequent kalyans. The Arabs sing to their camels a deeply melodious song called Hodi, which has on them the effect of a spur, urging them on to a brisk, unchanging pace. To this accompaniment a camel will cover, without stopping, a distance of 100 miles in twenty-four hours. The local belief is that the animal gets drunk with the sweet burden of the Hodi song. The habit of singing, or humming like a bee, is common to all Orientals. "I have no heart" means "I do not feel well." In Persian, "have no nose" means "I am depressed." But when a Persian has "nose" he must either hum or sing. If you do not hear your cook singing when he is preparing your dinner, you may be sure that he is testing his proficiency in the culinary art. Love poems are mostly sung.

#### Billowy Clouds of Sand.

The Arab drivers reserve to themselves a camel or an ass to carry their own eatables, which consist of dry bread—baked by themselves in ovens excavated in the ground—of māt, or sour milk, a favorite beverage in the summer, of a sort of cream cheese peculiar to the East, of oranges, and of dates. The dates are kept in a pouch, ready for use, and eaten whenever the appetite demands food. To the trees that bear this staple food of the Arabs attribute many characteristics belonging to the human race. They say that the date tree is something between man and vegetable. There are male date trees and female ones, the females, easily distinguishable to a skilled gardener, being by far the more fruitful. The date tree, like man, does not bear fruit until it is grown up—may twelve years old at least. The gardener, a year before the fruit-bearing season, cuts a twig from the top of the male tree, reduces it to powder, and applies it to the female. As a result the female tree brings forth fruit in the following season. The male tree blossoms at the same time as the female with small yellow flowers, from which is concocted a colorless spirit called arak, drunk by the Arabs for the purpose of giving strength to their nerves. Another almost human characteristic of the date tree is that if its "head"—that is, the tip of its trunk—be cut the whole tree will wither and die, whereas it will remain unaffected by a score of bullets shot into its body. The cultivation of the date tree is interesting. The gardener cuts twigs from the female tree, plants them in the ground at regular intervals, and waters them carefully. The water must not reach so far as the "head" of the newly-planted trees, otherwise they would be drowned, like any human creature. In summer time in Arabia there blows a hot, suffocating wind called simoom, which is said to ripen the dates, making them sweet and juicy. It blows with inconceivable speed and violence, turning the desert into a tossing sea of billowy clouds of sand, so that from afar it has the look of an angry yellow ocean. The Arabs can detect its coming by the sense of smell, and when that happens they fling themselves on their stomachs, cover themselves over with their cloaks, and thrust into their nostrils a couple of date stones which they keep about them for that purpose. The wind blows over them, leaving them unhurt. They can tell at once when the storm is over, and they rise and go their way. Foreign pilgrims know nothing of this trick, and hence many of them fall yearly victims to this fiend of the wastes. The best cure is to fling the sufferer into a tank of cold water, and then wash him clean and cool, but the scarcity of water makes his chances of recovery well nigh hopeless, with the result that the devout's longing to die in the Holy Land, and thereby to enter forthwith into paradise, is sometimes fulfilled during the blowing of the simoom. Were it not for this wind, however, the poor Arabs whose very lives depend on the success of the date harvest, would suffer greatly, so true is it that what is one man's meat is another man's poison. It is amusing to see an Arab climbing a date tree. He has a seat, similar to that of a swing, to both ends of which are attached ropes made of date leaves, and ending in a running noose. The climber throws up the noose as high as it will reach, till it catches round one of the knots in the trunk. These knots afford a secure foothold. He repeats the performance, and on reaching the top he sinks to the seat, plucks the ripe bunches, and throws them down. And now, having exhausted the information I gleaned on the subject of the date trees, it behooves me to return to the caravan that is wending its way to the Holy City.

#### The Desert's Moony Stillness.

Overnight, when the sun is set, the Arab drivers begin to sing, often asking God to lend them His assistance

in the pinch of distress, and generally in a lugubrious minor key, as if they are going to weep. But ever and anon one hears an original song set to the music of the desert, wild as the wastes, elusive as the winds, as revealing and obscure as the tuneless solitudes from whose heart it would seem to spring—a song that breaks through melody, and adds its timeless burden to the music of the spheres. On the cultured Europeans these untutored outbursts would have an uncanny effect, causing the centuries to roll back to the days of their barbarian ancestry, and awakening within them, perhaps, one of those haunting dream memories of birth far back in the misty past, of an anterior existence in keeping with the strains of incoherent minstrelsy when men, laboring under the burdens of consciousness, sang as the spirit moved them, knowing nothing of the laws of counterpoint and harmony. And the words of these Arab songs have often a charm in unison with the desert's moony stillness. Such a song I heard from a Harbi clansman who glided stealthily past me one evening on his camel, singing:

"My sorrow is Sorrow; my companion is Sorrow; my mate is Sorrow;

Where'er I go there's none to care for me but Sorrow; My Sorrow does not let me sleep alone at night; Well done, my mate! bravo, my mate! hurrah, my Sorrow!"

The surrounding hills caught the intonation in their ragged arms and flung it back into the moonlit sea of eddying sand, echoing and reechoing the word "Sorrow!" Then my own Arab driver, carried beyond himself, raised his voice in the selfsame song, and soon the whole caravan, including the guide I had engaged at Jiddah, burst out crying, "Well done, my mate! bravo, my mate! hurrah, my Sorrow," the hills repeating the last word. Wagner, the one master who has given us the music of the sea and the stars, of the winds and the streams, and of all the vague yearnings that torment the human heart, would have understood us, would perhaps have played the part of echo on his return to civilization, would certainly have joined in the chorus of that wild Arabian air attuned to Arabia's barren though luminous solitudes.

#### Bewildering Radiance.

Something of the same effect is produced at sunset when the muezzin calls to prayer and the caravan halts, everybody dismounting to do homage to his Creator. In a moment carpets are spread and a cry goes up of "Boys, oh, water!" which is brought at once in small ewers. First the hands are washed to the wrists: "May peace be with Mohammed and his family," then the water is poured three times over the face, and next over the elbow of the left forearm with the right hand, washing it down to the tips of the fingers; after which the same thing is done with the left hand to the right forearm. The faithful are now ready to rise and to say their prayers. The Shiaks and Sunnis differ slightly in the way they stand when praying. Whereas the Shiaks allow their hands to fall by their sides, the Sunnis must fold theirs on their breasts or their stomachs. Of course, both sects must face the Khebleh, which is the House of God, and prostrate themselves not less than four times. Meanwhile the sun is sinking and the muezzin pouring forth his sadening notes. It is said that, in the reign of one of the Khalifs, a Christian girl from Syria was converted to Mohammedanism, which she sincerely embraced. Happening one day, however, to hear the voice of one of these cries, as she was passing a mosque at sundown, she resumed her former creed, saying: "If that's the voice of the faith, I have no wish to be faithful!" Still, to melancholy minds, the muezzin's sonorous notes are not displeasing, and on eastern folk, more particularly on the women, who burst out weeping as soon as they hear the summons, they have a fascination impossible to exaggerate. As for the sunsets of Arabia the memory of their bewildering radiance restrains the pen that would fain glide into Oriental hyperbole in describing them. Over the blue dome of the heavens clouds of fantastic shapes, as bright and fleecy as the robes of a heavenly Peri, now rose-tinted and streaming, like a pennon in the wind, now airy and transparent as a citadel of lace, scud to the west, as if drawn irresistibly to the setting sun that shoots out into the sapphire sky his keenest rays, and his most brilliant colors, forming a halo round about his face which might well crown that of some misty divinity of the time of ignorance or some Moslem saint of those days of Arabia's redemption. That glorious halo, all red and gold and purple, and those bright-hued clouds—heaven-sent messengers from the East to the West—will never sink from my memory. I would that I could dip my pen in their shining brilliancy that the reader might share with me the feast of color they afforded the weary pilgrims. The first sunset I saw on pitching my tents on the plain of Mecca, some two hundred yards to the east of the city, was the most beautiful I ever beheld, and that is the one I have attempted to reproduce here in words.

#### City of Tents.

Most of the pilgrims who came early in the season hired rooms in the city, which are either whitewashed inside or painted blue or yellow, and in which the pilgrims herded together like sheep in a pen. But the late arrivals were obliged to pitch their tents in the wider streets and the open squares round about the harem, the high dignitaries and those who arrived too late to find room within the town taking up their canvas abode on the plain. It is not safe to widen the circle of tents so far as the mountains lest the Arab tribesmen should swoop down on the camp by night. But this year the number of pilgrims was so great that many tents were seen on the skirts of the surrounding mountains. All the outlying tents were guarded by soldiers, who, however, were not always successful in protecting the inmates from being robbed. A well-to-do pilgrim has always four tents, one for himself, one for his kitchen, one for the use of the pipe and the servants of the household, and one for the toilet; while the num-

ber of tents which a grandee considers necessary to support his rank rises from ten to twenty. I had hired five tents, two of which were used for our use as bedrooms, the others serving as a toilet-room, and quarters for our servants and bearers, seven in all. The rich pilgrims pitched tents along with them from Persia, Egypt, Afghanistan, and even India, very few being from Arabia, as I was obliged to do. The grandees' tents were dome-shaped, supported by a central pole, the middle, and some were adorned with cashmere shawls, with ghelamkar from India, or ordinary broadcloth. No regular plan was observed in this city of tents. The firstcomers had the access to the House of God; the last arrivals pitched camp wherever they could find space. There were names to the streets and no numbers to the tents; consequently one might spend hours, as indeed I did, in search of one's friends. By far the most interesting occasion later on to describe the mountain plains of Mina and Arafat, it will be to say here that the dirtiest of all belonged to the pilgrims from the Caucasus and the Straits. In the evening spaces of the camps you will see the pilgrims from those distant countries, without tents at all, sleeping like cattle on the ground, as a porpoise mass of crawling human beings. Some seemed never to move, praying, eating, drinking, forming their ablutions, and so forth on a ground some four feet by two feet. The rich, looting at ease in their embroidered tents, heard of the sufferings of these unfortunate wretches, but they did they gave no sign and made no effort to alleviate their lot.

#### Never-ceasing Uproar.

The cleanest among the pilgrims were the Persians, who seemed to be the most uncleanly of the unspeakable dirt of their surroundings. The of the rich were cooked in large hollow copper and sent over from the kitchen to the master's wooden or copper trays. Rice was the staple food. The Arabs ate it with dates, the Indians in the form of curry, and the Persians and the make it into pilaw and chlaw. At night the was disturbed by the hooting of owls, the barking of dogs, the neighing of horses, the crowing of cocks, the yelling of camels, the of the sick, the sighing of the weary, the pious, the weeping of the devout, the lamentation self-accusers, the stinging of the mosquitoes, the zing of the flies, and the tinkling of a caravan march—in short, by a never-ceasing uproar enough to make the prophet turn in his bed, dering why in the name of wonder his followers not allow him to sleep in peace. And then, one might be about to fall into the arms of the report of a rifle or a revolver would ring as the din of the canvas city, and a hush of the whole camp quaking in its night apparel, the time it happened I leaped to my feet, rushed to tent, and cried out to the four Arab soldiers to guard our little camp (my friends and mine) that? Did you hear a gun go off? One of the diers, fresh from sleep, grinned from ear to ear: "If God please, it was a good shot!" after which addressed himself to slumber. I caught his scruff of his neck and gave him a hearty shake, up, burnt fatter!" I cried. "Do you think you takshish to fall asleep?" He repeated, with onstrative composure, "That was a good shot, please!" Before daybreak, however, I had accustomed to those alarms by night, and to give more thought to the crowing of the asses and the buzzing of the mosquitoes than to the reports of a gun, telling the story of another death, and, perhaps, of another death. The early risers, begin to crow about another asses joining in the chorus every other hour at two o'clock in the morning. Certain latecomers, such as the passing of a caravan of camels, cause the asses to change the hour of the these stepbrothers always exchange a word whenever they meet, the stepsisters remain rule, demure and silent. The intercourse between the ass and the camel is not so friendly; indeed, in fact, these animals art at daggers drawn, never pass each other without giving vent to hatred, the camel being particularly snappish.

#### The Ship of the Desert.

The camel of Hejaz has a small hump, the Persian camel has a hump both high and broad, perhaps the noblest camel on the face of the earth, camel reared in the north of Persia, and now in the districts of Khorasan. It wears a toulou look from its fellow-brethren of Arabia. First of all, it carries its neck, that is long and in the shape of a bow, when under a burden it is brown, and has very long hair, the neck, being extremely woolly. The hump is the head small, but broad in the chest. Though it has more power to resist the cold than heat, is said to get drunk in winter when on the ground, and at such times it becomes unconscious of self, biting even its driver in intoxication, foaming at the mouth, making noise, and eating hardly anything. The Hejaz, however, are far more vicious, and at all seasons of the year. They are narrower dried up than those of Egypt and much lighter. The black and the white camels are common there, but the generally are of a yellowish color. Persia they are allowed in summer to graze on the thorns of the desert plains, hard by the cultivated but in the depth of winter, when the thorns are fed on straw, and a sort of dough made of called nevalah. The Arab drivers give their a tit-bit, date stones which have been saved for several hours. It is a noteworthy fact

camel's kneecap is liable to be struck, and hence a proverb is that falls down by accident in scores of caravans are seen in the of Hejaz during the pilgrimage. camel is more adapted to Egypt Persia, though the cheapest camel caravan is the ship of the desert for one animal during the pilgrimage in Hejaz, five times the seasons of the year.

#### Horses, Mules and Asses.

Hejaz is not famous for its horses, Arab being bred in Nejd, but the serviceable animal, a half-bred, enduring, and high spirited, with strong hoofs. The most beautiful about Mecca are the thoroughbreds of the Sheriff of the city, and some of them on state occasions. The camels of Hejaz are very handsomely useful were it not for the interior. The price of a good camel will fetch as much as £40, and Cows are rarely, if ever, seen, being from the camel or the ass. The milk to purify the blood and to a well-to-do folk drink the milk of a fortnight every spring, during which they are merry and leave off work, other produce the desired effect. However, ass's milk is not drunk, being the favorite beverage. One of the country are the locusts, that fly in such dense that they form a cloud. They play havoc with the crops, and power natives. It sounded strange crying out "Locusts! Come and bring a dearth of them in the land, for the locusts are found in plenty, though in Hejaz as they are in India, the dogs—those yellow, lean, jackal-like scavengers of the towns—I have seen the pigeons I shall have much to describe the harem of the house of would bring this letter to a close with the Bedouin Arabs—mainly responsible for the murders mentioned—their religious virtues, their women's ceremonial ceremonies.

#### The Ways of the Bedouins.

The Bedouins, of course, profess that they care very little for religion, though many a Bedouin abhors the idea of this year. They are as a Nejd steed that has been kept in a stable. Still, despite their predatory habits, I mean their courage, their virtues worthy of the highest praise—in fact, some of the nobles are breathed life into the faith of the Bedouins from the every-day practices of the Arabs—I mean their courage, their virtues, their steadfastness of word, their neighbor. It would not be too much to say that of any other people, for they are in observing the forms and customs, they make it a point of honor to observe in their daily lives; whereas the children of Islam are in danger of neglecting the sake of the ceremonies and the customs. I consider that every guest who is right to expect a fatted sheep to be slaughtered, and a morsel of the feast to be by the special request of the guest; and, moreover, should another meal be over a second sheep is slaughtered, and both guests are free to take what remains over. The women and men in cheerfulness and hospitality these people the customary secular life, with the result that the women, as frank, as active, and as virtuous as the men.

#### Marital Practices.

After-marriages among the clans are the way the bride is handed over by the father of the bridegroom is strikingly different from the marriage, which is solemnized in a solemn fashion, the bride is escorted by a clan, to her new canvas home. All the women of her clan ride their chargers and around their newly-married couple, mounted on a galli-caparisoned thoroughbred, relatives riding by her side. Pierce the air, carrying themselves like men under a burden, and firing, in honor of the occasion, cartridges into the flashing air. Between the rifles, and in this manner the bride is nearer to that of the expectant bride than to that of the bride herself. The two clans meet the bride is formally welcomed by her husband's ghebleh; after which the bride returns to her respective clan, to refer to the praiseworthy customs of helping their poorer kin in matrimonial affairs. For instance, should a man wish to get married to a girl, he must first give gifts on him, which, as a rule, are camels, horses and fruits. This custom is observed by some of the Illiaks of Persia. The Bedouins are aboriginal inhabitants of the desert, they have lived in tents from time immemorial, and are of the camel's hair or of the goat's hair. So deftly woven are their tents that they are usually dyed black with the henna, and that no shower of rain can penetrate them. The tents have four sides



Among the pilgrims were the Turcomans who seemed to be the most sensitive to their surroundings. The women cooked in large hollow copper pots over the kitchen to the master's tent or per traya. Rice was the staple food, eaten with dates, the Indians partook of mutton, and the Persians and the Afghans wheat and chihaw. At night one's ears were assailed by the hooting of owls, the baying of dogs, the neighing of horses, the snoring of camels, the growling of the weary, the praying of the devout, the lamentations of the dying, the stinging of the mosquitoes, the lowing of the cattle.

[illegible]

**CHANGE THEIR ATTIRE.**  
ANIMALS WHICH ADAPT THEIR GARB  
TO THE SEASON.

**I**T SEEMS almost a pity that it did not occur to Herr Teufelsdröckh, when he enriched the empire of thought by his famous Philosophy of Clothes, to add a few remarks on the summer garb of animals; for in the reasons which lead so many furred and feathered creatures to change their attire once at least in every year the learned professor might have found ample material for deep musing.

Many of the animals, of course, merely moult, throwing off the old coat for no other purpose than to put on a new one. In some cases they do it by degrees, as everyone knows who has enjoyed a ride in a dogcart behind a white pony. In others the change is more rapid. Witness the present tattered condition of the bison in the zoo, and the annual peeling of sheep which are never shorn. But no matter how long the toilet may last in such cases, the fashion never varies. The dress allowance which nature provides runs only to one new suit in every twelvemonth, and—as with Lord Brougham's trousers—the material, pattern, thickness and cut are always the same.

Other creatures dress in accordance with their age. They seem to hold very strongly that costumes suited to juveniles are out of place in the case of adults. So lion cubs are brindled like tabby cats, and cygnets are clothed in smoky-gray instead of in white. Certain sea birds are even more particular, for their young are called upon to wear four successive changes of raiment, equally different from one another and from the plumage which denotes maturity. This last plan must be a great convenience to parents who find it difficult to remember the ages of their offspring. They have only to glance at the feathers of the little ones in order to know.

Far more frequently, however, the summer change of costume depends upon climate. The thick wraps of winter have to give way to something cooler and lighter; so the ermine, toward the middle of spring, is metamorphosed into a stoat, and remains a stoat till the latter part of the autumn. It is hard to realize that the costly fur which marks the judicial dignity, which peers of high degree are proud to wear, and which even the King himself will don on his coronation day, has been stripped from an animal included by every gamekeeper in his list of "vermin." Yet such is in very truth the case. The severity of our English winters is seldom sufficient to bring about the change. Stoats with us are stoats throughout the year. But in more northern countries, where the temperature for months together is a minus quantity, they become yellow in autumn and perfectly white a few weeks later, the muzzle and the tip of the tale alone excepted, while in spring and early summer they pass again through yellow back into reddish brown.

Arctic foxes follow their example—partly, perhaps, for the sake of warmth, dark clothes being better conductors of heat than light ones of the same thickness and quality. In winter they are white as the driven snow itself, but in summer they become gray, or brown, or smoky blue, according to their individual idiosyncrasies. Nansen tells us in his "Farthest North" that the arctic foxes were at times the very plague of his life, not only invading his camp by night and carrying off every particle of food which they could find, but repeatedly stealing his thermometers. The reason for this larcenous behavior baffled the great explorer altogether; he could not understand what foxes could possibly want with scientific instruments. But their annual change of attire may explain it. No doubt the animals in question are keenly interested in the variations of temperature, and anxious above all things to know when it is time to think about putting on their summer clothing; and, of course, a thermometer would serve as a guide.

Among the birds the most notable change of plumage for climatic reasons is that of the ptarmigan. No one looking for the first time upon a ptarmigan in its summer costume, side by side with another in its winter dress, would dream that the two birds were identical. One is ashy-gray, mottled and marbled with chestnut and black, the other perfectly white. The reason is that ptarmigan in summer time have to crouch among rocks which are covered with mosses and lichens, while in winter they sit upon snow; and nature dresses them to suit their surroundings. The resemblance in each case is exact. You might stare straight at a ptarmigan in summer from a dozen yards away and be utterly unable to distinguish it from the rocks, while in winter you would be equally unable to discern it upon the snow. At the same time the bird has the satisfaction of being clothed in accordance with the thermometer.

The black-headed gull, too, is black-headed only in summer. All through the rest of the year its head and neck are as white as the rest of its body. The change takes place just about the time when the birds desert the seashore for the great inland marshes in which they feed; and the odd thing is that no sort of moult is involved. The feathers slowly darken till they become almost black, and black they remain till the summer is over; then the dark hue gradually fades and in about fortnight's time the birds are entirely white once more. But a far more common reason for the summer

change of clothing is the desire to look well in the eyes of the opposite sex. This desire is practically restricted to the males, who monopolize all beauty of color and form, and whose great idea of winning the affections of their soberly tinted mates is to strut in brave array before them. The palm in this respect is borne away by the ruff. During the autumn, the winter, and the first two or three weeks of spring this bird is one of the most insignificant of the feathered race. But no sooner does its fancy lightly turn to thoughts of love than it dons a special costume in which to go a-courting. Its bill becomes orange-yellow instead of brown; the whole of its plumage seems to brighten. A tuft of long feathers grows on either side of the neck, and the throat is swathed in a mass of dense plumes, which are always gay of hue, but are differently colored in every individual. Then the bird parades slowly up and down before the particular lady on whom his affections are set. Other gallants, equally desirous to please, do the same, and the natural result is a row. Day after day ruffs meet by dozens to fight, while the reeves look calmly on. Plumes are torn and feathers fly, till half the combatants, perhaps, own themselves worsted. Then the gentle beings for whose sweet sake the battle has been waged bestow themselves upon the conquerors, and ruff and reeve go happily off together to enter upon the joys of matrimony.

Mallards adopt similar tactics—bar the fighting—when they feel the pangs of the tender passion coming on, but can scarcely be said to play fairly; for no sooner has their gayety of plumage had the desired effect and won for them partners of their joys and sorrows than they throw off their brilliant garb and appear in the somber plumage of their mates. One cannot but feel sorry for the ducks, who choose their suitors purely for their good looks, only to find immediately that their beauty is not even skin deep.

News, too, have a special garb for their seasons of courtship; the lower part of the body becoming rich orange red, while a beautiful wavy crest develops upon the back from the neck to the base of the tail. But most gorgeous of all in its summer array is the masculine stickleback, which any inexperienced observer might mistake for an unusually handsome goldfish. The plain little silvery-gray fish is absolutely transformed when it first feels the dawning of love. The upper part of its body is clothed in brilliant blue and the lower part in richest crimson, while the pale-yellow drab of the head is relieved by eyes of verditer green. But as male sticklebacks are all equally handsome they cannot depend upon their outward charms alone to find favor in the eyes of the ladies, while as they each want half a dozen wives at least there are not nearly enough to go round. So they are compelled to fight, and that both fiercely and frequently, if they desire to win their brides. The little fishes raise their spines and dash at one another with the utmost fury. Each tries to swim beneath his antagonist and rip his body open from end to end. Sometimes these combats end in the death of one or both of the warriors. Sometimes one of the two accepts defeat and lives to fight again. But in that case he is a marked stickleback—in more senses than one—for the rest of the season. No sooner is he defeated than his bright colors fade away, and he is doomed to go brideless till at least the following spring. This preys upon his spirits, and generally he hides away in some secluded nook where no one can see his shame. His conqueror, on the other hand, glows even more radiantly than before, as though he had taken the hues of his vanquished foe and added them to his own—and as far as the gentler sex is concerned he is absolutely irresistible.

THEODORE WOOD.

**GOSNOLD**

[Boston Transcript:] Here is a most interesting story about "Gosnold," the smallest town in Massachusetts, Hull apparently having lost that distinction. Gosnold comprises those little specks of land which, beginning at Wood's Hole at the "shoulder" of old Cape Cod's right arm, extend seaward till they terminate in that fatal reef of the Sow and Pigs. Geographically they are known as the Elizabeth Islands, and their euphonious names are to be found in that old nursery jingle:

"Great Naushon and Nomamessett,  
Uncatena and Weepectets,  
Nashawena and Pasquanese,  
Cuttyhunk and Penikese."

It is a remarkable fact that the smallest of Massachusetts town meetings should be on the identical spot where, almost to a day 300 years ago, Bartholomew Gosnold planted the first European settlement in America. When Gosnold spent the winter on Cuttyhunk his company numbered thirty-two souls. The voters of Gosnold number just thirty-two today. Cuttyhunk is the outermost of the group, and is the seat of government. At the last election of town officers eight of the nineteen offices were filled by Veeders and four by Tilttons. But "Lon" Veeder was a sort of Pooh Bah, being at once selectman, treasurer, collector, assessor, overseer of the poor, board of health and sealer of weights and measures. They have to have a board of health and a sealer of weights and measures, because the law says so, but the board never had anything to do and all the sealer, etc., has to do with the set of standard instruments in his charge is to "dust 'em off" occasionally. There is also a tree warden, although the only trees on the islands are three stunted silver poplars on Cuttyhunk.

"Now, Mr. Ennishedde," said Prof. Teachem, "I hope you have selected your graduation subject in accordance with my suggestion that it deal with something that has helped to uplift humanity."

"I have, sir," answered the graduate. "I have prepared an elaborate thesis on the 'Rise and Fall of the Elevator.'"—(Baltimore American.

them? There are a large number of automobiles in use in this city, operated by good fellows like you, me. The people heretofore have said, "Why not continue to march here and esteem? I fear that the people here will not do so."

3. Mrs. Ray of Redlands Dying.  
Baer Resigns From Endeavorers.  
Moros More Friendly to Americans
4. The World's Busy Workers.
5. At the City's Gates.
6. Weather Report.

eral of James Booth....Truck-driver loses his leg under car....More fire-alarm boxes....Deaf mutes' memorial service....Los Angeles, 4; Sacramento, 3....Venus wins yacht race....Shampan wine coursing stake as usual



SEVERAL retired naval officers gathered the other evening to drift back to the days of the Civil War, when the navy yard at Washington, or Prime street, then called. Various anecdotes of the absurd situations that the fact that politics rather than of success among employees of political influence feared for him to do with Commodore Marchant station. He was making a when he came across an empty cigar smoking a pipe at an hour of the day.

"What are you?" asked Mr. "Painter," was the laconic reply. "Why are you not at work?" "Oh! there's lots of time to be doing to refill his pipe. "Do you know who I am?" "angry clear through by this time." "No," said the man, without of curiosity, striking a match. "I am Commodore Marchant, officer of the navy yard!" "Is that so?" asked the painter. "Well, you have a first-hand hold on to it."—[Philadelphia Record.]

## Refused to Enter.

A GOOD story teller had been through the privilege of talking to the circus last week delightfully traveling over the United States, more, with occasional side trips to Mexico and through various parts of the country. He is a keen observer and has a wonderful store of the queer and unusual situations that have fallen to his lot. He is a great favorite with his friends who have heard some of his tales when Mr. Sells tells them. Mr. Sells's greatest pleasure is to find an unfailing source of material for his stories. At Albany, Ga., one day he was at the corner entrance and "How much to get in, boss?" "Two dollars," said Mr. Sells. The negro looked at the gross amount and refused to enter on such terms. He—[Brooklyn Eagle.]

## Her Domestic Ability.

AN ARISTOCRATIC East Side woman who has had the usual number of domestics, having tried nearly every one, has heard the other day that a number of them from Finland to seek employment and that they were highly recommended, capable and generally excellent. With high hope the housekeeper where these paragon women were on hand brought face to face with a braided not speak a word of English. Interpret the following conversation: "Can you cook?" "Oh, no." "Can you wash and iron?" "No." "Can you sweep and dust or clean?" "I have never done anything like that." "For goodness' sake!" exclaimed the mistress to the interpreter, "ask her to clean the house." With calmness and complacency she replied: "I can milk reindeer!"—[Duluth News-Tribune.]

## The Wrong Order.

REAR-ADMIRAL JOSEPH B. COCHRAN, who was at the battle of Manila, brought back many stories of the Far East. "I heard of one incident," said he, "how alert Japan has been to take advantage of the situation. "At an early day in the career of the ladies of Tokyo decided to adopt Anglo-American fashions. They ordered elaborate wardrobes and gave explicit instructions that the packages in cases in the order in which they were to be unpacked. "These orders were carefully carried out, and the boxes first, and so on to the dresses and furbelows. "But by some mischance," Admiral Cochran said, "the cases were labeled wrong side up. The Japanese ladies proceeded in due time to unpack their wardrobes, and found themselves in reverse order, with what was left to the imagination."—[Philadelphia Record.]

## Wished She Would Go There.

WHEN speaking "In Praise of Boston" in the exercises of Bryn Mawr College, Watson Glider told of a good friend of his in almost every new book taken out of the library. "Something so very mu-

## Stories of the Firing Line \* Animal Stories.

## When the Firing Line Was in Kansas.

BENJAMIN J. RICE of Pasadena struck the "firing line" in 1855. A very warm portion of the line was then located in Kansas. Those were the days when the world first began to hear of Capt. John Brown, whose devotion to the cause of liberty cost him his life. Capt. Brown had only recently joined his five stalwart sons in Kansas and he had fallen naturally into the leadership of the men who opposed the border ruffians and those determined to make Kansas a slave-holding State.

In the locality in which Rice lived was one John Hamilton, or as he was known, "Capt. Hamilton." Hamilton allied himself to those who stood for good order and freedom, and was considered one of the most ardent supporters of the cause to which Rice was committed, and on several occasions had joined in the raids against the ruffians. It occurred that several of the settlers, Rice included, fell under the ban of the ruffians and they were obliged to go into hiding. Rice left his home and slept in a house several miles away. One night he was awakened by a tumultuous rapping at the door and sprang from his bed, grabbed his gun and demanded to know what was wanted.

"It is I, Capt. Hamilton," was the reply in the well-known voice of his neighbor, "and I want to get in. I have something important to tell you."

"You are welcome, Hamilton," replied Rice, laying aside his gun and undoing the fastenings of the door.

Hamilton entered and with him five ruffians with drawn revolvers, who commanded Rice to throw up his hands. It was a complete surprise and there was nothing for him to do but to comply. He was speedily bound and was carried away and confined with other loyal men who had fallen into the hands of the enemy through the treachery of Hamilton.

John Brown soon heard of Rice's capture, and he organized a posse of 150 men and swooped down on the enemy and effected a rescue. This was Rice's introduction to the famous abolitionist. Afterward he was frequently associated with him in the Kansas raids. Speaking of the treachery of Hamilton, Rice said:

"That was a severe blow to my faith in mankind. I had not supposed that a man of apparent respectability could be so false." A. J. B.

## A Japanese Trick.

A STORY is told in the Pall Mall of the Russian admiral in China entering into an agreement with a Japanese contractor to purchase 10,000 tons of coal, to be delivered to his squadron immediately. The captain of a British man-of-war in a Japanese port suggested that it was not wisdom to provide a fleet which might shortly be used against the giver with the primary weapon of naval warfare. "But what can we do?" The British officer could not presume to advise. Next day a Japanese admiralty official came aboard the British ship. "We are out of it," he chuckled, rubbing his hands together gleefully. "How did you manage?" "Oh, we made the contractor a bankrupt so that he was unable to fulfill his engagement."

## Pat Got Ahead.

A GOOD story is told of an Irishman, more patriotic than clever, who enlisted in one of the smart cavalry regiments. The fencing instructor had experienced rather a difficult job in the matter of explaining to him the various ways of using the sword. "Now," he said, "how would you use the sword if your opponent feinted?" "Bedad," said Pat, with gleaming eyes, "I'd just tickle him with the point to see if he was shamming."—[St. James Gazette.]

## Gen. Forrest's Illiteracy.

GEN. FORREST, the dashing Confederate cavalry leader, whose biography written by Capt. J. Harvey Mathes, has just appeared in Appleton's Great Commanders Series, was noted for his illiteracy. In the appendix to the volume above mentioned, Gen. James Grant Wilson, editor of the Great Commanders Series, adds the following, as related by Gen. James R. Chalmers: "In writing, as in fighting, Gen. Forrest was a law unto himself. His fighting was upon Napoleonic lines, prompted purely by the genius in him, and his word paintings were equally impressive and vivid. "Having had no opportunities for study in early life, he did virtually all his correspondence during the war through Maj. Strange, his adjutant-general, and the major was a very accomplished man. But I once saw an indorsement from the general that was unique. A soldier came to him a third time asking for a furlough. Twice it had been refused, for we needed all the men that we could get at that time, and when the application appeared the third time, Gen. Forrest, in his own handwriting, indorsed on the back of it. 'I told you twist (twice) Goddammit know,' and the man knew that he meant no."—[Army and Navy Journal.]

## Mules for Harbor Survey.

THE recent evacuation of Cuba by the American troops calls to mind an anecdote relating to both Gen. Wood and Gen. Lee. In the occupation of the island surveys of certain harbors were made by officers of the army for the military information division of the adjutant-general's department in Washington. Some of this work lay in Gen. Lee's department, and accordingly an officer was detailed to do it, and was directed to put in a requisition for the necessary men, instruments and other paraphernalia required. This was done. The requisition called for a steam

yacht, two launches, surveying instruments, etc. The requisition was forwarded to division headquarters, approved by Gen. Lee, only to be returned for definite information as to what the articles required were to be used for. Up went the papers to Gen. Wood again with this information, and back they came again with the indorsement that the officer in charge of this work would be furnished with the number of mules he might require, but never a word about the yacht, launches and instruments.

Shortly after this at an informal army dinner in Havana, at which both generals and their staffs were present, Gen. Lee was called upon for an impromptu speech.

"Gentlemen, I am going to tell you something that is somewhat official," he said. Then he told the story as given above.

"Now," continued the general, "I have had a lot of experience in my time with mules, and I have seen them used for a great many different things, but never until now have I heard of using them for a harbor survey. Probably," he added, with a glance at Gen. Wood, "the Governor-General has a special breed of web-footed mules."—[Kansas City Star.]

## Irish Colonel from New York.

IN THE summer of 1898 when the troops were encamped in the vicinity of Tampa, Fla., Col. Duffy of the Sixty-ninth New York came in for his share of anecdote. As many New Yorkers know, he is a bluff, hearty, good-natured Irishman and a good soldier, but at the beginning of the war he was somewhat unfamiliar with the customs and etiquette of the regular service.

One day Gen. Hall of the regular army had his brigade out for a long, hard drill, and, desiring to take a short cut back to camp, sent an aide-de-camp to Col. Duffy to say that he desired, if there was no objection, to pass through the camp of the Sixty-ninth. This request was simply a formal courtesy on the part of the superior officer.

"Who is your ginal?" asked the colonel.

"Gen. Hall," replied the aide.

"Well, you tell your ginal," he went on, speaking deliberately and with evident effect, "that he can march through my camp, provided he don't raise too much dust."—[Kansas City Star.]

## ANIMAL STORIES.

## The Spit Dog.

THE antiquary patted his little, bow-legged dog on the head. "Be glad," he said to it, "that you didn't live a hundred years ago, my lad, for you would then, perhaps, have been a spit dog."

The eyes of the animal took on an inquiring look. "A spit dog?" they seemed to say. "What is a spit dog?"

Thereupon the antiquary resumed: "In olden times men roasted, instead of having baked meat. They put it on a spit over the fire, and the real flames, not a dry oven heat, got at it. It was excellent, cooked in that way. It excelled the so-called roast meat of today as a broiled steak excels a fried one."

"But—" and here the antiquary sighed—"the meat had to be kept revolving on the spit, or otherwise it would have charred; and to revolve it was a monotonous and painful task. This task tired the arms, besmoked the eyes and singed the hands of the cook. And hence a certain breed of little, bow-legged dogs—your breed, my lad—was trained to turn the spit. Truly, it was hard to train the first of these dogs; it took a dog's life, almost; but the descendants of the original spit turners learned the task more speedily, and, as the time passed and the power of heredity made itself felt, a puppy would acquire in a month the whole art."

The antiquary tweaked the ears of his little friend. "Now, aren't you glad," said he, "that you didn't live in the olden times, and that you never were a spit dog? Some of those poor little curs, you know, worked eight and nine hours a day."—[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

## The Emperor and the Dog.

SHE was only a little cur, of no breed whatever, but most affectionately true, and beloved of the two ladies who had brought her with them for change of air from Karlsruhe to Baden-Baden.

In the beautiful Lichtenthaler Allee she delighted to frisk about while her mistresses sat busy with their knitting, and there it was that one morning she made the acquaintance of the great and good old German Emperor, William I, who, after drinking the waters, was enjoying a short stroll beneath the trees. She bounded forward immediately upon perceiving the royal presence, for she was of a remarkably discerning nature, and with the ball of worsted in her mouth, which one of the ladies had allowed inadvertently to fall to the ground, she leaped upon him, and in her excitement somehow managed to untwine the same and twist the threads of wool round the legs of His Imperial Majesty.

The ladies were naturally in great consternation, but to their relief the Emperor speedily released himself, exclaiming at the same time, "So, my little rascal, you wish to ensnare me, do you?"

But from that time, whenever he met her, the dog was always noticed and caressed by the Emperor, and later on he was the means of saving her humble little life.

It happened one afternoon that some young fellows got possession of little Aimé, who in her innocence was ready to make friends, threw her into the River Coa,

and amused themselves by pelling her with stones. The brave little dog strove hard for life, in spite of the uselessness of it. But help was at hand, and to the surprise and no less dismay of her cowardly persecutors from a most unexpected quarter it came. Suddenly a piteous cry attracted the notice of the Emperor, who happened at that moment to be crossing the bridge, and the young men fell back abashed. Their shameless salutes he did not acknowledge, but glancing at the dog and called the little dog by name, and as almost as he was crawling forth, he lifted her up, and she was trembling in every limb.

"My poor little friend," the Emperor exclaimed, "are safe now."

Then, again in contemptuous silence, His Imperial Majesty passed the group of crestfallen young men, and gave the shivering little Aimé to the ladies, who by that time had heard of her peril, and had rushed off to her rescue. . . . Years have gone by. The noble Emperor who did so much for Germany is dead, but his memory will never die, and it is always with him in their eyes that they tell now the story of the dog Aimé.—[E. White, in Dumb Animals.]

## An Elopement.

JOE TOMAHA, the noted Indian guide, is boasting that the loss of his trotting stallion, Bad Medicine, declares that the steed has eloped with a cow whose mate is almost as disconsolate as Joe.

The benign game laws of Maine and New Brunswick afford protection to moose, but the transgressions of poachers in Maine are not so rigorously followed up as in New Brunswick, and the stallion and cow moose, a wonderful forethought, are on Canadian soil, headed for the Tobique woods.

Vanceboro is surrounded by wild country, and he had permitted his horse to eat the early grass in the pasture, three miles from town. He had noticed the cow moose grazing near, but thought nothing of it. The first time he saw her the bull was with her. The last time, however, Joe attempted to chase the cow as the grass was becoming scarce. Bad Medicine chased him out of the lot. Next day Joe went to learn the extent of the animal's friendship, and could not find either. The bull moose had a bad wound on his leg, presumably inflicted by Bad Medicine's teeth. A long search failed to locate either horse or moose. Trainmen at Debec Junction, forty miles away, reported yesterday that they had seen the stallion and cow moose in company, making good time toward the forest primeval.—[Vanceboro (Me.) Correspondence Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

## Parrot Hungry.

THE Presidential parrot objects to the remodeling of the White House. Today when the workmen assaulted the roof of the conservatory and began mending the glass the bird became wroth and abused the mechanics. She has a fluent vocabulary of vituperation, but her choicest epithets were learned in Cuba and expressed in elegant Castilian, so that the fiercest rebuffs of the workmen were not too much shocked. At every unpleasant noise Polly vociferated, "Shut up!"

Finally the bird took to careering through the conservatory, and frequently in its rage biting the smaller branches of the plants. She was captured and tethered by a short string to a remote perch. It seemed to be humiliated, as heretofore she had been free range of the conservatory. After she had chained prisoner her vivacity deserted her.

When strangers approached no violent language was used. Polly hid her head under her wing or hid it between her feet and simply muttered her protests. This parrot is a native Cuban, and was sent to President Roosevelt soon after he entered the White House.

If Polly is not removed to a place where her will be free from the noise of the workmen there is possibility of her dying of rage.—[Washington Correspondence New York World.]

## Dog as Nurse.

LASSIE, the year-old Scotch collie owned by Mr. Morrison of Benton Harbor, Mich., is said to be one of the best-trained young dogs in the lower peninsula, and her teaching has, in great part, been brought about by circumstances attending the ill health of the animal's mistress. Because of this ill health Lassie has been taught to lighten the duties of her mistress, and she does it with a willingness and exactness that has attracted a great deal of attention.

Lassie waits on her mistress with the faithfulness of a trained nurse. Little things about the house are carried back and forth instantly upon her being called to do so. She carries a pail of water without spilling a drop, and will convey a bunch of mail or a basket of groceries in her mouth. She answers the door and seems to know when to say "come in" or to announce that someone is "not at home."

Lassie is one of the best-bred collies in Michigan. Her sire was Rysdikes Dandy, and her dam Fluffie. The dam of the latter was Vixen, and she sold for \$1700. Lassie was 1 year old on June 3.—[Chicago Tribune.]

Miss Gotham: Just what was the preglacial anyway?

Mr. Wabash: The time before Boston was discovered.—[Somerville Journal.]



## Stories.



## GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

## A Friendly Tip.

SEVERAL retired naval officers were talking to each other the evening and let the conversation drift back to the days just after the end of the rebellion, when the navy yard was at the foot of Washington avenue, or Prime street, as that highway was then called. Various anecdotes were retold concerning the absurd situations that frequently developed through the fact that politics rather than efficiency was the secret of success among employees of the yard. No employee with political influence feared for his job. One anecdote had to do with Commodore Marchand, the commandant of the station. He was making a private tour of inspection when he came across an employe, a painter, seated on a pipe smoking a pipe at an hour when he should have been at work.

"What are you?" asked Marchand.  
"Painter," was the laconic reply.  
"Why are you not at work?"  
"Oh there's lots of time to work," said the man, proceeding to refill his pipe.  
"Do you know who I am?" asked the commodore, clearing his throat by this time.  
"No," said the man, without the slightest appearance of curiosity, striking a match.  
"I am Commodore Marchand, and the commanding officer of the navy yard!"  
"Is that so?" asked the painter, quietly, between puffs. "Well, you have a first-class job, and I'd advise you to hold on to it."—[Philadelphia Times.]

## Refused to Enter.

A GOOD story teller had been in town for a few days. Although few of the thousands of people who saw him had the privilege of talking with him. Lew Sells, whose circus last week delighted Brooklynites, has been traveling over the United States for thirty years, and with occasional side trips to Australia, down into Mexico and through various parts of Canada. Mr. Sells is a keen observer and has a wonderful memory. He has stored up many of the queer and amusing sayings and situations that have fallen to his lot, and those of his friends who have heard some of them know how amusing they are when Mr. Sells relates them.  
Mr. Sells's greatest pleasure comes from the South. He finds an unending source of amusement in the real southern negro, and as soon as the circus gets into the southern country he prepares to lay up a new store of stories. At Albany, Ga., one day, a negro peeked around the corner entrance and said:  
"How much to get in, boss?"  
"Two dollars," said Mr. Sells, without hesitation.  
The negro looked at the ground for a moment. "I refuse to enter on such terms," he said, and disappeared.—[Brooklyn Eagle.]

## In Domestic Ability.

AN ARISTOCRATIC East Superior-street woman, who has had the usual number of failures in the way of domesticity, having tried nearly every nationality, told the other day that a number of girls had come from Finland to seek employment as servants, and that they were highly recommended as strong, intelligent, capable and generally excellent help.  
With high hope the housekeeper hid her to the office where these paragon were on exhibition, and was soon brought face to face with a brawny specimen, who could not speak a word of English. With the aid of an interpreter the following conversation took place:  
"Can you cook?"  
"Oh, no."  
"Can you wash and iron?"  
"No."  
"Can you sweep and dust or clean the house?"  
"I have never done anything like that."  
"For goodness' sake!" exclaimed the astonished mistress to the interpreter, "ask her what she can do."  
With calmness and complacency the reply came back, "I can milk reindeer!"—[Duluth News-Tribune.]

## The Wrong Order.

ADMIRAL JOSEPH B. COGHLAN, newly promoted to that grade, who was with Admiral Dewey at the battle of Manila, brought back to the United States many stories of the Far East.  
"I heard of one incident," said he, "that illustrates how alert Japan has been to take on the ways of civilization."  
"At an early day in the career of new Japan some of the Tokyo decided to adopt Anglo-Saxon dress, and they ordered elaborate wardrobes from Paris, sending explicit instructions that the garments should be packed in cases in the order in which they were to be worn."  
"These orders were carefully carried out, lingerie going into the boxes first, and so on to the ultimate outer garments and furbelows."  
"But by some mischance," Admiral Coghlan added, "the cases were labeled wrong side up, and the gulleless Japanese ladies proceeded in due time to array themselves in reverse order, with what results may be dimly left to the imagination."—[Philadelphia Post.]

## What She Would Go There.

WHEN speaking "In Praise of Books" at the commencement exercises of Bryn Mawr College, Richard Watson Gilder told of a good friend of his who had almost every new book taken up something to surprise her. "Something so very much in the nature

of a discovery," he said, "that it became a sort of joke among us—these 'discoveries' of hers."

"A party of us were making that ever-wonderful Hudson River trip once," he went on, "and this woman, whom I regard as one of the ablest of an able sex, had a great deal to tell us of the workings and appearances of the devil idea in literature, both sacred and profane. It was obviously her latest discovery, and her enthusiasm was such that at Peekskill one of the party went ashore and wired a mutual friend in New York:

"Emma has discovered the devil."  
"The telegram did not reach its destination until quite late that night, and the recipient was feeling a bit under the weather. It was this combination, taken with the seeming triviality of the message, that inspired the reply: 'Tell Emma to follow up her discovery.'"—[New York Times.]

## Taught Him Two New Words.

UNITED STATES SENATOR KITTREDGE of South Dakota takes pride in his ability to resist the wiles of newspaper reporters. Long ago Senator Hanna remarked this trait of the taciturn Dakota statesman, and frequently took delight in sending newspaper men to interview him.

On one of these occasions a metropolitan reporter, after plying Senator Kittredge with questions to which he received only crisp answers of "Yes" or "No," finally asked:

"What's the largest city in South Dakota?"  
"Sioux Falls," came the unexpected reply.  
At once the reporter walked to Senator Hanna, who was sitting near by, and remarked:  
"I've got a good beat on all the other boys."  
"How's that?" inquired Mr. Hanna, in undisguised surprise.  
"Why," answered the reporter, "after working for half an hour trying to teach that South Dakota mummy to talk I've actually added the words 'Sioux Falls' to his vocabulary."—[Philadelphia Post.]

## Had a Different Method.

JOHN RANDOLPH, that descendant of Pocahontas who figured so brilliantly in Congress as a representative of Virginia, was once accosted on the piazza of a hotel by a young blade who had been boasting of his acquaintance with Randolph, and who thought he could bluff the Virginian into speaking to him before the admiring guests of the hostelry. He planted himself before Randolph and saluted him with:

"Good morning, Senator!"  
"Morning!" replied Randolph, without the faintest sign of recognition.  
"Fine day, Senator!"  
"A fact apparent to everybody, sir!" came from the Virginian.

"Er—what is going on, Senator?" persisted the cad, flushing under the rebuffs of the Senator.  
"I am, sir," was the reply.  
Wild with indignation, the accoster made a detour, met Randolph face to face on another part of the porch, and, planting himself firmly in the way, declared:  
"I never turn out for any low, mean, sneaking, contemptible puppy!"  
"I always do," said Randolph, mildly, as he stepped to one side and continued his promenade.—[Philadelphia Times.]

## He Didn't Object.

IT WAS at the Wild West show. A young man and his best girl sat in front of the observer. Next to the man, on the other side, was a Hibernian gentleman. As the show progressed the bronco busters came on. Ed Solders mounted the ugliest pony in the bunch and immediately there was something doing all over the foreground. Ed stuck manfully to his saddle until the beast, in a frenzy of anger, rolled with him. When the bronco had ceased pawing the ground about the prostrate man and had hiked off into the gloom they picked Solders up insensible and carried him away. It was a blood-curdling scene. It scared the best girl so that she grabbed the young man by the hand and buried her head on his shoulders, while he supported her with his arm. When it was all over she recovered her composure and blushing resumed her dignity. There was a tense silence. At last it was broken by the Hibernian gentleman, who, nudging the young man, remarked in a stage whisper:  
"Say, lad, pray given that another wan av thim guys gits foired."  
"Have a cigar," whispered the young man with an understanding look in his eyes.—[Brooklyn Times.]

## A Trifle Mixed.

THE late Albert Craney, long time proprietor of the hotel at West Point, used to tell many amusing stories of the unsophistication and ignorance of some of the relatives of the cadets who visited there. Upon one occasion, when Mr. Craney was talking on the hotel porch with the then Secretary of War, Robert T. Lincoln, a rural-looking woman interrupted them with the question:  
"Where's the Epidemic Building?"  
"The what?" said Mr. Craney.  
"The Epidemic Building," she repeated.  
"She means the Academic Building. Right across the plain, madam," said Secretary Lincoln, indicating the way, and then he fled to hide his mirth.—[New York Press.]

## It Didn't Matter.

EVERY present-generation Ann Harbor youth and many of the "old grads" of Michigan University know Tuttle's—"Tutt's" it is familiarly called—the coffee house, tobacco shop, and restaurant par excellence of the little college town. Most everybody, too, knows "Willie," the winged mercury of the establishment.  
One day—so the story runs—some of the "fellows" were in Tuttle's for coffee. They gave their order and presently Willie shuffled in bearing the cups.  
One of the men noticed something amiss and re-

marked about it, "Why, Willie, you've got your finger in my coffee."

Willie looked down at the finger in question, left it where it was, and lifted the cup toward the table.  
"Oh," said he blandly, "It don't matter. It ain't hot."—[Detroit Free Press.]

## A Narrow Escape.

SENATOR DANIEL, of Virginia was at one time counsel for a small southern railroad. At a point on the line where it crossed a prominent highway they had an old negro watchman, whose duties consisted in warning travelers of the approach of trains. One night a farmer's wagon was struck, causing a bad accident. The railroad company was of course sued for damages, and at the trial the old dandy was the chief witness for his employers. He answered the questions put to him in a clear, direct manner. Among them was the query as to whether he surely swung his lantern across the road when he saw the train coming, to which he replied:

"'Deed I did, sah."  
The railroad company won the suit and Mr. Daniel took occasion later to compliment his witness on his excellent testimony. The old fellow was profuse in thanks, but before they parted bluntly said:  
"Lordy, Marse John, I sho' was skeered when dat lawyer gin to ax me 'bout de lantern. I was afeard he was goin' to ax if it was lit or not, 'cause de oil in it done give out some time before de axdent."—[New York Times.]

## Didn't Even Hesitate.

A WELL-KNOWN actor who had been visiting out-of-town friends over Sunday, not long ago, hurried down to the little station on Monday morning, with the intention of taking a certain train into the city. After making a few inquiries of the colored porter who was attending to his duties about the platform, he finished by saying:

"And you say the next train surely stops at this station?"  
"Yes, suh, de very nex' train stops at dis place fo' shuh, suh," was the answer, at which the actor sat down contentedly to read his morning paper. A few minutes later the distant shriek of a train whistle was heard and he jumped up, grasped his satchel and stood ready to board the approaching train. To his surprise and annoyance, the train, which was a fast express, rushed by through a cloud of whirling dust. He looked after the disappearing train through his dust-filled eyes, then turning to the darky, who stood close by with mouth and eyes big and round with astonishment, he exclaimed:

"Well, that train didn't stop here, did it?"  
"No, suh," was the reply, "she didn't even hesitate."—[New York Clipper.]

## Who Would Fight?

AS LEUT.-GEN. NELSON A. MILES stood reviewing the Memorial Day parade in Washington a reporter whose impressions of the man had been gained at banquets where the commander of the army wore evening dress was so struck by the imposing appearance of the general as to venture a remark as to how his uniform changed him from a dapper elderly gentleman to a formidable warrior.

"Which illustrates," replied the general, "that if clothes do not make the man, the uniform goes a long way toward making the officer."  
"And this reminds me," he added, "of an experience out West, when I was a colonel. I had put a lot of recruits in their first uniforms, and told them that I expected every one of them to honor his uniform by behaving like a major-general."  
"An' who'd do th' fightin', thin?" inquired one of the recruits, who had not yet learned to listen to his superiors in silence.—[Cleveland Plaindealer.]

## Outwitted by the Lawyer.

AN ENGLISH barrister recently told an amusing story of an old legal victory he won when, as counsel for the defendant, he was examining the complainant in a certain case.

His client, "Hat" Wheelock, had got into a quarrel with one "Pat" McDonald over a horse transaction. The quarrel had gone so far that McDonald had made application to a magistrate to have Wheelock bound over to keep the peace, alleging that he had threatened to do him bodily injury.

When the case was called McDonald testified to the circumstances under which Wheelock had threatened him. The cross-examination began:

"Now, Mr. McDonald," the lawyer said, "you declare that you are under fear of bodily harm?"

"I am, sorr."

"You are even afraid for your life?"

"I am, sorr."

"Then you freely admit that Hat Wheelock can whip you, Pat McDonald?"

The question roused McDonald's "Irish" instantly. "Hat Wheelock whip me? Nivver!" he shouted. "I kin whip him and anny holf dozen like him!"

"That will do, Mr. McDonald," said the attorney. The court was already in a roar, and the lawyer concluded the case without further testimony or argument. The action was dismissed, for it was evident that Pat could not be under serious bodily fear of a man whom he could whip so easily.—[New York World.]

## Hard to Catch.

OVER on the eastern shore of Maryland in the district represented by Congressman Jackson there was a man who was suffering from a severe case of "shakes," as they call fever and ague in that country. One morning the local physician called on the patient and asked him how he felt.

"N-n-not a bit b-b-better," was the shaking man's reply.

"Your case is a very peculiar one, and hard to take hold of," remarked the doctor, sympathetically.

"Yes, th—that's so," remarked the patient, trying to smile. "The c-case sh-sh-shakes so I don't w-wonder y-c-c-an't get hold of it."—[Washington Post.]

STRAWBERRY VALLEY LODGE, with first-class tents, clean, new linen, good food, and all well cared for. Central dining-room with excellent chef and good service. Open every week.

3. Mrs. Ray of Redlands Dying.  
Baer Resigns From Endeavorers.  
Moros More Friendly to Americans.  
4. The World's Busy Workers.  
5. At the City's Gates.  
6. Weather Report.

about her husband's absence....Funeral of James Boeth....Truck-driver loses his leg under car....More fire-alarm boxes....Deaf mutes' memorial service....Los Angeles, 4; Sacramento, 3....Venus wins yacht race....Sharmam wins coursing stake, as usual, estimated to make 75 to 100 the acre. Previous estimates have been greatly increased, prospective yield, being greater than ever before, owing to many farms that had 100 bushels to the acre.



*Contributed by Evangeline Ben-Oliel.*

The houses within the walls are low and built together. One room forming the home of one of the large families. These houses often open into a courtyard which is used in common, and contains a well—the only supply of water—for the city depends all the round entirely on the rain water gathered from the roofs during winter. These roofs afford a fine



July 20, 1932]

west this picturesque panorama around the Mount of Olives in its deep green olive trees. The buildings are the Mosque of Omar, the Temple—the first ever erected. It is surrounded by a large open space for devout Mussulmans are amid gurgling fountains.

To the southwest the two golden domes of the Dome of the Rock stand out clearly above the city. This church is the goal of all pilgrims to all the different sects. The principal entrance to the town is the Golden Gate, or the New Testament, through which the temple to Bethany. This is always closed.

There are deep gorges, the Kidron divides Jerusalem from the west the southwest is the Valley of the deep and narrow with precipitous hills is situated the village of the.

into four quarters, the Mohammedan, the Armenian and the Christian.

most important in Jerusalem, run through the town in an irregular many stairways of stone steps, arches high and as many feet wide, many archways and overhangs.



side are dingy, closet-like rooms on a raised platform, with low shelves within easy reach of the street. The people here have a low life, and smoke their coffee and drink from a small cup. In this narrow street stand the main lengthily keep a watchful eye on the heavily laden camels and donkeys that lumber on all sides.

the second of the three thoroughfares, is strangely enough one of Jewish stores and gradually approaches the Holy Sepulcher, in the Greek stores of relics, rosaries and tapers to be laid on the street leading directly to the venture for fear of being lost in the oriental Christians.

or street of pain, is supposed to be on his way to Calvary. It is the "Way of the Cross," where service is held on Friday. An ancient arch across the "Way of the Cross," where service is held on Friday. An ancient arch across the "Way of the Cross," where service is held on Friday.

the village women hasten by, bearing on their heads baskets of fruit and vegetables and astride their shoulders their small sons. They are gracefully attired in white garments with embroidered fronts and large sleeves. Their veil partly covers their low cap and the ends hang prettily over their shoulders. The dress is that as they approach their dress seems no more of white, but of a very soiled color, which once white, but now almost resembles the dark color of their faces.

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place during the long, cool summer months many persons even preferring to take up their quarters and sleep under the clear, starlit sky.

#### Many Tongues Heard.

The number of inhabitants is very difficult to estimate, for many reasons, chiefly official, but it is reckoned to be between 57,000 and 58,000. Jerusalem is a most cosmopolitan city. Here people from all ends of the earth meet. Passing through its winding streets one can hear as many as forty different languages and dialects spoken, Arabic being the vernacular. One initiated can understand the different groups approach tell what their language is and also their religion by one single glance at their attire. The religion is so distinctly a characteristic of the different people that they are known and called by it. Thus "Isaac the Jew" is distinguished from "Moses the Moslem" and from "Peter the Christian." But the different races are also subdivided, according to their native lands. There are Mohammedans from India, Persia, Afghanistan, Arabia, Africa and all parts of the Turkish empire. The Jews are also divided into different communities and live in separate colonies inhabited only by their co-religionists from their own land. Thus there are colonies of Jews from Persia and from Arabia, Africa and all parts of Europe. The Christians are also known by their various sects, such as Latins, Greeks, Armenians, Kopts, Abyssinians and Protestants.

These varied people make the streets of Jerusalem interesting to students of types and tongues and to lovers they are a perfect delight.

There is a great difference also between the Arab townspeople and the village dwellers, and each village has its own distinct costume and mode of speech. Then there are the Bedouins who live in distinct tribes and encamp far from human habitations. They pass through Jerusalem with their merchandise on the backs of their camels. These dark, handsome wanderers wear a long white shirt girdled at the waist and a black kerchief on their heads fastened on by a heavy cord of camel's hair. Sometimes a party of gypsies will encamp on the city outskirts and the women with their veiled faces and jingling coins swarm the streets, carrying their babies in a carpet bag swinging on their hips.

The numerous pilgrims are of as varied nationalities. The majority are the pale-faced Russians, who come on a journey of penance, sent by rich penitents in Russia. These belong to the Greek church and come in bands of hundreds, with staves in hand. They are heavily clad in the gloomy Russian garb carrying on their heads bundles of clothes. They are low in stature, wear dark beards and have long brown hair curled under their bonnets. Wearily they tread over the hot soil, walking from site to site, and singing solemn hymns to enliven the dreary pilgrimage over the rocky hills. In the Jordan they bathe for forgiveness of sins and then return to Russia with happy hearts.

Next in number to them are the French, who come in large numbers at Easter time. Both the Russians and the French have large national hospices, where they are lodged free of cost.

The dark-faced Kopts and Abyssinians also make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

#### Many of Attire.

The main classifications of the Jews are the Sephardim and Ashkenazim. The former, Spanish Jews, come to the Orient with its bright red fez. The latter, Polish wear a fantastic combination of elements of semi-occidental and semi-oriental styles. Living in the blazing eastern sunshine the warm hat of the cold regions from which they have emigrated. Beneath these hang long single curls of their faces.

The Moslem—the owner of the land—attired in a long robe of brightly-colored cloth, his head heavily veiled with many folds of rich rainbow-fashioned turban. He walks the streets in a sauntering, leisurely manner, sits at the gate of the city on a short-legged stool, sipping little cups of coffee and smoking a long "nargh" or bubble bubble. Thus he spends hours of blissful idleness, perhaps exchanging a word from time to time with his companions of leisure. On warm sultry days the idle are awakened from their slumbers by the cheerful sound of the tinkling of the cups by a boy carrying a dried pig's skin on his head full of water and crying out, "Ho, every one that thirst, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come and drink, without money and without price," echoing Isaiah's poetic invitation to the world. In the day grows cooler groups of women are seen walking in ghostlike semblance, wrapped from head to foot in a black and white garment, with dark veils over their faces, enabling them to see and yet not be seen. These proud Bethlehemites can be distinguished in the crowd by their noble bearing and fine carriage. Their gowns are quite a contrast to the townswomen's dress—like "izars," for they are decorated with rich embroidery and glitter with many coins hanging from their waists. The women of Bethlehem are renowned for their beauty, which all may see, for they do not wear their faces.

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dervishes in almost nude condition with glaring eyes and long shaggy hair, of eccentric manners and wild speech. Other Mohammedan devotees are not far off, and they also are holy men, for the green band on their turban tells that they have made a pilgrimage to Mecca. Their behavior is dignified and they hold themselves proudly.

#### Spring the Time of Tourists.

In spring time the streets are especially crowded with American and European tourists. The foreign consuls are always preceded by a glittering Kavass with gilded staff in hand "to prepare the way."

The principal conveyances to the sacred sites are horses and donkeys. Where the roads are good enough for vehicles the two-cent dilapidated hacks, which serve for cars outside the town, can be hired by the hour. Farther east the traveler must mount a lofty camel and be rocked to his destination. Numerous strong donkeys can be seen bearing timid ladies on their sturdy backs. Dark-skinned Africans go before them with sticks in hand, crying out in deep guttural voices, "Woyaha, ya darhak," "look out for your back." Long files of camels tied to each other, loaded with large boxes, slowly plod the narrow streets, almost crowding out everything else. They are led by scantily-clad youths on donkeys' backs who hold the ends of the ropes that keep them together. As they wind through the irregular "suk" or bazaar, their leaders cry continually to the buyers on all sides: "look out for your face, look out for your back," as the need may be. Near sunset a shepherd may pass through the town leading a flock of little black goats and calling to a stray one by name.

All business in Jerusalem is transacted between sunrise and sunset. Persons going out after dark are obliged to carry a lantern or, more generally speaking, to have it borne before them, by order of the Pasha, the Governor of Jerusalem. Otherwise they are arrested as thieves by the soldiers of the Sultan. The twilight is very brief and with darkness, perfect stillness broods over the city. All stores are barred, the streets are deserted, and absolute darkness reigns unrelieved by any light whatsoever, either of electricity, gas, oil, or even candle light. There are no public evening amusements, and it is a rare thing for a Moslem to even entertain guests after sunset.

One cannot but be astonished at the fact that while other countries move forward with the times, this land of Palestine, of such peculiar interest, has remained unchanged through all the ages. The life of the Patriarch Abraham can be seen lived out literally today in the Bedouin encampment. The manner of speech echoes verbatim the quaint poetic language of the Psalms and the prophets, interspersed as it is with figurative phrases and proverbs. In the villages around Jerusalem one sees daily illustrations of the incidents in the life of Christ, with which we are so familiar and yet which appear to us, in the western world so strange as to seem almost mythical.

The Jews—the heirs of the land—keep up their ancient customs and their mode of worship as of old and it could still be said of them as in the days of Christ that they "make broad their phylacteries and enlarge the borders of their garments." The inhabitants of Palestine are intensely conservative. Among all the classes there is the same strong aversion to change of any kind. Their maxim is: "As our fathers did so will we do."

In regard to the land it is the absolute indifference of the Turk to the beautiful and the artistic or even to mere progress and civilization that has brought it to its present desolate and forsaken condition. Throughout the country a deep melancholy seems to brood over hills and valleys, which extend for miles devoid of any signs of life.

Around some of the prosperous villages such as Bethlehem and Hebron, are fields of luxuriant grain, olive groves and vineyards laden with immense bunches of grapes, and among the rocks exquisite wild flowers grow in profusion, for a brief period in early spring, showing that there are great possibilities in the land itself which gives such abundant reward for little labor.

But oftener one meets with dismal looking villages composed of mud huts, surrounded by bare rocks where camels and donkeys lie basking in the sunshine and children in scant clothing run out to beg "Baksheesh," of strangers.

#### THE CORONATION BIBLE.

The King's Bible, on which His Majesty, kneeling and placing his right hand upon the book, will take the coronation oath, is quarto bound in highly-polished crimson morocco. The Bibles used at coronation services always include the Apocrypha, in addition to the tables of scriptural weights, measures and coinage. On each side of King Edward's Bible, says "Vanity Fair," a border of Tudor roses is tooled. On the front there is added an architectural design enclosing the Royal Arms raised heavily in gold. The rose, shamrock and thistle are reproduced as corner ornaments. The edges of the book are gilt, but it has no clasp or metal work of any kind on it. His Majesty's Bible, unlike that used by Queen Victoria, will not become a coronation perquisite, but will be preserved among the memorials of the coronation. The Bible is held by the Archbishop of Canterbury during the taking of the oath; then closed and laid upon the altar.—[London Leader.]

#### ENVOIUS RIVALS.

"And you," sneered the first automobilist, "claim to be the best chauffeur in town?" "I do," stoutly answered the second automobilist. "You do?" was the continuation of the sneer. "You do? And yet you never killed anything except a chicken in all your career?" Stung to the quick, the second automobilist lurched with his machine in the vicinity of a schoolhouse all afternoon, forgetting, in his blind rage, that it was vacation time.—[Baltimore American.]

## VERNE PROPHECIES.

THINKS NOVELS WILL BE SUPPLANTED BY NEWSPAPERS

From a Staff Correspondent.

LONDON, July 1.—Jules Verne, the aged novelist, whose stories of the future have so often come true, has been saying some particularly interesting things about the future of romance, as well as about himself, and his work at the present time, to a correspondent who visited him at his home in Amiens.

The author of "Around the World in Eighty Days," and, by his own confession, a hundred other works, says: "I do not think there will be any novels or romances, at all events, in volume form, in fifty or a hundred years from now. They will be supplanted altogether by the daily newspaper, which has already taken such a grip on the lives of the progressive nations."

"Novels," Verne went on, "are not necessary, and even now their merit and their interest are fast declining. As historic records, the world will file its newspapers. Newspaper writers have learned to color everyday events so well that to read them will give posterity a truer picture than the historic or descriptive novel could do, and as for the novel psychological, they will soon cease to be, and will die of inanition in your own lifetime."

"I am second to no living man," continued the novelist, "in my admiration of the greatest psychologist the world has ever known—Guy de Maupassant—and he, like all true geniuses, foresaw the trend of human ideas and needs, and wrote his stories in the smallest possible compass. Each one of De Maupassant's soul studies is a concentrated lozenge of psychology. The Maupassants who will delight the world in years to come will do so in the newspapers of the day, and not in volumes, and they will, as you newspaper men express it, crystallize the psychology of the world in which they live by 'writing up' the day-to-day events. The real psychology of life is in its news, and more truth—truth with a big T—can be gathered from the police-court story, the railway accident, from the everyday doings of the crowd, and from the battles of the future, than can be obtained if an attempt is made to clothe the psychological moral in a garb of fiction."

"I believe that the fantastic novel is on its last legs. The writer of the future, even if he peoples Mars, the moon and other planets, can only do so upon human data. The moon men will be human beings in carnival attire, that is all. One day, perhaps, communication with the other planets will be possible, and then you will have, not novels about Mars and the moon, but your lunar and Martian newspaper correspondents."

"The books," Jules Verne went on, "in which I have published prophecies based on the latter-day discoveries of science have really only been means to an end. It will perhaps surprise you to hear that I do not take especial pride in having written the motor car, the submarine boat and the navigable airship before they became actual realities."

"When I wrote about them as realities, these things were half discoveries already. I simply made fiction out of what became ulterior fact, and my object in so doing was not to prophesy, but to spread a knowledge of geography among the young in as interesting a dress as I could compose. Every single geographical fact and every scientific one in every book that I have ever written has been looked up with care, and is scrupulously correct. If, for instance, I had not wished to point the fact that a journey round the world entailed the apparent loss of a whole day, my 'Round the World in Eighty Days' would never have been written. And 'The Mysterious Island' owed its inception to my wish to tell the world's boys something about the wonders of the Pacific."

"My eighty-fourth book, which has just been published, is a description of the home life of the Missing Link, as I believe the life of that queer bond between the ape and the man will one day be found to be. And I have placed my missing link in an African forest, in a place where it very likely may be found, for it is one of the few corners of the world which has not yet been thoroughly explored."

Jules Verne is now 74 years old. His hair is snow-white, but you would never think to look at his ruddy face and see his energy that he had been suffering for years from cataract, as well as from the lameness brought on by his having been shot in the leg by a madman some time ago.

"I suppose," he said, "I may consider my life's work as nearly finished. I am at work now on my hundredth volume, and in the nature of things, I doubt whether I shall ever write another. In fact, my feeble eyesight prevents me from doing more than a page or two of it a day just now, if I want to keep up with the world's news as well. Only eighty-four of my 100 volumes have been published so far, and they will continue to appear at six monthly intervals, so that, of course, ten or twelve of them are very likely to be posthumous. I work extremely quick when I am in health, and if the operation for cataract which I must shortly undergo restores my eyesight for me, as the doctor hopes it will, I may, after all, go on into my second century of volumes. For I am quite untired, and work, either at my books or at the municipal business of Amiens, is my chief recreation." CURTIS BROWN.

#### A SAD CASE.

"They say his father disinherited him because he married beneath him." "Yes. Her people were nothing but college professors and preachers. His father owned three sawmills in Michigan and Wisconsin, and besides I believe had large railroad interests. Isn't it queer how badly the sons of most of our great men turn out?"—[Chicago Record-Herald.]

STRAWBERRY VALLEY LODGE, with first-class tents, clean, new linen, good food and all well cared for. Central dining-room with excellent chef and good service.   
 FINE KIDNEY—Parasitized tents to rest well equipped for housekeeping. As additional department there are: (a) Well stocked general store; (b) Meat market; (c) and (d) delivered twice daily; (d) Bakery.

3. Mrs. Ray of Redlands Dying.   
 Baer Resigns From Endeavors.   
 Moros More Friendly to Americans.   
 4. The World's Busy Workers.   
 5. At the City's Gates.   
 6. Weather Report.

about her husband's absence....Funeral of James Booth....Truck-driver loses his leg under car....More fire-alarm boxes....Deaf mutes' memorial service....Los Angeles, 4; Sacramento, 3....Venus wins yacht race....Shar-

estimated to make 75 to 100 the acre. Previous estimates have been greatly increased prospective yield, being four greater than ever before, owing of many farms that were



## CANADA'S TRADE.

VAIN ATTEMPTS TO DIVERT IT FROM  
UNITED STATES TO ENGLAND.

From a Special Correspondent.

MONTREAL, July 11.—"What are you going to do about it?" Having shown in my previous letters from Toronto and Ottawa that there is an unmistakable feeling of dissatisfaction among the Canadians on account of existing trade relations between Canada and the United States, the next thing in order is to find out what our neighbors propose to do about it. I have put the question to every authority I could get access to, and find there is a difference of opinion on the subject. There is no division on intentions. The willingness to do something is very general, but just what that something is gives rise to the diversity of ideas. Many look with favor to preferential duties with Great Britain. Said an advocate of that plan: "Our Premier and several members of his Cabinet are now in London attending a conference between imperial and colonial representatives which is calculated to pro-

vide measures for strengthening the commercial relations between the colonies and the motherland. Canada has enacted a preferential duty of 33 1-3 per cent. in favor of all goods made in Great Britain, and in return for that concession expects to get a 5 or 10 per cent. advantage in English markets on grain, food-stuffs, etc. If this can be accomplished, the handicap against the same products from the United States will be so great that they cannot successfully compete with us, and that will mean the speedy development of the vast wheat belt in the Canadian Northwest. It is estimated that we have 300,000,000 acres of virgin wheat land waiting for the settler, and if we can get this slight preference in the great British market, our lands will speedily pass under cultivation, and we will enter upon an era of prosperity that will soon enable us to take a place among the foremost nations."

"Chasing a Rainbow."

That sounds like a first-rate scheme, but the next man I talked with tore it all to pieces, saying: "These people who pin their faith to preferential duty are chasing a rainbow. There is not the ghost of a chance of getting Great Britain to indorse any such arrangement. The English element in power is too deep rooted in the free-trade idea to countenance anything of the sort. Such propositions in their eyes look like suggestions 'born of the devil.' Our voluntary duty in their favor,

made with the idea of inducing them to return for the courtesy, will not remain long without getting no response to it. This is certain, because we cannot afford it. Our woolen industry was hit hard by the change, and the tariff must be raised at once to meet it. It is out of the question to talk about preferential duty with the old country, unless it recognizes that it will surely not do that; first, because it doesn't want to; and, second, because it couldn't afford to. It had any desire to enter into such an arrangement, if you only stop to think of it, England is not going to stir up anything with the United States just because Canada would like to have her do it. It would be a good thing for Canada, but it would not be good for England. These reasons lead me to say that the champions of the preferential idea are chasing a rainbow."

## Press Opinion.

I told several prominent business men what the preferential skeptic had said, and most of them, hoping that the scheme might be adopted, took a little faith in its ultimate passage. Here is a note from a recent editorial by one of the leading writers in Canada: "We have gone too far in lowering the 33 1-3 per cent. in favor of English products. In this we have caused some of our industries to which we must not ignore. England does not want to and has no right to expect, that we should throw out the hands of the people of Canada to give the people of the British Isles. It will be an injury to the Canadian government to make a change of the tariff in the direction of a more liberal policy—one more favorable to the interests of Canada."

It looks as though they really intend to "go on" on England. In the light of the above, which is in an administration organ, it would seem that the voluntary reduction of 33 1-3 per cent. was in the nature of a bait, which will be withdrawn if it is unavailing.

## Advocates of Protection.

Aside from the preferentials, the protection agency claims attention. They propose to raise the tariff against everybody, and the United States in particular. They say the way to do the thing is to get a list of the goods now coming from Yankeland, put the tariff on until it becomes prohibitive, and then go to building factories to make the same things at home. They say that is the way the Yankees do it, and it is good for the goose ought, by the same token, to be good for the gander. It is pretty evident that they went too far in lowering the duty for Great Britain, and it now remains to be seen whether she will make the same mistake over again by raising it too high in our case.

I put it to a number of men in that light, and they thought they could accomplish so much with a small population and limited capital. Unless they make all the things they buy from us, and make it at once, they will simply be assessing a tax upon themselves if they run the duty up on articles they need to us to supply. The replies were mostly of a dependent nature, the speakers saying that Canada was great enough to get along by herself; that she was not going forward at a break-neck speed in the world affair, as we Yankees thought we were doing, still she was jogging along at a steady rate, and could be depended upon to get there in the end.

## Yankees Set the Pace.

They are putting on a bold, cheerful front, and of them mean it, and some of them don't. One told me they would surely "do things" to us in a few months now, and when I told his next-door neighbor about it, he blurted out, "Oh, that's all bluff he was trying to work on you. I am not pleased with the way the Yankees have treated me, but what is the use of deceiving ourselves? We fall in step behind them just as the rest of the world seems to be doing. They are getting to be the makers of the world in many respects. We follow them for the color of our necktie and the style of our coat. No use to deny it. We sold England over 600,000 worth of goods last year, and when we get money, we took it, and more with it, and bought from the Yankees. We like their goods better than others that we can buy. You take the case of the newspaper that has so much to say about the policy of imperial policy, and the improvement of commercial relations between the mother country and the colonies, and what did it do not long ago, when it had new printing presses? Bought them from the Yankees, of course, and paid a whole lot more than they would have cost in England. But they got them in the States they got the best thing going. It's that way in so many lines that I don't attempt to enumerate them to you. As long as your manufacturers continue to turn out the things that are produced in the world, they will continue to sell them to all the world, and don't anybody try to argue you out of it."

## As to Annexation.

This man had made such a splendid witness for prosecution that I thought it would be safe to ask about annexation, so I put the question to him. He did not shy at it, as they did in Ontario, but he said it wouldn't do.

"There are not enough annexationists in Canada to form a corporal's guard," he went on. "It would doubtfully be a good thing for us, but the Yankees are really going the other way." I interrupted him to say that if it were considered a good thing, why were they turning from it. "Because we are Canadians," he said, "we fought for our national existence, and we are proud of it as you are of yours. By cutting us out of the market, you think you attempted to starve us out of coming into the Union. That was where you made a fatal mistake. We do not come of stock that is driven. I'll tell you my honest opinion, and I'll

if you had given us the chance we would have drifted you that it takes a man to lay down his country to another. It's too bad for you. On the other hand, deny the greatness of the country, and you are foolish to pretend that you are not coming under the things in the world besides money."

"Then it is sentiment over the grievance you ventured."

"If you want to put it all that stands in the way is a higher compliment, a nation, as well as an individual, which has the right ring."

## Desirable Acquisitions.

Had it occurred to you that we are having this hunger for it might be well for us to take up with so many of our sturdy neighbors of ours. They are healthy in mind and body, and are white folks. The man who is healthy in mind is a law-abiding citizen. They are healthy in mind and body, and are white folks. The man who is healthy in mind is a law-abiding citizen. They are healthy in mind and body, and are white folks. The man who is healthy in mind is a law-abiding citizen.

That was just an instance, however, a restless Yankee, side, looks around for a dollar, and invariably finds it. He can estimate the countless yield if that border line were people, in addition to being a dollar, and invariably finds it. He can estimate the countless yield if that border line were people, in addition to being a dollar, and invariably finds it.

Old Glory looks mighty fine, and the laurels feel equally at home upon the great Dominion. It is a country, and its people are them right we ought to win.

The City of Montreal.

In passing, it should be commercial and financial the largest city in the Dominion. It stands eighth among the great cities of the continent. Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Cleveland in the order named. It is claimed that "were and a second Cartier came from east to west, he would mountain above the confu- it Mount Royal, and say to trade of Canada must turn very true.

Looking down from the behold Montreal spread out pancake, with the twin towers standing out in bold relief of the mighty St. Lawrence.

Montreal has an itching American tourist generally gathering money from sight. It is a pleasant undertaking the habit. When the first paints her tallyho, papers smiling face across the river, well worth the price of admission.

TRAVELING CO.

PLAN TO ACQUAINT EU PALATABILITY OF

[Brooklyn Eagle:] The un- eling kitchen, operated under States government officers, in mun, of Stuttgart.

The idea of an American co- having been maintained by the at the Paris Exposition, where corn were cooked into all so served free to visitors. The to Europeans an insight into cereal and to show them that food.

That is something that all there are many Americans who the foreigners get acquainted with the want. The plan of Co- corps of expert cooks travel month or so in each of the big exhibitions in the preparation cakes, muffins, puddings and These will be served free, tog advantages of American corn food.

Secretary Wilson is much pl the department has no funds th this purpose, but next year he will submit the proposition to

AN UNBELI

"What," she asked, "is your

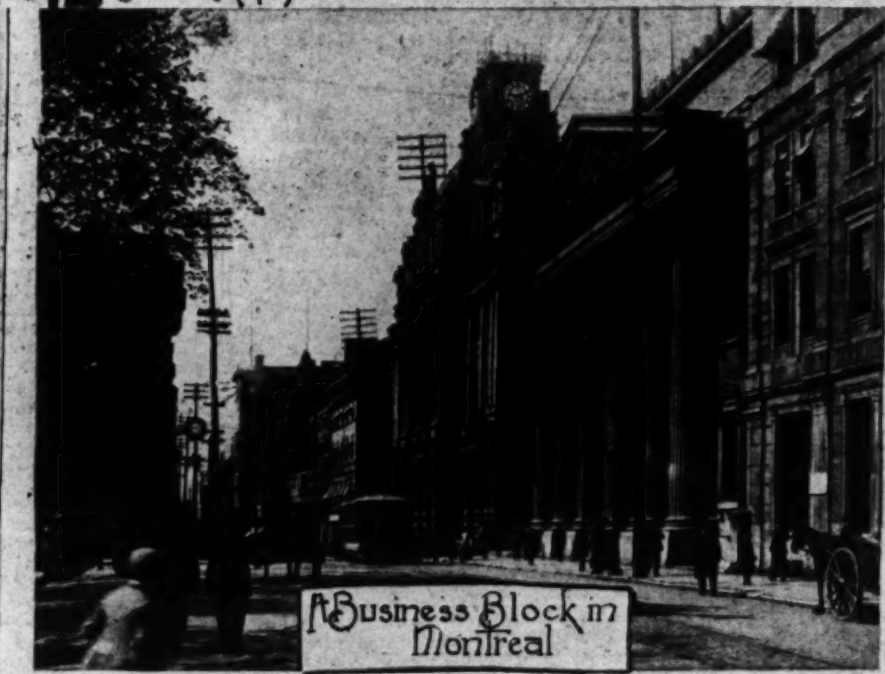
"That—that," he tremblingly

you to be mine—you would ref

"Well," she said, after a lon

part. I never—did believe much

[Chicago Record-Herald.









## READS LIKE ROMANCE.

## THE STORY OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE "REPUBLIC OF ACRE."

By a Special Contributor.

THE announcement that J. Pierpont Morgan, August Belmont, Frederic P. Olcott and other almost equally prominent financiers are interested in a company designing to promote and exploit the rubber production of the district of Acre in South America is prosaic and commonplace enough to pass with a paragraph nowadays. In this age of ambitious trade. Possibly only those interested would be likely even to remember the fact after reading it. Yet that announcement in one breath links matter-of-fact American financiers with a romance that is as wild as any that ever drew its shining wool through the pages of the history of the Middle Ages.

For Acre is, or rather was, a kingdom of Ruritania. How many persons know where Acre is? Many maps do not even show its name. It lies in a great triangle made by the meeting boundaries of Brazil, Bolivia and Peru. In it are thousands of square miles of rubber forests—no one knows how many thousands; thousands of square miles of jungle—no one knows how many; thousands of miles of river that no one has ascended; and savages that are cannibals.

From the borders of civilization in South America itself, the journey into Acre is not one of days, but of months. Three governments squabble more or less constantly over its possession. But in actuality the hand of no government has been strong or far-reaching enough to rule it, except spasmodically and with little success.

But out of this unknown land there drifted the news one day about three years ago that a new republic had been born to the Americas—the republic of Acre. Later came an announcement that a diplomatic representative of the new sister would start soon to introduce himself in Washington. Then followed silence, broken once or twice with scraps of news of fabulous wealth in rubber and rare woods.

And then the republic of Acre went up in smoke.

Who has not read Kipling's "The Man Who Would Be King?" That man's comrade came back after many adventures and told the story of the kingship and the bloody ending. The Man Who Would Be King of Acre still has to tell his story. He was a dreamer, too. And he, too, builded his kingdom with his two bare hands. But what a kingdom he built and how gallantly and roysteringly he lorded it for a while! Three armies went into the field against him before he yielded. Three nations temporarily sank their own differences to crush him and his new-born power, and yet he might have defied them victoriously. But, like the heroes of Kipling's story, he and his fellow Kings of Acre had within them the elements that worked for their own undoing.

## A Man Who Became King.

The King of Acre was a Mexican. In the City of Mexico he earned a precarious living as a baseball player. Baseball was not lucrative in itself, and rumor says that he was not a good ball tosser anyway. So he "looked around" for something better. It was a long look. It led him down the isthmus and finally into Bolivia. Providence only knows by what chance of fortune he happened to hear of the wild district lying in that mountainous and river-cut triangle.

At that time Bolivia and Brazil had both fallen into a temporary state of restlessness over Acre. Latin republics do things feverishly when they do them, and when there was action in Acre, or, rather, on the outermost boundaries of it, there was a good deal. Sometimes Bolivia would "mass" her troops there, sometimes Brazil would "police" the district, and again at times Peru would remember that she, too, claimed part of the country, and then there would be fierce goings on with tremendous shootings and shoutings, and, happily, little bloodshed, as is the way of fighting south of us.

But when the ex-baseball player happened to drop in during the course of his "looking" there was neutrality. Nobody appeared to care who owned Acre, or if it was owned at all.

Then the Man Who Would Be King got his idea. He pondered it for a brief period. Before long he sought comrades and held conferences with them. Birds of a feather were they all—birds from Punta Arenas, in the southern jumping-off place of the world; birds from Alaska, birds from Lisbon and Cadiz and London and Paris. And every man jack of them was "down on his luck" and ready to better it by any venture, desperate or otherwise.

Adventurers of their stamp rarely have the gift, and still more rarely the inclination to tell their deeds. It is a great pity. For if ever one of those men who went into Acre could tell the world what befell them in that voyage up unknown rivers and through unknown country, that would be a story worth the telling.

For these men were penniless, or nearly so. Some of them were ragged. They were poorly armed, and were glad enough to be equipped with weapons at all. They had before them hundreds of miles of forest, through many miles of which the way had to be tunneled painfully with machetes, so rank was the tropical foliage, luxuriant with uncounted centuries of undisturbed growth. Fevers steamed out of the wet ground nights. Even their way was saluted by crashings of great trees, for in those woods trees stand till they fall from decay. And where there are millions of trees, as through all the country of the Amazon and its tributaries, there are hundreds of trees that fall every day.

Savages beset their way. Sickness, hunger, wild beasts threatened them. But for all that, there came

the news at last that the republic of Acre had been proclaimed.

## The Republic Flourishes.

And it was no mere pirate or filibustering republic. A rip-roaring time they had, these men, cut off from all the world, carrying in their own daring hands the law and its enforcement. But with it all they tried to build empire as empires are built today, partly with rifle and sword, but mostly with barter and ledger. Rubber began to pour out, carried down the broad rivers to the coast and reaching the ships. For a long while none of the more or less easy-go-lucky governments around them perceived what was going on. So it happened that before a year was ended American business men were buying rubber and woods from these Kings of Ruritania without knowing that the money that they paid for it went to enrich as romantic a band as ever cut its way to fortune.

Still it is a sad commentary on the rough path that is prepared in this world for the righteous that the very fact that the kings of Acre sought to increase their substance by honest trade should have led to their undoing. But so it was. Had they been content to sit in sloth and seize what money they could by virtue of their dictatorship they might have been left in practical peace for years. For revolutions and proclaimed republics and dictatorships spring up throughout South America like mushrooms. But prosperity brought envy down upon Acre. Settlers began to pour in. Most of them did not know what kind of a republic this was, and less cared. One government is much like another there. It is like the saying about rum, only turned around. There are poor ones, and poorer ones, but there "ain't any good governments."

The intimation that somebody was actually making money aroused all the national pride of Bolivia, Brazil and Peru. Soldiers began to move. The old boundary disputes all came up with new light on them.

Now it is not a matter of almost a year to move troops into that country from many points of its confines. Troops from Peru and Bolivia had to take ship at the Pacific coast, go north to the Isthmus of Panama, cross it, take ship again and go south and then finally make their way up the Amazon country. That required much time. The Kings of Acre sat tight and hastened only in their amassing of honest wealth. They knew that when the troops arrived the game of empire would be finished.

## Catalogue of Revolutions.

What happened after those troops did come—after months and more months of weary marching and swimming and canoeing and climbing—reads dispiritingly and tediously like a catalogue. Some of the Kings of Acre "lit out." The ex-baseball player's departure was sudden. He had reasons. He had more than \$600,000 banked safely in civilized banks. Many of his comrades doubtless are tramps today, as they began. It is the way of Ruritania.

Some of the Kings elected to stay and fight. Several of them found it fatal. Others went to prison. Still others have kept it up ever since, and they change from dictators and presidents to fugitives and back again so often and so suddenly that it would be quite impossible to trace their careers. For instance, one dictator, the Italian, Parravincini, fled before the Bolivian troops. While they were chasing him another body of Bolivian soldiery entered Puerto Acre and established headquarters there. While they were in the act of settling down for a rest a Brazilian engineer, Gentil Norberto, proclaimed a new republic right under their noses. He imprisoned the Bolivian officers and went on to spread the glad news. While he was away the two officers so worked on the mercenary population with manifestoes (a favorite Latin method of warfare) that Norberto had to return and release them. Later the Bolivians abandoned Puerto Acre "on account of the climate." They needed no weather prophet to tell them that it was going to be hot.

In the mean while another body of Bolivian troops had been advancing from another direction. Suddenly they met, not Norberto, but a brand new dictator, or rather, three, for Hipolito Moreira, Edmonds Bastus and Col. Alepandrinio Gil had formed a triumvirate.

Then fighting began afresh. Troops began to move in again. And while they were in the midst of it, Manuel Felicio, cruelly defined as a highwayman, proclaimed himself dictator.

Last year a general peace was "arrived at." Then there was comparative quiet, although there never was a time when some kind of a revolution was not on foot. But with the news that the Bolivian government had granted rights to the American syndicate, all the troubles bid fair to begin again. If there is to be any money made down there, Bolivia, Peru and Brazil all want it. Brazil threatens all kinds of things now if the American concession stands. To an extent Brazil has the upper hand, because at present the best way to market is over its waterways, through its territory to the Atlantic coast.

But Peru has a plan to get in far ahead of them all and build a railroad that shall tap the rich country and carry its products to the Pacific coast over the mountains.

To ascertain the best route, that nation commissioned a French engineer, Albert de Lautreppe of Paris, to explore the country and find a road. He led an expedition and reported that the plan was feasible.

Now he has arrived in New York with remarkable news. He found immense rivers spanned by wonderful bridges made of basket work by the natives. More remarkable than all he found tribes of cannibal Indians, whose boast was that they never had allowed white men to pass through their country. By diplomacy and generous presents he managed to win, if not their friendship, at least suzerainty, and he reached his objective point after many dangers, but without being harmed.

## The Cannibal Indians.

His first experience of the savages was after passing Mount Camanti, after many days of voyaging along

the Marcapata River. One morning the canoe was alarmed by the cry "Chuncho!" and looking out of his tent he saw tall, straight men peering at them from the woods. They had mother of pearl disks in their nostrils and gaudy feathers stuck through holes in their lips and cheeks. Some of them had slits in their lips, through which they would thrust their tongues frequently.

They were armed with bows and arrows, and De Lautreppe had won their confidence he went living with them and saw them drive their arrows through a tapir, notwithstanding the animal's thick, tough hide. The explorer says that they could fight men in armor, so hard do they shoot with their slings and arrows.

He found them entirely without elements of humanity. They leave their sick and wounded without attempting to help them. They let their dead lie where they fall. They do not even try to help each other when accidents befall members of hunting parties.

The Chunchoes openly and without the least apparent thought of its horror described to him how they had killed a band of white men in a rubber camp and then them in celebration of the victory.

From the land of the Chunchoes the expedition passed into the country of a still worse tribe, the Hushachas, of whom even the Chunchoes were afraid. For the explorers were conscious that they were surrounded by hundreds, if not thousands, of the savages, but they could see none, and only the footprints and the rustling in the undergrowth gave them warning of the presence of their invisible watchers. But at last De Lautreppe managed to get into communication with them and convince them that he had come with no inimical purpose.

He describes them as being more horrible and fiendish in appearance and habit than one can possibly imagine. They were great men, few being less than six feet high. They were painted with bright red colors, their faces being streaked fantastically. They, too, had their features pierced for feather ornaments.

De Lautreppe says that he cannot tell why they permitted his party to cross their territory alive. "The Chunchoes," he says, "told us that they had massacred three white men in Carabaya just before we arrived. Just why we escaped trouble I cannot explain, as they were entirely fearless, and our firearms caused them neither surprise nor alarm. Somehow, we had the luck to effect a peace which neither of us broke. It may be that they were convinced that we were not after their women, which seems to be a great cause of tribal wars there. Most tribes are short of women, and, therefore, they raid each other frequently."

All the tribes that he found exist solely by hunting and rove over great extents of territory. De Lautreppe says that the country throughout shows evidence of great wealth in gold, and that Peru can open up by building less than four hundred miles of railroad, most of which, indeed, is already under construction.

J. D. P.

## RUSSIAN PEASANTS BOUND.

## THOUGH NOMINALLY FREE, THEY ARE STILL HELD BY THE MIR.

[New Liberal Review.] Literally speaking, of course, the Russian serf has been set free, but although he is no longer a krepostnoy, or bondsman, to the country gentleman, he is still adscriptus gleboe. For the country gentleman has been substituted the land, the piece of which is expressed in the mir, or village community, which, by the way, is not an elective assembly, but a patriarchal council composed of the heads of families. A village is composed of courts, dvorui; as members of families grow up the sons who marry and have children can apply for a separate dvor to the mir, and if the application is granted they will receive an allotment and a plot of land whereon to erect their own cottages or hut, which will constitute a new dvor. They then become members of the mir. When a member of a mir dies his widow becomes the head of the family, as in Russian village communities the principle of woman suffrage is thus recognized.

While the peasant remains on the land he has no separate economic existence and needs no passport; so soon as he wishes to leave the village and seek his fortune elsewhere he must have a passport. This passport is given him by the mir. He must, therefore, have the permission of the mir before he can leave his village, and this permission must be renewed annually so long as he continues to be a peasant—and it is not easy for him to alter his official social status. This is a survival of serfdom. In the days of serfdom it was possible for the country gentleman to put all his serfs, or individual serfs only, as the case might be, under what was called obrok. The peasant under obrok was freed from personal service, but in lieu of this a sort of tax was substituted. Peasants were allowed to go to towns and follow trades, but for this permission they had to pay a tribute in money or kind to their masters. The master could cancel his permission at the end of every year if he desired his serf to return. This system has been perpetuated in the mir. The peasant receives permission from the mir to go to a town or to emigrate. In some cases he is allowed to resign his membership of the mir, when, of course, he forfeits his land; in others he has to continue to pay his share of the taxes.

## SOMETHING OF A PROBLEM.

The man was deep in thought when the boy interrupted him.

"Pop," said the boy, "we boys had a dispute today and I'd like to get the rights of it."

"What was the trouble?" asked the father.

"I told them," the boy went on, "that you'd know and we agreed to leave it to you. They're waiting outside for the answer now."

"All right," said the man cheerfully. "What's the question?"

"Is a monkey all hands and no feet or all feet and no hands?"—[Chicago Post.

## TRAGEDY OF

From a Special

SHE came into the train and the man in the Norfolk jacket. The man was an Englishman. He had the British air about his shoulders was superb.

He was unfolding his paper came in, and the reason that he was that an exquisitely delicate wafted across his senses as she very intently after the first every detail of her and her attitude of her ear, turned slightly, delicate pink of it with a bewitchingly on the soft lobe; a slender white scar, like a thrush across her rose-bloom cheek attested the beauty of it.

She sat as far away from the quite over against the aisle, and alert eyes. The man fancied the some one to join her, but the train still alone.

She no longer watched the door newspaper and spread it to read liberally around and for a moment into the eyes of the enchanted man, who, for a moment, felt as if a woman, he was so surprised by the when she turned away he felt that lived could he forget those green seemed to look to the very bottom him feel ashamed that it was not.

The man still watched her glance, without a thought of the though he had been very eager to count of a crime that was paraded his newspaper in glaring headlines his quiet British senses.

The handsome Englishman in suddenly thought of his wasted of shame at not having made more wandering up and down the face of pleasure. He grew very serious and on and he still gazed at it, although he did not place that it feelings he was already deeply in.

He recognized the fact, how felt just this way before in the past although he had been in many beautiful women, some of whom to ache, if he had not indeed been.

As he continued to watch thoughts beating into his brain, he reading the same startling article which had so interested him. She a slightly rising color and eyes of natural brilliancy. The man's eyes she was reading:

"Robbery and murder! Said woman!" he read aimlessly—"I with blood stains upon it dropped tragedy bears the initials J. K. scented with violet," so the story conveyed scarcely any meaning to bewildered was it just now with woman over whose shoulders he was his sub-consciousness.

"The man was shot," his eyes to silver-mounted revolver, also bearing was found a few feet from the murder scene shot in the back."

The Englishman's eyes drifted to the exquisite face of the girl, him even a keener delight than utterly wrapt up in his adoration and place and time; nothing had him save that little ear, the shining sweet feminine presence before him. She raised her handkerchief to her nervous motion; the man watched suddenly his eyes riveted upon a d "L.K." and a breath of violet perfume floatingly.

For a moment he grew cold with the letters had given him, then he how many people there were heard menaced with L. K.

The train slowed up to a station and the men got up from their regular stopping place, the train now evidently flagged.

The girl started up when she heard the men. She seized her bag and fled like a bird to the end of the car.

The train had scarcely come to a standstill and swung through a spring conductor following. In the astonished Englishman was lying the chief marked "L. K." One of the men "Your bird has flown, Charlie," he the end of the car where the girl had.

Many eager men told of her flight, though search was made of the smoke the station, no trace of the missing inquiries failed to discover the fact that entered or left the smoker.

The Englishman sat dazed with his hands and it was a long time before to open his paper to the page that told which had some painful connection with the girl whose presence had been of



[July 20, 1902.]

July 20, 1902.]

## TRAGEDY OF A TRAIN.

From a Special Contributor.

SHE came into the train and seated herself in front of the man in the Norfolk jacket.

The man was an Englishman of about thirty-seven. He had the British cast all over and the set of his shoulders was superb.

He was unfolding his paper to read when the girl came in, and the reason that he was tempted to look at her was that an exquisitely delicate odor of violets was wafted across his senses as she passed. He looked at her very intently after the first glance, and observed every detail of her and her attire. He noted the smallness of her ear, turned slightly toward him, and the delicate pink of it with a brown mole implanted so temptingly on the soft lobe; and later he discovered a slender white scar, like a thread, that marked its way across her rose-bloom cheek and only served to accentuate the beauty of it.

She sat as far away from the window as possible, quite over against the aisle, and watched the door with alert eyes. The man fancied that she was watching for some one to join her, but the train started and she was left alone.

She no longer watched the door, but took out a folded newspaper and spread it to read. Then she turned deliberately around and for a moment gazed full and fair into the eyes of the enchanted Englishman behind her. For a moment, felt as if something were choking her, she was so surprised by that fine, frank gaze, and when she turned away he felt that never as long as he could he would forget those grave, grave eyes, that seemed to look to the very bottom of his soul and made him feel ashamed that it was no whiter for her sight.

He still watched her when she turned away her glance, without a thought of doing anything else, although he had been very eager to read the startling account of a crime that was paraded on the first page of the newspaper in glaring headlines that had astonished his quiet British senses.

The handsome Englishman in his big Norfolk jacket vainly thought of his wasted years. He felt a sense of shame at not having made more of himself instead of wandering up and down the face of the earth in search of pleasure. He grew very serious and sad as the train sped on and he still gazed at the girl before him, for although he did not place that interpretation upon his feelings he was already deeply in love.

He recognized the fact, however, that he had never felt just this way before in the presence of any woman, although he had been in many lands and had seen many beautiful women, some of whose hearts he had made his own, if he had not indeed broken them.

As he continued to watch her with tantalizing thoughts beating into his brain, he noticed that she was reading the same startling article, the headlines of which had so interested him. She was reading it with a slightly rising color and eyes that shone with an unusual brilliancy. The man's eyes followed the lines she was reading:

"Robbery and murder! Said to be the work of a woman!" he read aimlessly—"Delicate handkerchief with blood stains upon it dropped near the scene of the crime bears the initials 'L. K.' and it is delicately embroidered with violet," so the story ran, but the lines conveyed scarcely any meaning to the man's brain, so he looked at it just now with the beauty of the woman over whose shoulders he was reading, as if with a subconsciousness.

"The man was shot," his eyes followed, "and a small, four-mounted revolver, also bearing the initials 'L. K.' was found a few feet from the murdered man, who had been shot in the back."

The Englishman's eyes drifted from the printed page to the exquisite face of the girl, and her beauty gave him even a keener delight than at first. He was so early wrapped up in his adoration that he forgot people and place and time; nothing had any significance to him save that little ear, the shining, young hair, and the sweet feminine presence before him.

He raised her handkerchief to her lips with a little nervous motion; the man watched her eagerly. Then his eyes riveted upon a delicately embroidered "L. K." and a breath of violet perfume fanned his nostrils fragantly.

For a moment he grew cold with the sudden shock the letters had given him, then he smiled and thought how many people there were bearing names that commenced with L. K.

The train slowed up to a station. Everybody looked out and the men got up from their seats, for it was not a regular stopping place, the train being a limited one, and evidently flagged.

The girl started up when she heard the remarks of the men. She seized her bag and her long cloak and ran like a bird to the end of the car next the smoker.

The train had scarcely come to a stop when two men sprang aboard and swung through the cars, with the conductor following. In the seat in front of the Englishman was lying the delicate handkerchief marked "L. K." One of the men picked it up.

"Your bird has flown, Charlie," he said and rushed to the end of the car where the girl had disappeared.

Half-a-dozen men told of her flight, but though a thorough search was made of the smoker, the platform and the station, no trace of the missing girl was found, and the men failed to discover the fact that any woman had entered or left the smoker.

The Englishman sat dazed with his conflicting emotions and it was a long time before he had the heart to open his paper to the page that told a tale so horrible and which had some painful connection with the beautiful girl whose presence had been of such enchantment

to him and who had stirred his heart to its very depth.

The man turned to the big headlines and read carefully from beginning to end the whole story, which, in brief, was that the murdered man had been found at a pavilion at a small watering place, with the handkerchief and revolver marked with the significant "L. K." close by. He had been noticed there a short time before his body was discovered, with a very beautiful, blonde girl and a stout, florid-faced man.

That was all. No motive was hinted, for the man's jewels and money were still upon his person and his cards engraved, "Mr. Harold Jackson," revealed his name, but gave no address.

The Englishman put the paper down and looked out the car window at the swiftly-passing fields, brooding golden in the sunshine, with birds flying over and all the air soft and tender with September.

"A very beautiful blonde girl," he repeated slowly to himself and then covered his eyes with his hand as if to shut out the thought that came rushing through his mind of how she had fled with such frightened eyes when the train was flagged—fled and left her little violet-scented handkerchief to tell the tale.

But that sweet face, and those eyes—over and over again he pictured her and everything about her all so plainly marked in his memory. He could never forget her as long as he lived—never.

Six months later the Englishman was waiting impatiently in the reception-room of a famous specialist. There was another patient before him and as he had arrived on time for his appointment he felt irritated on having to wait.

Then the door opened and there entered two women, a sweet-faced sister of charity and a tall young woman dressed neatly in black and wearing dark-gray glasses. A close black toque rested on her fair hair and a black veil swept loosely about her face.

The young woman seated herself at one side of the room and the sister assured her in a sweet, even voice, that she would return in an hour. Then the sister went out softly and closed the door.

The Englishman, after his first glance at the two women had turned to the window and now as he stepped back to seat himself he looked toward the woman who was just throwing up her black veil.

Her face was partly turned from him, but the beauty of her chin and cheek turning away from him arrested his attention and with a start that was almost a jump, he noticed a little mole marked clearly upon the pink lobe of the ear and a white thread of a scar trailing its way over the bloom of the averted cheek.

He had drawn his breath with a gasp when he saw the marks, and the girl turned sharply and looked at him. A mantling flush passed swiftly over her face as their eyes met, and the man felt an equal confusion, yet they both looked steadily at one another as if fascinated.

The man went straight to her and bending his shoulder, said very gently:

"I was in the train that day, you remember. Whatever your secret may be, have no fear of me. I would quicker take my own life than mention that I ever saw you. See," he added and pulled from his inner pocket the little handkerchief with its tell-tale "L. K." "I asked the detective for it long afterward."

The girl shrank back a little, and then changing suddenly as if from within, she snatched her gray glasses with a wrench and looked up at him bravely, with the sweetest eyes in the world.

"If I tell you will you believe me? and will you be my friend?" she asked eagerly.

The man sat down beside her and said in a voice that was filled with a sort of awe and reverence:

"I will believe everything that you may say, and will give my whole life to you if it be needed."

"I am sure I can trust you," she said simply. "I felt it that day on the train," and she looked into his eyes steadily.

After a little pause, she went on in a low voice: "The murder was not committed by me." She drew her lips in at one side and bit it white against her teeth as if the story hurt her in the telling.

"He was my husband. We had been married only a few hours and the other man mentioned in the account was my brother, who died the next day after the tragedy, of apoplexy, in a New York hotel."

"We had just arrived at the little summer resort among the hills and before going to the hotel to register we went up to the little pavilion and sat down, enjoying the beauty of the place and talking over our plans. I had my little revolver with me and had been showing it to my husband and brother and trying to convince them that I was a good shot, which I failed to do and laid it on the edge of the seat where my husband was sitting."

"My brother was not to remain with us at the hotel, where we ourselves intended to stop but a day or two, just to rest and make our plans for the future. I was an orphan and where we went and where we stayed were of very little moment to me."

"We had been sitting there but a few moments when a piece of bark fell from the roof of the little pavilion and struck upon my revolver, which was cocked, and the shock discharged it full into the back of my husband. He reeled and fell forward with a cry of pain. My brother and I ran to him and raised his head, but he gave me one look of agony and died."

"The shock to me was more terrible than I can express. It seemed to stun me, and when my brother said with a look of horror on his face: 'Lillian, you must take the next train for New York and leave all this to me,' I obeyed without a question; I was so dazed that my own mind seemed to have no sense of action, and I depended entirely on my brother's directions."

"I did not know, however, that my brother lost his head and fled, leaving the body of my husband where it had fallen, until I saw the awful first accounts in the New York papers as I was going to the station to take the train from New York to my home in a western city."

When the detectives came on board the train I was terrified for I seemed to feel the guilt of a murderer after the papers accused me of it and my only instinct seemed to be to flee."

"I ran from the car in which I was riding at the time into the toilet room of the smoker ahead, and there put on my brother's long linen traveling coat, which I had in my bag ever since that fatal day—I also had a soft crush hat of his, and in these things, with my skirts tucked up I passed as a man, stepping down from the car with other men, who had not yet learned the reason for flagging the train, and passed through the station to a train that was at that moment drawing out for New York."

"Upon my arrival in New York, I went directly to the sisters in a convent that I had visited, and I have been there ever since. They do not know my story, for they rarely see the papers, and although they know I have a secret and that I have suffered some great sorrow, they have never pressed me to tell anything of myself. They feel that when the time comes and I am ready that I shall make a full confession."

"I am not a Catholic, but I have found peace in the place of my dead husband's religion, and such tender care as I have had all these months has kept me from going mad."

A year after the day when the two people sat in the train, another American girl became the bride of a British peer. She is said to be the most beautiful woman in London; very tall and blonde and with a white thread of a scar sweeping across her wonderful cheek.

MARIE JOUREAU.

## A BLUE ROSE.

A BOTANICAL CURIOSITY RECENTLY RECEIVED AT THE KEW GARDENS, LONDON.

[New York Times:] The announcement was made a few days ago in a London paper that a perfect blue rose had been received from America at Kew Gardens. There was nothing in the short notice, aside from the mention that the rose was considered a botanical curiosity, to indicate that the flower, a perfect blue, marks an epoch in rose culture.

Among the faddists in the growing of the rose it has been for ages the sought-for color. Not that there would be any particularly large money reward, but there seems to be some allurements in the hope that their name may go down in botanical history trailing after a Latin prefix as the grower of "a perfect blue."

In other countries and in bygone years things were different as to the monetary rewards for successful growing of floral monstrosities. This was notably the case in the Netherlands during the early part of the seventeenth century. The country went mad over the tulip, and large bonuses in cash were offered for the production of a perfect specimen of the different varieties, especially a true black. And one instance is recorded where 13,000 florins was paid for a single plant.

While the growing of these floral freaks has always been a matter of much interest to botanists, it has been a luxury with which the commercial florist, no matter how enthusiastic, could not afford to toy. He is mostly concerned in the successful raising of varieties for which there is a well-known public demand. Thus experimentation has become a monopoly enjoyed by private botanical students and those at the head of botanical gardens and the conservatories attached to private estates.

## KISSING HANDS REVIVED.

Readers of the Pall Mall Gazette have already been informed, through this column, of the revival of that charming and old world custom of kissing hands. Positively, a league has now been started to give form and substance to the revival. The fair members of the league—for, as is only fit and proper, it is exclusively a woman's league—have decreed that their masculine subjects, admitted to the charmed circle of their salons, shall thereby bind themselves to render this delicate and graceful homage. There is a world of significance in hand kissing. One almost wants a guide to it. For instance, when the admirer delicately salutes the finger tips of the lady fair he is merely on the footing of an acquaintance. Should he kiss the palm, that would signify a certain degree of intimacy, and the wrist even more so. The hand is thus the barometer of the affections. The custom is certainly more picturesque than the handshake, which is an abomination, save as a sign of masculine regard. But it requires a degree of grace not attainable by all men—even Frenchmen.—[Pall Mall Gazette.]

## HARD LESSONS IN GOOD MANNERS.

School chaff is wholesome in most cases, but it may cramp what should not be cramped. As to the chaff which a man gives and gets at a university, however, we do not think there can be two opinions. It must do good, and it has not the opportunity of doing harm. Only those receive it who lay themselves open to receive it. The quiet man who wishes to read or to think apart need hardly ever come into contact with his fellows unless he so chooses. The swaggering or bumptious man, the opinionated man, the offensive man—these are certain to be chaffed, and the chaff usually goes home. Not at once, perhaps, but it usually gets there in the end with satisfactory consequences. The personal remark may be rude, but rudeness is often a very salutary weapon. It is certainly one of the most valuable instruments of English education. Indeed, it may seem a strange thing to say, but it is surely true, that continued experience of calculated, formalized and well-intentioned rudeness teaches people to be polite.—[London Spectator.]

Biggs: I was walking along the street this morning whistling when a man in front of me dropped dead. Diggs: Is it possible? I had no idea your whistling was that bad.—[Chicago News.]

One morning the camp was "chunchoe!" and looking out of night men peering at them from mother of pearl disks in their eyes stuck through holes in their of them had eyes in their upper they would thrust their tongues

with bows and arrows, and after their confidence he went hunting them drive their arrows clean through the animal's thick, never says that they could fight do they shoot with their simple

without elements of humanity, and wounded without attempting at their dead lie where they-ex-try to help each other when of hunting parties.

and without the least apparent described to him how they had men in a rubber camp and eaten the victory.

Chunchos the expedition passed ill worse tribe, the Huachaparis, chunchos were afraid. For days vicious that they were surrounded demands, of the savages, but they the footprints and the rustling of the warning of the presence there. But at last De Lautrepp communication with them and come with no inimical purpose, being more horrible and ferocious than one can possibly imagine, few being less than six painted with bright red colors, and fantastically. They, too, had feather ornaments.

that he cannot tell why they persecute their territory alive. "The said us that they had massacred savages just before we arrived, trouble I cannot explain, as they and our firearms caused them harm. Somehow, we had the luck neither of us broke. It may be that we were not after their to be a great cause of tribal wars of women, and, therefore, frequently."

found exist solely by hunting, vents of territory. De Lautrepp throughout shows evidences of and that Peru can open it by hundreds miles of railroad, part already under construction.

J. D. P.

## PEASANTS BOUND.

FREE, THEY ARE STILL BY THE MIR.

literally speaking, of course, are not free, but although he is, or bondman, to the country described gloom. For the country substituted the land, the power in the mir, or village commune, is not an elective assembly, but a species of the heads of families, of elders, of divors; as members of who marry and have children the divor to the mir, and if they they will receive an allotment of land to erect their own cottages, substitute a new divor. They then the mir. When a member of the house the head of the family, and maintains the principle of women

on the land he has no voice and needs no passport; but to leave the village and seek his must have a passport. "This passport the mir. He must, therefore, the mir before he can leave his must be renewed annually to be a peasant—and it is not his official social status. This is

in the days of serfdom it was a gentleman to put all his serfs, as the case might be, under

The peasant under obrok was service, but in lieu of this a sort of. Peasants were allowed to go out, but for this permission they money or kind to their masters. but his permission at the end of his term to return. This system in the mir. The peasant to the mir to go to a town or to he is allowed to resign his when, of course, he forfeits his to continue to pay his share of

## OF A PROBLEM.

thought when the boy inter- two boys had a dispute today, the rights of it."

"asked the father. they went on, 'that you'd know, it to you. They're waiting out-

man cheerfully. "What's the and no feet or all feet and

them? There are a large number of automobiles in use in this city, operated by good fellows like me. The people hereofore have us. Why not continue to love and esteem? I fear that

STRAWBERRY VALLEY LODGE, with first-class tents, clean, new linen, good and well cared for. Central dining-room with excellent chef and good service, and a bar. The lodge is situated in a beautiful spot, and is well equipped for housekeeping. As a general rule, the lodge is open to the public, and is a most desirable place for a stay. The lodge is situated in a beautiful spot, and is well equipped for housekeeping. As a general rule, the lodge is open to the public, and is a most desirable place for a stay.

3. Mrs. Ray of Redlands Dying. Baer Resigns From Endeavorers. Moros More Friendly to Americans. 4. The World's Busy Workers. 5. At the City's Gates.

about her husband's absence... Funeral of James Booth... Truck-driver loses his leg under car... More fire-alarm boxes... Deaf mutes' memorial service... Los Angeles, 4; Sacramento, 3. Venus wins yacht race.

estimated to make 75 to 100 bushels the acre. Previous estimates have been greatly increased prospective yield, being found greater than ever before, exper-







## Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

## Heart on the Right Side.

There is a young man in Brooklyn whose heart is literally on his right side. He is John P. Stafford, a popular young school teacher, who lives at No. 47 Fourth place. Up till a few weeks ago Mr. Stafford never dreamed that his heart was anywhere but on that side of his body where it is generally supposed that all men's hearts lie.

What is more remarkable, Mr. Stafford's heart has been found to be perfectly normal. He has just taken out a life insurance policy, after undergoing a rigid examination by the company's corps of medical examiners. It was not until he made application for a life insurance policy that Mr. Stafford discovered that his vital organ was on the right side of his body. A few days after he made application, in accordance with the usual custom, he was notified to present himself to the company's doctor.

The first thing the doctor did was to look for Mr. Stafford's heart. To his great surprise, he failed to find it in the usual spot, and then, remembering that there have been cases of the sort before, he examined the right side of the applicant's body. He found the organ there, sure enough, and its action as regular as clock-work.

"Your heart is on the right side of your body, young man," the doctor said to Mr. Stafford, after he had satisfied himself that there could be no mistake.

The young school teacher's surprise was not less than that of the physician's, and he went home feeling, as he put himself, that his body had passed through something similar to an earthquake.

The physician who examined the young man, being unwilling to take upon himself the responsibility of accepting him, although he found him to be in good physical condition, decided to bring the matter to the attention of the chief examiner and his associates.

After a few days Mr. Stafford was summoned before the entire board of physicians and examined again. Each member of the board came to the conclusion that, although his heart was on the right side of his body, as a rule Mr. Stafford was sound.

Accordingly, on their recommendation, a policy in the amount for which he had made application was issued to the young man.

Mr. Stafford is in perfect health. He has suffered little from sickness, and his heart has never troubled him. He says that he always had a faint idea that there was something peculiar about it, although he did not know what the peculiarity was. He has noticed the palpitations of the organs on the right side, but never suspected that it was because his heart was there.

Mr. Stafford has been teaching in the public schools in this borough for the last two years, and is a graduate of St. Francis College and of the Teachers' Training School in Jamaica. He is well known in the section where he lives. He is unmarried and about 25 years of age.

Cases of the kind of young Stafford's are very rare. In most of the sort the organs which usually occupy the right side of the body are found on the left side.—(Brooklyn Eagle.)

## Built in Eight Minutes.

ROBERT WHALEY stole a march on the United States Steel Corporation at Newcastle and secured possession of a valuable piece of property, which was sold three weeks ago by the steel combine. With a gang of carpenters Whaley, at midnight on Saturday, jumped down the stout barricade erected by the steel company to protect the land from invasion, and erected a new frame building within eight minutes. The work was accomplished before the detectives hired by the steel company were aware of Whaley's intentions.—(Sharon Hill Correspondence Cincinnati Enquirer.)

## Petrified Pirate.

THE body of a truly petrified man has been found by treasure hunters on Padre Island, not far from here. The island is 125 miles long and about three miles wide. Its northern coast is directly across the bay from Corpus Christi. There is a legend to the effect that during the latter part of the eighteenth century a Spanish pirate craft was wrecked near the island; that a great quantity of gold was brought ashore. The crew quarreled among themselves over its distribution, and a fight ensued, in which a number were killed. The survivors buried the treasure. Large piles of human bones that for years have remained bleaching in the sun at the mouth of the Blind Oso (a small salt-water channel) are pointed out as evidence of the battle. From time to time many treasure hunters have delved in the sands of Padre Island in search of the supposedly buried gold. Beyond the finding of a few Spanish coins of small value these searches have been fruitless.

Not past failures did not discourage Frank Long, John Genesetate and Charles Maris, all of Corpus Christi. A few days ago they left this city for Padre Island to resume the search for the treasure. They found no buried treasure, but discovered something far more valuable. They were supplied with a divining rod, and while probing in the sand struck a hard object. Hastily throwing aside the sand, they were astonished to behold the form of a man literally turned to stone. The body is that of a man apparently 50 years old and 5 feet 7 inches tall. The eyes are gone, but every other feature, including mustache and eyebrows, is plainly visible. In the left side of the head there is a large gash and two wounds on the legs, giving undeniable evidence that the man was either murdered or died in a fight. That he was decently buried by

friends is evident from the restful position in which the arms are folded across the breast.

Near by the remains were found several silver buttons and the blade of a knife of antique design. There were no signs of a coffin, box or shroud. While excavating the right ear of the stone man was knocked off. This curious find was placed in a small sail boat and brought to Corpus Christi, where it has been viewed by hundreds.—(Corpus Christi (Tex.) Correspondence Philadelphia North American.)

## Dog With a Queer Tail.

STRIKING and remarkable is the drawing of a greyhound that is one of the surprising finds of the last year in Egypt. The astonishing feature of this drawing is the curious knoblike ending the tail, clearly defined and portrayed, which gives a vivid glimpse of the strange and hitherto unknown type of animal.

This ball-like termination of the tail is a puzzle to scientists, who are unable to account for or to trace its origin.

A noteworthy outcome of this find is the fact that the existence of the pure type of greyhound is pushed back to greater antiquity than was supposed. This illustration of the animal is considered to be the oldest in existence and was executed some 5000 years ago. It was found on an elaborate wall painting on one of the royal tombs near Thebes.

The tomb was that of the famous Theban kings, who reigned from 2800 to 3000 B. C. The monarch was a great sportsman and the walls of the spacious interior of his burial chamber were highly ornamented with hunting scenes. The King is depicted several times, along with his favorite greyhounds, on hunting expeditions.

Antelopes seem to have been the most hunted of all wild game at this early period. They are frequently shown being pursued by the greyhounds, and hunters with long spears. It is, however, a wonderful type of that dog and a marked variation of the usual type that it is of especial interest to naturalists and fanciers.—(Pittsburgh Dispatch.)

## First of the Kind on Record.

THE story reached me from the lips of Mr. Calkins, the engineer. He tells a queer incident of his life, while engineer of a freight train on the Lake Shore Railroad, stating that a young man who secured a position as brakeman on his train had suffered severely from the bite of a huge blacksnake. The particulars of the unfortunate man's accident, if it may be called such, were as follows:

It was on the night run of Calkins' freight train from Toledo to Cleveland. The weather was bad, the night was as black as Egyptian darkness and the rain fell freely at intervals. Calkins pulled up his train at a watering tank near a heavy piece of woodland. The train stopped for ten minutes and soon after it started again was rushing down a steep grade at a terrific rate of speed.

The engineer whistled down brakes, and the new brakeman, who was in the caboose of the train, clambered upon the car and started along the train to tighten up the brakes. He rushed over the roofs of the rear cars, which were wet and slippery, and succeeded in putting on the brakes of each car. When he reached the fourth car from the rear he balanced himself and prepared to tighten the brake. As he grasped what he thought was the brake, something struck him in the face, knocking him down upon the roof of the car and nearly hurling him from the train.

He was thunderstruck at the strange blow that had felled him, and for a moment clung to the roof of the car, terror-stricken and speechless. After recovering his self-possession he started to take hold of the brake again, when he heard a hissing noise. For a moment he hesitated, and then, thinking the startling noise came from the engine, he grasped the top of the brake again with both hands. The next instant he jumped into the air and gave a yell of pain.

The train was instantly stopped, and the engineer and fireman, rushing back, found him reclining on the roof of the car, moaning as if suffering from intense pain. It seems what he thought was the brake was nothing else than a huge blacksnake, fifteen or eighteen feet in length, that had coiled itself up on the end of the car in such a manner that he mistook the terrible reptile for the brake. He was badly bitten in three places on his hands and arms and suffering terribly.

The snake began unwinding itself as soon as the train stopped, and, sliding off the car, soon disappeared in a thicket at the side of the track. The brakeman was taken to his home, remedies were applied and he was soon in a fair way to recovery. Engineer Calkins says this is the first instance of the kind on record.—(New York Times.)

## Identified the Safety-pin.

MRS. KATHRYN HARTRIDGE, the English woman accused by Otto Kersgood of San Francisco of the larceny of \$270 while the two were fellow-passengers on the Pacific Ocean three days out from San Francisco, was arraigned in Jefferson Market Court today before Magistrate Pool. Mrs. Hartridge had only \$120 when searched. Kersgood told the story of his meeting Mrs. Hartridge, of the games of bridge whist, and of the \$270 which he thinks Mrs. Hartridge took. At this point in his narrative he produced a large safety pin and offered it in evidence. He had used it, he said, for years to pin his bills in his coat pocket. This safety pin, he says, he found in Mrs. Hartridge's cabin after his money had disappeared.

Magistrate Pool picked up the safety pin and exam-

ined it. Mrs. Hartridge produced half a dozen more which to the eye were identical. The magistrate lowered the handful of safety pins beneath the bench and mixed them up. Then he opened his fists and extended the collection toward the complainant, bidding him select his own. This Kersgood did, identifying his pin by its brassiness and the width of the loop.

"It's a good identification," the magistrate declared, "and I'll have to hold you in \$500 bond until tomorrow."—(Chicago Tribune.)

## Honors for a Hen.

GANDERSHEIM, a German village, has recently been given a fete. The occasion was the honoring of a hen which has laid its thousandth egg. Many of the houses were decorated with flags, while in the evening the proprietor of the hen entertained his friends at a supper at which the principal dish was a gigantic omelet. The function was a splendid success, and the health of the hen was drunk with great enthusiasm. The Gandersheim hen, not satisfied with the unique distinction, at once proceeded to set up a new record. But should the Gandersheim hen not have been a goose?—(Pall Mall Gazette.)

## Prisoner a Half Minute Old.

THE Mercer County Jail holds the tiniest, youngest prisoner ever committed to its fastness. She is Emma Jane Taylor, and her age at the time of her commitment was a ½ minute. The child was born yesterday to Bertha Taylor, who is serving a three months' sentence for larceny, and Jailer Van Horn informed County Physician Rogers that it would be illegal to keep the newcomer in the prison over night without a formal commitment.

To separate mother and child meant anguish for the former and possibly death for the latter. This was too much for the kind-hearted physician, and assuming the authority of a magistrate, Emma Jane Taylor was quickly entered upon the roll of prisoners. Mother and child are doing well.—(Trenton (N. J.) Correspondence Philadelphia Record.)

## A Pauper's Skin and Bones.

AN EXTRAORDINARY letter was read at the Ruthin Board of Guardians from Thomas Jones, a pauper now in the Union Workhouse. The strange epistle was as follows:

"I beg to ask Humphreys Roberts (clerk of the board) through the medium of the board, will he kindly inquire of Boaz Jones what can he give for my skin, and what is it most suitable to fetch the best price, and whether will the flesh do (if melted) to make candies or some form of lubrication for machinery axles, and if so, what?"

"Also inquire of Dr. J. R. Hughes what are my bones best adapted for—whether they are suitable for knife and fork handles, and what price they ought to fetch, and whether they would fetch better price if sent to make handles for surgical instruments."

Boaz Jones referred to in the letter is a chandler of Denbigh, and Dr. Hughes is the Coroner for West Denbighshire.—(London Express.)

## Breaks Bear-killing Record.

HOW many bears Samuel Day of Wesley, Me., killed up to the year 1865 there is no telling, for in his boyhood days no one thought it worth while to keep a tally of the number killed. Since 1865, however, when he settled at Brake-neck Bridge, it is known that he has killed 251 bears. In 1899 he was taken with the rheumatism and since has not bothered much about bears, it being hard for him to get about in the woods and, besides, bears are not so numerous as in former times, and the State has stopped paying a bounty on them.

In his palmy days this champion hunter of Maine slew seven in two days. At another time five weeks of hunting brought in twenty-seven. While he has killed a good many bears with his rifle, "standing off," most of his prizes have been trapped. When the bear business was good he would have twenty-five traps set at one time, and each of these he visited once a week or oftener. In all his hunting he never suffered serious injury, although his right forearm bears the marks where once a big cub made furrows with claws. He is 66 years old and has raised fourteen children. He is rather slight in stature, but very strong.—(Philadelphia Record.)

## How Soon Beheading Kills.

CONSIDERABLE attention has lately been given in France to the old question as to whether death follows instantaneously upon decapitation. A French physician asserts that it does not. In his opinion the blood which flows after decapitation comes from the large vessels of the neck, and there is hardly any call upon the circulation of the cranium. The brain remains intact, nourishing itself with the blood retained by the pressure of the air. When the blood remaining in the head at the moment of separation is exhausted there commences a state, not of death, but of inertia, which lasts up to the moment when the organ, no longer fed, ceases to exist. It is estimated by the physician in question that the brain finds nourishment in the residuary blood for about an hour after decapitation. The period of inertia would last for about two hours, he thinks, and absolute death would not ensue till after the space of three hours altogether. Possibly this may be some consolation to those about to be guillotined.—(London News.)

If in the center of it you place your own work or embroidery on which you wish to place a picture, it will look well with a fresh, fresh, fresh, and white. Ceiling plain cream. Use a woven rag rug, green and white, old underwear can be made into a rug, dyed with aniline dyes, and cut out wall space at foot of attractive corner of it with cream, very sheer white dotted muslin at your walnut furniture it will be down and stain with any desired. There are many kinds made and if a practical man can do it for white rag carpet with wide border look nice in your little breakfast room. I had a pair of my own, of such worry I discarded them, though, or the position important, or drape your old blue Gibraltars at foot of stairs?

Barbara, writes: "I have a room chamber. It is finished in oak, paper on walls, is furnished in mahogany and wardrobe built in. They are oak from floor to ceiling. What shall I do for their looks? What kind of carpet? What kind of curtains shall I use? There are two, and they are an elephant on my head, inviting. What shall I use on the wall? I want to change an east window; thought of using small stained glass below, run a brass rod through curtains of silk below." "Difficultly lies in the fact you are in a room that contains a great deal of furniture, and it is possible to use an old carpet of real Wilton, in a deep red paper, on the floor, have some introduced with tufted cushions in the room, have some of the same green leaves, also some large plain with the same taffeta. The net curtains at your four windows and over these red, drawn back, of the plain red taffeta, the shade of covering. Be sure all of your books in your bookcase with a book in your writing desk you will be guest chamber. Personally I do not like of colored glass and plain, small panes of the clear glass above, in curtains as you suggest?"

Mam, writes: "I want your advice in furnishing a dining-room, the color to be blue and white. The floor will be blue and white. The furniture bright piano in mahogany case, two and straight-back chair, mahogany furniture could you suggest? White ruffled, muslin curtains. How shall I drape my window? Stains of plain blue denim, or the Japanese crepe? Or instead could I use this blue silk under the muslin? How to hang the over-curtains? Should they be over the muslin curtains? I want one of the windows; how should I promise exceedingly well, and excellent. Since you live in New York you will find it an easy matter to find a mahogany piece to complete a quaint old sofa, which you will find a dull blue silk velvet introduced in color you will feel the need of a floor covering. As to your window, sheer, white muslin, ruffled as you suggest against the glass; use the old curtains and have the blue and white straight scarfs either sides of window, hanging your window with them. Then an extra rod that extends beyond the muslin ones. Cover your window with exactly matching the darkest blue crepe scarfs extend down below the window seat, the muslin curtains to the floor, also sash curtains. This gives a nice effect. In this room you will find, and crystal bowls for flowers will look well; also good blue and white."

"The House Beautiful" will answer, and clearly stated queries addressed to it from whatever source or locality, whether of California or not; and where also understood on any particular point, the necessary explanation. Answers will be deferred for a week or more.

## ORIGINAL DEATH NOTICE.

appeared in a local paper at Knappton, Mercury says: "The 28th inst. Amy Jane Smith, aged 1 year and 10 months, died at her home, and heart-broken parents and city thanks to Dr. Jones for his skill during the illness of the deceased. The brevity of his bill; also to Dr. Jones, and to Mr. Robinson for his skill."

them? There are a large number of automobiles in use in this city, operated by good fellows like you. The people heretofore have not. Why not continue to make use of them? I fear that the

STRAWBERRY VALLEY LODGE, with first-class tents, clean, new linen, good food, all well cared for. Central dining-room with excellent chef and good service, and a bar. THE LODGE—Furnished tents to rent well equipped for housekeeping. As a department there are: (a) Well stocked general store; (b) Meat market; (c) Baker's; (d) Barber's.

3. Mrs. Ray of Redlands Dying. Baer Resigns From Endeavorers. Moros More Friendly to Americans. 4. The World's Busy Workers. 5. At the City's Gates.

about her husband's absence....Funeral of James Booth....Truck-driver loses his leg under car....More fire-alarm boxes....Deaf mutes' memorial service....Los Angeles, 4; Sacramento, 3....Venus wins yacht race....Sharing of many farms that were

estimated to make 75 to 100 bushels the acre. Previous estimates of loss have been greatly increased prospective yield, being found greater than ever before, experience of many farms that were



## Fresh Literature. Reviews by the Times Reviewer.

### SCRIPTURAL STUDY.

#### The Book of Books.

SUMMER Bible schools are at this time assembling in the East in classes taught by men eminent for Biblical scholarship. These conventions prove a deepened interest in scriptural knowledge. A feature of the exercises at Northfield, Mass., this month, was a twilight service on Round Top, addressed by the Rev. C. W. Gordon, better known as "Ralph Connor," author of "The Man from Glengarry" and "The Sky Pilot." He spoke on frontier mission work. These classes can but stimulate a study of various versions of the Bible and lend new interest to such names as Jerome and Wycliffe.

Among recent scriptural publications the Temple Bar Series comes in daintily produced volumes with instructive notes. Each volume contains a "Synchronism of Ancient History" and gives a catalogue of English literary productions, which have been enriched by Biblical reference. The text is that of the authorized version. The work of editor and publisher makes a direct appeal to the student of literature and sacred history. For whatever may be the imperfections of the various versions, a book that has lived, while millions of famous books have perished, is seen to possess a marvelous significance, and no work of genius could have the vital interest of this book of books. Its psalms and hymns, its parables and symbols, its dreams and visions lead, not only into the remote life of the Greek, Latin, Syriac, Egyptian and Armenian, but also into medieval England, and the fervors of its scholasticism, where many names are set for lasting remembrance. Its mysterious and true admonitions unfold a wonderful story of God's love and care from Genesis to Apocalypse, by which the humblest child of earth may walk and be not afraid. Nature, which is the work of His hand, calls through its laws to a knowledge of the Creator, as the precepts of the Bible speak of a divine Law-giver to the heart of faith. The scholarly notes appended to the Temple Bar Series of "The Book of Moses, Called Numbers," give the reader many interesting explanations concerning the written text, and vindicate the historical claims of scripture. They may remind the student of the words of an eminent Biblical scholar, who said recently in The Tablet, "Some sixty years ago Ferdinand Christian Baur founded the Tubingen School of Scriptural Criticism. The factor which gave this school existence and influence was the thesis of Baur that New Testament history and the Testament documents, such as we know them, were the products of a religious compromise, effected no earlier than the last part of the second century of our era. It was all an attempt to prove that the facts of history and the doctrines of the Bible were in contradiction. Now the most accredited representatives of the same Tubingen movement declare categorically that their predecessors were mistaken, and that a later and more accurate study of the sources of information has demonstrated the exactness of the ancient tradition that they had pushed aside."

In our age of printing it is difficult to understand the early labors of preserving the books of the Bible. Learned monks were constantly employed in copying the Biblical books with the pen. When the modern languages of Europe sprang from the Latin, the Bible was translated into these languages. The venerable Bede, who translated the scriptures into Saxon, the language of England, died while dictating the last verse of St. John's gospel.

Schlegel, who calls attention in his works to the German translation of the Bible, says that Luther had not the whole merit of the translation, but that he selected the best parts of translations existing before his time, and was assisted in this labor by several of his friends, among them "the indefatigable Melancthon." "We owe him nevertheless the highest gratitude for placing in our hands this most noble and manly model of German expression," he states, and says that in no other modern language have so many Biblical words and phrases come into the use of common life and thereby much has been added to the power, simplicity and eloquence of German literature.

Notwithstanding the fact that Voltaire drew men by the sophistry of his wit into whirlpools of atheistic philosophy, and that Rousseau and his coadjutors set false lights before the people, the study of the Bible is vastly on the increase. The earnestness of the purpose which is sending the truths of Christianity to all lands, the wide interest in the various interpretations, gives special importance to the words of a learned divine of the Catholic University of Baltimore. He writes, "The Bible is human, because it was written in a human language, by members of the human family and addressed to the human understanding, and to the human heart and to the human soul. Its thoughts were written with the assistance of a human intellect, with the consent of a human will and with the resource of a human memory, and were colored by the creative faculties of the human imagination."

"The truths taught in scripture all come in some way from God; but they were molded into shape and took form in the human brain; they made human nerves vibrate; they made a human heart pulsate; they made a human mind operate, and they ran from the fingers of a human hand on to the pages of the inspired Book. In the very moment of its composition. The words also, when written down, were human words, belonging to some family of human language, and are to be interpreted in accordance with the general principles also of rational hermeneutics. All this is most reasonable. For it is clear that if God wishes to teach man by means of inspired scripture he must teach him not in the language of angels, but of men. The result is that while the Bible is authoritative because it is the word of God,

it is also intelligible because it is the word of man. It is a perversion of the proper concept of inspiration to represent it as reducing the sacred writer to a mere machine. Inspired men did not receive the Bible already printed, bound, clasped and illuminated. They wrote it with conscious effort of head, hand and heart."

God could have written the sacred books as He wrote the sentence of Belshazzar on the walls of his palace at Babylon, or just as He wrote the Ten Commandments for Moses on the tables of stone. He could have written the Bible, with an iron pen and with lead on the rocks forever, or He could have carved it in huge, indelible hieroglyphics upon some crag of the Rocky Mountains, or He could have blazoned it forth on the blue vault of heaven, in letters of burnished gold, where all the world might read. He could, no doubt, but He preferred to write it with the cooperation of a human intellect, and with the consent of a human will, and with the resources of a human memory, and with the coloring of a human imagination. He preferred to save men by the instrumentality of men. He preferred to use human minds as the channels of His communications, because thus the message would be more readily received, and more thoroughly assimilated, and more lastingly retained, and more vividly colored by human reasoning and by human suffering. It is precisely this human tint, this stamp of the children of Adam, that makes this book so congenial, so intelligible and so clear to us as it is. With its endless varieties of human characters and temperaments, with its ceaseless display of human sentiments and human passions and with its ever-varying aspects of God's many-



DMITRI MEREWOWSKI.

sided truths, the Bible is by all means the most intensely interesting book in the wide world. St. Cyril of Jerusalem uses a beautiful simile to explain the varying action of the Holy Spirit in differently constituted men.

"One and the same rain falls from heaven upon the whole world, yet it becomes white in the lily, and red in the rose, and purple in the pansy and in the violet. In itself, however, it is invariable, and changes not, but, by adapting itself to the nature of each thing it becomes what is appropriate to each. It is the same in the reading of scripture."

The author urges further the divine elements of a book of which God is the author and whose revelations and inspirations treat of "the deep things of the soul." Of the book of Genesis this writer says glowing words which should be written on the hearts of men.

"It is a primeval hymn. It is an inspired song of creation. Because it contains the most profound theology, it must have been placed at the head of the Book to teach the most essential truths of natural and spiritual religion. By implication it teaches the existence of God, because it is He who created. It teaches the eternity of God, because He was, before the things which He created in time. It teaches the spirituality of God because He created the first matter. It teaches the omnipotence of God, because He created all things out of nothing. It teaches the free will of God because He inaugurated a new order of things. It teaches the wisdom of God because He brought order out of chaos. It teaches the infinity of God because it represents Him as existing beyond all limitations of time and space."

C. Buchanan Gray in "The Fourth Book of Moses, Called Numbers," has written a beautiful historical introduction and calls attention to the large amount of Hebrew poetry in the Book of Numbers. The pre-exile stories, and the post-exile stories are also considered.

"The Earlier Pauline Epistles, Corinthians, Galatians and Thessalonians," have been edited by Vernon Bartlet, M.A., who says: "The letters of Paul are the most remarkable known to history. They are so, not merely judged by the influence they have exerted, but also as a revelation of the author's personality. Of all forms of writing, the letter is the most unstudied, personal and self-revealing, and it is a striking fact, in-

dicative of the spontaneous and vital nature of primitive Christianity, that nearly one-third of the New Testament is composed of letters of one kind or another. They form the earliest part of it, representing the original shape of the gospel as written word." The letters are carefully interpreted with historical notes, and the exquisite binding and convenient form of the publication will be appreciated by Biblical students.

[The Fourth Book of Moses, Called Numbers, edited by C. Buchanan Gray, M.A.]

The Earlier Pauline Epistles, Corinthians, Galatians and Thessalonians. Edited by Vernon Bartlet, M.A. Dent & Co., London. J. P. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. Price 60 cents each. For Sale by Fowler & Wells, Los Angeles.]

### POETRY.

#### The Dream of the Pageant.

The intended coronation of Edward VII seems to have awakened in William Watson many reflections on the glory of England's past. The descriptions of the shadowy monarchs in the long march of the ages seem peculiarly adapted to the somber impression of ghostly memories, as evoked by the lesson of the past in which an uninvited guest has lingered long at the palace gate. Mr. Watson says of the dim ranks in the background,

"Sirs, we have looked on many and mighty things, In these eight hundred summers of renown, Since the Gold Dragon of the Wersex Kings On Hastings' field went down, And slowly in the ambience of this crown, Have many crowns been gathered, till, today How many peoples crown thee, Who shall say?"

The contrast of the magnificent preparation and the sick chamber is still too fresh in the mind to allow a critical reading of coronation poetry. At the instance of Good Words, the popular English monthly magazine, a competition was held and prizes offered for the best ode on the coronation of Edward VII. The widespread interest through England, the colonies and the United States, the Critic asserts, resulted in 1000 odes. The first prize was awarded to the Rev. L. B. Lean, who was born in 1867 and is of Scots origin. The poem is republished in the Critic of this month. The author has already achieved reputation by the publication of "God's Altar Stairs," a book of lectures on "The Lord's Prayer," and other books. He was educated at Edinburgh University.

Among the poems of distinctive interest which have appeared, and which seem to show that the fires of poetry are still bright in the hearts of men, is Bliss Carman's "Coronation Ode." It contains twenty-seven stanzas, and maintains a spirit of patriotic passion throughout. Yet the reader will see that the poet has held a fine restraint on his vision and emotion, and has told the love of country in technical and well-balanced forms of poetic expression, which tell "There are joy-bells over England, there are flags in London town;

There is bunting on the Channel, where the flags go up and down;

There are bonfires alight In the pagant of the night, There are bands that blare for splendor and gauds to speak for might.

For another King of England is coming to his crown.

The poet has well described the glories of the nation to be, but reminds the King that it is only God's grace and the love and loyalty of a people that he comes into his place, and that the will of God and India and the islands of the sea is seen in the wonderful pageant. Of war it is said:

"Oh, doubt not, wrong, oppression and violence are tears.

The ignorance and anguish and folly of the years, Must pass and leave behind

The saner soul and mind, And the slow ages shall evolve a loftier mankind.

When over lust and carnage the great white page appears."

To the faith of England there is the following tribute:

"They have visions of a country that sorrow knew;

They have rumors of a region where the heart is naught to rue;

And never will they rest Till they teach the fabled West,

That is charred, dim but certain, in the volume of the breast,

And forever they are dreamers who make the dream come true."

[Coronation Ode. By Bliss Carman. L. C. Page & Co., Boston.]

### FICTION.

#### A Colonial Romance.

Prof. Stephens, in his World's Work article on the Living American Historians, says the United States has five contemporary historians of the first rank. Their work, he considers, equals in thoroughness and style the best works of the age in Europe, and mark solid advance in the world's knowledge of the past. These five men are the late Francis Parkman, Henry Charles Lea, Capt. A. T. Mahan, Henry Adams and James Ford Rhodes. Of Henry Adams's "History of the United States, During the Administration of John Q. Adams and Madison" one reads:

"Henry Adams adds to exceptional scientific skill the handling of his material a most interesting and

effective style. He has no printed material published of the publication of his book, a knowledge of the material that preserved in the French the use of all possible means himself a master of the French period of American history of touch which he exhibits in the politics of France, of Napoleon, is remarkable. American historians. His contribution to American history, to the understanding of the present time, American political history. But he has supplied in the first place the key which opens, peoples, the character of the present writer is asked, his friends, to recommend to them the American people of expansion across the North always refers his questions of Mr. Adams's history, and ter 6, on 'American Ideals.'

The views of this English will have an interest at this time, as the English are striving at the historical themes, and introduced have influenced the world's

The estimate of historical a field for critical judgment. proportions of the flow of the defense against patriarchy and lead to a polar star of truth quest the future romancers to show the ways of their national iconoclasm of the hour guise of truth, might lead with "The Lay of Vegam" in the named his swift Slesinger and the abodes of the dead, prophetic, and pronounced. The deprecation is finely relevant:

"What man is this To me unknown, Who has for me increased An irksome course? I have with snow been covered By rain beaten, And with dew moistened, Long have I been dead."

Odin is shown the grim, hedge even the perishing shade. From the facts adduced in mannaes it would seem that so be written for the defense of the ories are becoming lost to the labyrinth of fabulous tradition. One need but mention the various been ascribed to Theodora B. examples of the cruelties of royal sympathies of a blameless person accredited basis of the imagination wisely employed of time and place should not false taste which adds new of the men and women of the possible to employ the same which one would find essential character, or events in other vogue which has been imputed fiction is peculiarly illustrative, variety, often in open rebellion viously unequal substitute for the of the man of destiny.

Biographical interpretation and fortunate conditions is an arduous hints of personality is an elusive natural witness might venture which have dwelt among the spheres and planets of thought in their about us is one of marvelous instant as the unseen God. To lift the veil on the garb of humanness the dignity and majesty heights and depths and infinite at least, a profound and accurate

Yet it must be acknowledged that can romance writers of the present showing the early national consciousness and justice. On the list may be found, which, while it exhibits the rudeness of political passions every description, shows the glory of independence. The character of charming Alice, who was captured by an old chief, rescued with his apparently last expiring breath on a sledge. This heroine Montreal and finally to London, never to have perished, but they ming time of the Boston tea party. sympathies which became forces of nation are shown in a time of confusion of sword play, blind wrath flowing like streams of flowing impression left by the book, while interest by a series of exciting events [The Colonials. By Allen French & Co., New York. Price, \$1.50. Parker, Los Angeles.]

Virginia Home Life.

Miss Glasgow's novel deals with South before and after the war. are shown in varied phases. The character among lovable women a feature of the story. No small po-



# Reviewer.

serious and vital nature of prim-  
arily one-third of the New York  
letters of one kind or another.  
part of it, representing the origi-  
nal as written word." The letters  
with historical notes, and the  
convenient form of the publica-  
tion by Biblical students.

Mosca, Called Numbers. Edited  
N.A.

Epistles, Corinthians, Galatians  
Edited by Vernon Bartlett, A. M.  
J. P. Lippincott & Co., Philadel-  
phia. For Sale by Fowler Bros.

## POETRY.

tion of Edward VII seems to have  
Watson many reflections on the  
The descriptions of the shad-  
long march of the ages seem to  
the somber impression of phan-  
ghosts by the lesson of the hour,  
guest has lingered long at the  
the says of the dim ranks in the  
on many and mighty things,  
and summers of renown,  
of the Wersex Kings  
it down,  
absence of this crown,  
en gathered, till, today  
own thee.

magnificent preparation and the  
too fresh in the mind to allow  
coronation poetry. At the instant  
popular English monthly maga-  
zine held and prizes offered for  
coronation of Edward VII. The  
through England, the colonies and  
the Critic asserts, resulted in 1902  
was awarded to the Rev. L. M.  
in 1907 and is of Skye origi-  
nal in the Critic of this month.  
achieved reputation by the pa-  
lar Stairs," a book of lectures on  
and other books. He was educated  
ity.

of distinctive interest which has  
seem to show that the ancient  
light in the hearts of men, is  
nation Ode." It contains twenty-  
maintains a spirit of patriotic pa-  
the reader will see that the poet  
rains on his vision and ecstasy,  
of country in technical and well-  
netic expression, which tell  
over England, there are flags on  
the Channel, where the fleet is  
three alight  
t of the night,  
blare for splendor and guns that

England is coming to his crown,"  
described the glories of the crown  
the King that it is only by  
love and loyalty of a people that  
peace, and that the will of Cam-  
brides of the sea is seen in the  
war it is said:

ong, oppression and violence and  
anguish and folly of the years,  
and leave behind  
oul and mind,  
shall evolve a loftier mankind,  
a carnage the great white pole

England there is the following in-

of a country that sorrow now

of a region where the heart has

all they rest

ch the faded West,

but certain, in the volume of the

dreamers who make the dream

By Bliss Carman. L. C. Page &

## FICTION.

his World's Work article on "Bos-  
historians," says the United States  
history historians of the first rank,  
equals in thoroughness, and  
works of the age in Europe, and  
in the world's knowledge of  
on are the late Francis Parkman,  
Capt. A. T. Mahan, Henry Adams,  
and of Henry Adams's "History of  
during the Administration of John  
reads:  
to exceptional scientific skill in  
material a most interesting and

July 20, 1962.]

active style. He has not only worked over all the  
printed material published upon his period at the time  
of the publication of his book, but shows on nearly every  
page a knowledge of the manuscript material, especially  
that preserved in the French archives. In addition to  
the use of all possible material, Mr. Adams has shown  
himself a master of the foreign policy of a most diffi-  
cult period of American statecraft. The sureness  
of touch which he exhibits, when dealing with the in-  
ternal politics of France and England during the time  
of Napoleon, is remarkable, and indeed unique, among  
American historians. His book is not simply a contribu-  
tion to American history; it is an indispensable aid  
to the understanding of European history, when, as at  
this time, American politics were so much involved in  
European history. But beyond all this Henry Adams  
has supplied in the first six chapters of his first vol-  
ume the key which opens, that enigma to all European  
peoples, the character of the American nation. When  
the present writer is asked, as he constantly is by Eng-  
lish friends, to recommend some book that may explain  
to them the American people and their marvelous history  
of expansion across the North American continent, he  
always refers his questioners to the opening chapters  
of Mr. Adams's history, and more particularly to chap-  
ter 6, on "American Ideals."

The views of this Englishman of our local historians  
will have an interest at this time in which so many nov-  
elists are striving at the grasp and treatment of his-  
torical themes, and introducing the men and women who  
have influenced the world's history.

The estimate of historical novels would also afford  
a field for critical judgment. In view of the prodigious  
proportions of the flow of this type of fiction some new  
defense against palsy and superficial inventions might  
lead to a polar star of truth, and the public might re-  
quest the future romancers to append tables of reference  
to show the ways of their inroads on history. The fic-  
tional iconoclasm of the hour, which masquerades in the  
guise of truth, might lead with profit to the reading of  
"The Lay of Veglam" in the Elder Edda. Odin har-  
bored his swift Sleipner and went down to Nifheim  
and the abodes of the dead. He sought the grave of a  
prophetess, and pronounced a spell over the departed.  
The deceiver is finely rebuked in the reply of the  
Valk:

"What man is this  
To me unknown,  
Who has for me increased  
An irksome course?  
I have with snow been covered,  
By rain beaten,  
And with dew moistened,  
Long have I been dead."

Oda is shown the grim, inviolable sanctities which  
hide even the perishing shadows of human existence.  
From the facts adduced in many so-called historical ro-  
mances it would seem that some new decaologue should  
be written for the defense of the dead, whose real mem-  
ories are becoming lost to the world by an inextricable  
abyss of fabulous traditions of willful falsification.  
One need not mention the various deaths which have  
been ascribed to Theodosia Burr in recent fiction, as  
examples of the cruelties of romance in harrowing the  
sympathies of a blameless public, familiar with the  
present accredited basis of testimony. The value of  
the imagination wisely employed in giving the setting  
of time and place should not blind our writers to the  
false taste which adds new features to the portraits  
of the men and women of the past, when it is no longer  
possible to employ the same criterions and methods  
which one would find essential in the interpretation of  
character, or events in other works of art. The dia-  
logue which has been imputed to Napoleon in recent  
fiction is peculiarly illustrative. It is unrivaled in its  
variety, often in open rebellion of taste, and an ob-  
viously unequal substitute for the traditional utterances  
of the man of destiny.

Biographical interpretation and analysis under for-  
tunate conditions is an arduous labor. To follow out the  
lists of personality is an elusive quest. Only a super-  
natural witness might venture to restore those minds  
which have dwelt among the splendors of the very stars  
and planets of thought in their age. The image of life  
about us is one of marvelous mystery, near, yet dis-  
tant as the unseen God. To set the life-colors and  
lift the veil on the garb of human nature, which pos-  
sessed the dignity and majesty of character in all its  
heights and depths and infinite possibilities, demands,  
at least, a profound and accurate method of research.

Yet it must be acknowledged that some of our Ameri-  
can romance writers of the present day have gone far in  
showing the early national conception of liberty, free-  
dom and justice. On the list may be read "The Colon-  
ists," which, while it exhibits ferocity of manners and  
the redness of political passions and civic characters of  
every description, shows the glorious spirit of our epic  
of independence. The characterizations include the  
charming Alice, who was captured by the Indians,  
shaped by an old chief, rescued by a Boston boy, and  
with his apparently last expiring breath, brought to  
Detroit on a sledge. This heroine's destiny led her to  
Montreal and finally to London. She believed her res-  
cuer to have perished, but they met again in the excit-  
ing time of the Boston tea party. The antipathies and  
sympathies which became forces for the freedom of a  
nation are shown in a time of emphasis of acts. Pic-  
tures of sword play, blind wrath, noble enthusiasm,  
flowing like streams of flowing lava, are parts of the  
impression left by the book, which holds the reader's  
interest by a series of exciting events.

[The Colonists. By Allen French. Doubleday, Page  
& Co., New York. Price, \$1.50. For Sale by C. C.  
Parker, Los Angeles.]

## Virginia Home Life.

Miss Glasgow's novel deals with home life in the  
South before and after the war. The social resources  
are shown in varied phases. The mysterious charm of  
character among lovable women and gallant men is a  
feature of the story. No small portion of the zest of

the book may be traced to the vagrant fancies of the  
colored race, and the credulity which is not wanting  
in touches of wit and poetry. The naïveté with which  
little Betty sought old "Aunt Allsey" to conjure her  
red hair coal black, and the faith of the child that the  
old dame lived in the ark with Noah and his family  
is portrayed with realistic sympathy. The agitations  
of the Civil War, and the spirit and duties of the hour,  
when the young cavaliers went out with their negro  
servants and the time was filled with the terror of  
strange forces is woven through the plot. The reader  
in whom the pain of the war is still fresh in the  
heart will not care for imaginative devices to enhance  
the memory of its dire atmosphere, and will be thank-  
ful for the Lethe of forgetfulness to flow over the bar-  
riers of the past. The reader who looks for novelty  
will not find much of it. For the younger generation  
such pictures may have their value in showing the  
price of liberty and union. The perspective of the  
novel is southern, although the author presents types  
of northern nobility.

[The Battle Ground. By Ellen Glasgow. Doubleday,  
Page & Co., New York. Price, \$1.50. For Sale by C.  
C. Parker, Los Angeles.]

## Social Pictures.

The events of this story deal with the ups and downs  
of life and lead the reader from Canada to the Far West.  
The book is of value as showing typical life and man-  
ners.

[Fortune's Wheel. By Martha Gray. The Abbey Press.  
New York. Price, \$1.]

## NEW MAGAZINES.

The Pilgrim for July among its notable contributions  
calls attention to "America's Seashore Playgrounds" in  
a sketch by John Willis. Milton Marks writes of the  
furniture connoisseur, in an amusing sketch on "The  
Furniture Town in Fair Time." Glimpses of American  
club life, pulpit talks on current topics and views of  
gardens, woods and fields, are features of the issue.

The California Home Seeker for July contains ac-  
counts of "Bonanza Farming in California," by Joseph  
H. Hollywood, "Mystic Shriner Conclave," by Jerome  
Herrick, stories by a number of entertaining writers  
and lyrical tributes to the natural beauties of the State  
by representative contributors.

The frontispiece of the American Methodist Illus-  
trated Magazine for July is a half-tone reproduction of  
Foster's fine portrait of Susanna Wesley, the "Mother  
of Methodism." The Famous Hymn Writers Series is  
represented by Philip Doddridge, whom Wesley con-  
sidered the type of a courteous Christian gentleman,  
and whose "Oh, Happy Day, That Fixed My Choice,"  
"Awake, My Soul, Stretch Every Nerve," and other  
masterpieces, are dear to every Christian household.

Collier's Weekly for July 12 contains Walter Well-  
man's "What Congress Has Done and Left Undone." Henry  
L. Abbot writes of "Earthquakes and the Isth-  
mian Canal." Foster Carter tells of "Mining Gold on  
the Surface" and Walter Camp of "Sports of the Amate-  
ur."

In the Literary Collector Fletcher Battershall tells of  
"Book Binding for Bibliophiles," Alfred W. Pollard con-  
tributes the "London Bibliographical Letter."

"Problems of the Pacific" will interest California  
readers of Littell's Living Age, July 12. Annie E. Lane  
tells of "American Wives and English Housekeeping."  
Among other valuable contributions is the sketch on  
"Babylonian Inscriptions in the British Museum."

The Progressive Printer, issued by the Pawly Pub-  
lishing Company, St. Louis, deals with many themes of  
interest to the craft and shows the advance in the art  
and mechanical equipment of journalism.

The Cornhill Magazine for July contains a sketch on  
"Westminster Abbey; the Center of the Empire," by  
the Rev. Canon Hensley Henson. Andrew Lang writes  
of "Bibliomania," and W. Laird Clowes of "The French  
Share in the Mutiny of the Nore."

The Designer for August contains numerous views of  
ladies' toilettes and standard fashions. Summer mil-  
linery, descriptions of juvenile fashions and directions  
for embroidery with a series of sketches on indoor  
and out-of-door life make the table of contents.

The Atlantic Monthly for July, among its fascinating  
papers, contains Edward Dowden's delightful study of  
Walter Pater. Gerald Stanley Lee writes an entertain-  
ing view "On Reading Books Through Their Backs."  
The Contributor's Club adds to the midsummer enliven-  
ment, William F. Willoughby, W. J. Henderson and  
George P. Baker are on the list of favorite authors of  
the number.

The Independent of July 10 contains Prof. Borden P.  
Browne's "The New Psychology," Urbain Gohier writes  
"France and Russia" and Prof. Hall Frye of "Nature  
and Thomas Hardy."

Sunset for July contains a sketch by E. A. Walcott,  
"San Francisco, the Gateway of the Orient." Willmette  
Curtis writes of "Vistas of San Francisco" and Kath-  
leen A. Chandler of "Wild Flowers of the Peninsula."

The New Idea for August comes with a varied table  
of contents, in which ladies' toilettes, "The Home Life  
of Siberian Women," by Lodian Walter Lodian, and  
"The Majority of a King," by Edward Page Gaston  
are illustrative sketches.

Harper's Weekly for July 12 is a number of special  
interest, with its profuse illustrations and varied table  
of contents. "John Kendrick Bangs at Home" and "The  
Last Cable Laid" are illustrative.

Will Carleton's Magazine for July is a number of mid-  
summer interest. A sketch of "A Continent Under Wa-  
ter," which deals with the theme of Plato's "lost At-  
lantis," is a sketch of present-day attraction.

"The Freeze that Thawed Her" is the paradoxical yet  
pointed title of a story in the Black Cat for July, for  
which the author received \$200. For "The Jockey Who  
Went to Sleep," likewise in this issue, its writer also  
received \$200. Three other stories complete the July  
number, the five substantiating the publishers' claim

that no other periodical, no matter what its price, ever  
contained five as clever complete stories.

## PEOPLE AND THINGS LITERARY.

The first American Bible, which was printed in Bos-  
ton in 1752, by Kneeland & Green, and sent out with  
the forged imprint of the London printer, Mark Bas-  
kett, was, says the New York Sun, "Sold lately for  
\$2025. Twenty-five years ago a copy was discovered by  
George P. Philles, an old New York bookseller, now  
living in retirement in Philadelphia, and was sold to the  
late Thomas J. McKee, well known as a lawyer and  
ardent book collector. Mr. McKee, having paid a high  
price for what experts had called an "alleged" book  
remained silent concerning his possession of the vol-  
ume, and until last week hardly three persons outside  
of his family were aware of the fact. That is one rea-  
son why his unique Bible attracted so much attention  
and brought so high a sum—nearly half the price given  
privately last fall for the finest copy in existence of Eli-  
ott's Indian Bible, 1663 (\$5000,) and more than three  
times the price given by the library of Congress some  
years ago for a copy of Aiken's Bible in English, Phil-  
adelphia, 1732 (\$650.)

An exhaustive study of Count Tolstol as man, worker,  
philosopher, prophet, and artist has been written by  
Dmitri Merejkowski, the Russian novelist, author of  
"The Death of the Gods," "Leonardo da Vinci" ("Resur-  
rection of the Gods") and the "Anti-Christ." This  
volume is said to be the first complete study of the work  
and character of Tolstol by one who is a fellow-coun-  
tryman, a personal friend, and a fellow-author. Merej-  
kowski has interested himself in emphasizing the con-  
trast in the character and in the influence of Tolstol  
and of his great contemporary Dostoyevski. Both  
writers have given to the Russian peasant and to his  
interests a devotion which by other Russian authors  
of their generation had been expended upon art.  
Merejkowski, while a cordial admirer of the character  
and of the ideals of his friend, is not a Tolstoyite in his  
views of society or of the future of the world. The  
volume is to be published shortly by A. Constable in  
London and G. P. Putnam's Sons, in New York.

Doubleday, Page & Co. mention that their "New Na-  
ture Library" has now sold more than ninety thousand  
volumes, which considering the elaborateness and com-  
paratively high price of the books contained in it, is  
significant of the growing interest in the lore of nature.  
They will soon add to it volumes dealing with orchids  
and with mammals.

"American Politics," which G. P. Putnam's Sons are  
going to publish, is a discussion by Prof. James Albert  
Woodbury of Indiana University of the fundamental  
principles of republican government.

Henry Holt & Co. of New York will shortly publish  
the second volume of Prof. J. P. Gurdy's "Political Par-  
ties in the United States." The first volume, covering  
1783-1809, was a well-rounded history of the Federal  
period.

Sir Gilbert Parker's history of Quebec, which the  
Macmillan Company will issue in two volumes, will con-  
tain 100 illustrations from the author's large collection  
of the old prints and new photographs of French Can-  
ada.

"The Unspenkable Scot," by T. W. H. Crosland is a  
half humorous, half serious and wholly ironical in-  
dictment of the Scottish character and temperament  
which is announced by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.  
Cutcliffe Hyne, the popular writer of sea stories,  
whose new book, "The Derelict," is among the summer  
offerings of Lewis, Scribner & Co., of New York, is an  
indefatigable traveler. Mr. Hyne estimates that in col-  
lecting the incidents that figure in "The Derelict" he  
traveled a distance sufficient to take him around the  
world.

The new volume of Justin McCarthy's reminiscences  
is to be called "Portraits of the Sixties."

A short time before his death the late Grant Allen  
selected ten of his short stories which he believed to  
represent the best work he had done in the line of fic-  
tion and expressed the hope that his literary reputation  
as a story-teller might be allowed to rest on these.  
These stories have been published by Lewis, Scribner &  
Co., of New York, under the title of "The Backslider."

"Opportunities in the Colonies and Cuba," by Gov.  
William H. Taft has just been issued by Lewis, Scribner  
& Co. of New York. Gov. Taft is enthusiastic about the  
possibilities of the new possessions of the United States  
as represented by nature's resourceful treasury.

The report of Jules Verne's total blindness is said to  
be untrue. Although his eyesight is impaired he goes  
on with his work. His last book, "Jean Marie Cabid-  
oulin," is number eighty-two, but seventeen more are  
already written and ready for publication, and at his  
quiet home in Amiens the seventy-four-year-old novelist  
is working upon the other volume necessary to fill out  
the hundred. The books will be published at the rate of  
two a year.

Mrs. Mary de Mankowski, author of "Ten Years in  
Cossack Slavery; or, Black Russia," and translator of  
"Pharaoh," published by the Abbey Press, is at present  
at work on a new book. The scenes are laid partly in  
the frontier of Texas and in the old capital of Mexico.

Charles Scribner's Sons announce "Sir Edward Land-  
seer, R. A.," by James A. Mason. It is the first of a  
series entitled "The Makers of British Art" which the  
Walter Scott Publishing Company of London has un-  
dertaken in connection with Charles Scribner's Sons.  
Constable, Millais, Reynolds, Romney, Turner and Wil-  
kie are to follow Landseer as rapidly as possible, each  
treated by a well-known authority, the series to be un-  
der the editorship of Mr. Manson.

The Century Company's popular little Thumb Nail  
Series will have added to it this autumn three new books:  
Tennyson's "In Memoriam," with an introduction by  
E. C. Stedman; Sheridan's "The Rivals," with an intro-  
duction by Joseph Jefferson; and "Thoughts of Pascal,"  
newly translated from the French by Benjamin E.  
Smith. The designs for the embossed leather binding  
of these new Thumb-Nail books are said to be pecu-  
liarly beautiful.

them? There are a large number  
automobiles in use in this city,  
operated by good fellows like  
me. The people heretofore have  
said, "Why not continue to use  
them and esteem? I fear that

STRAWBERRY VALLEY LODGE, with first-class tents, clean, new linen, good  
food well cared for. Central dining-room with excellent chef and good service,  
open all day. Phone 1000. Refreshments served at all hours. (a) Well stocked general store; (b) Meat market; (c)  
Bakery. Delivered twice daily; (d) Bakery.

3. Mrs. Ray of Redlands Dying.  
Baer Resigns From Endeavorers.  
Moros More Friendly to Americans.  
4. The World's Busy Workers.  
5. At the City's Gates.

about her husband's absence....Fun-  
eral of James Booth....Truck-driver  
loses his leg under car....More fire-  
alarm boxes....Deaf mutes' memorial  
service....Los Angeles, 4; Sacramento,  
3....Venus wins yacht race....Shar-

estimated to make 75 to 100 bu-  
the acre. Previous estimates  
loss have been greatly increase  
prospective yield, being four  
greater than ever before, ex-  
pling of many farms that were



# The Development of the Great Southwest.

## IN THE FIELDS OF CAPITAL, INDUSTRY AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.]

### A Great Copper Mine.

**T**HAT excellent local publication, the Los Angeles Mining Review, recently issued an elaborate "copper number," for the purpose of drawing attention to the copper industry of the United States. The importance of this industry may be better realized when it is stated that the value of the copper produced in the United States is now greater than the gold production. California and the Southwest play no insignificant part in furnishing this output of the useful yellow metal. The three principal producers of copper in 1901 were Montana, Michigan and Arizona. The Mining Review states that there are twenty-five copper mines in the world annually producing over 10,000,000 pounds of copper, of which four are in Arizona, and one in California. Twenty per cent. of the great copper mines of the world is not a bad showing for this southwestern corner of the United States.

### Hotel for San Luis Obispo.

**T**HE San Luis Obispo Tribune has the following in regard to a forthcoming improvement at that place: "The Grand Beach Improvement Company is negotiating for the building of a magnificent hotel at its ocean frontage on the Grover tract. Charles Russell of this city, one of the principal stockholders, states that extensive improvements will be made on the property, including the building of several hundred summer cottages and bath-houses. The resort will be similar to Long Beach and Santa Monica, and having one of the finest stretches of beach on the entire coast, the management figures on handling annually thousands of people who come from the San Joaquin Valley. The Southern Pacific is interested in the project, and will build a fine depot on the grounds. Excursions are to be run here during the summer season. Los Angeles capitalists are interested."

### Date Culture in Arizona.

**I**T IS probable that before many years the culture of the date in Arizona may become quite an important horticultural industry. The Fruit World says:

"The government is going into the business of date culture on a large scale. At the experiment station, north of Phoenix, Ariz., there has just been planted the largest date orchard in America, and perhaps in the world. Five acres have been planted—of various brands and species imported from Africa, besides about one thousand seedlings. The big orchard here is planted from the suckers secured by Prof. Fairchild.

"The Department of Agriculture seems to have no doubt that the date palm will ultimately solve the problem of what to do with the arid and alkali lands of Arizona and other western localities. Experiments which have been in progress for several years here by the government stations and private owners and growers have demonstrated the great possibilities of the industry. Prof. D. G. Fairchild, agricultural explorer for the department, now traveling in Africa, has procured stock from the delta of the Nile, which he has shipped to the department, and which are being distributed in the southwestern part of the country.

"The date palm, although grown profitably only in arid and semi-arid regions, is not, in the proper sense of the word, a desert plant. It requires a supply of moisture at the roots, and at the same time it delights in a perfectly dry and very hot climate. The date palm is able to stand much more cold than the orange tree, but not so much as the peach tree.

While the culture of the date fruit is new in the United States, the date palm has long been grown in some localities. In Florida, California and Arizona and restricted areas in a few States it has been grown in the open ground. In Florida it seldom fruits, and the fruit produced is, from an economic standpoint, practically worthless. At Altar and Hermosillo, in Sonora, the early plantings of the mission fathers have been continued to the present time, and many seedling dates growing in these cities and other places in Sonora are now producing a fairly good quality of fruit, bunches of which occasionally find their way to American cities.

"At Tucson, Ariz., a large date palm, twenty-five feet in height, is growing on a ranch owned by Joaquin Carillo. This date was planted prior to 1865, and is probably the oldest date tree in Arizona. At Yuma, however, there are records of dates that have been bearing ten to fifteen years, and it is probable numbers of them have fruited for a number of years longer. The earliest dates raised in California were grown at the missions along the coast at San Diego and northward, a region where the date palm grows to the size of large trees and frequently blossoms, but where the fruit does not perfectly develop, on account of the humidity of the atmosphere and lack of intense heat. In a few places in California dates planted by the mission fathers are still standing, while others have gone to decay within the last few years.

"It is now an established fact that dates of a good quality and in commercial quantities can be produced

in the warmer parts of Arizona, Mexico and California. During the past year, at the government experiment station farm, near Phoenix, three imported trees bore more than 500 pounds, the fruit ripening between August and January. The fruit placed on the market sold at 25 cents per pound, wholesale, at Phoenix. Thousands of pounds could have been sold at this price. Packed in neatly-labeled boxes, they retailed at 50 to 70 cents per pound. The seedling date trees in various parts of the Territory bore, last year, forty to 200 pounds per tree, those of good quality sold at 25 cents a pound. For some years yet the principal part of the dates grown in the region will be on seedling trees. Not less than 2000 trees have been planted during the last two years by ranchers near Phoenix, and most of them are in fine condition."

### Inyo County Minerals.

**T**HE State Mining Bureau recently issued a register of mines and minerals of Inyo county, together with a map of the county. The following synopsis of the register is from the Los Angeles Mining Review:

"Among other information contained in the register is that Owens Lake is the largest producer of natural soda in the United States. Government experts have estimated that there are several millions of tons of carbonate and bi-carbonate of soda held in solution in the waters of the lake. Sulphate of soda is found in vast beds covering large areas in the 'dry lakes' of the desert regions.

"Another fact to which attention is drawn in the register is that over 35,000 acres of niter lands have been located in the southeastern portion of the county, but are as yet undeveloped.

"Among minerals of commercial value which are known to exist in quantity in Inyo county are asbestos, baryte, bismutite, iron, platinum, potter's clay, sulphur and compounds of magnesia and manganese. The following jewelers' materials are found: Chrysocolla, datolite, fluorite, garnet, quartz, grossularite, lepidolite and obsidian.

"The register has lists of 267 quartz mines in the county, of three placer and beach mines, and one hydraulic mine. There are thirty-one mills of various kinds in the county with a total of 141 stamps. In addition to these mines and mills and minerals, there are in the county no less than sixty mineral springs."

### California's Water Supply.

**F**OLLOWING is an extract from a bulletin recently issued by the United States Geological Survey, on the subject of land and water values in Southern California:

"The State of California is particularly alive to the value latent in its running streams. This is largely due to the object lesson presented in the remarkable increase in land values and productive capacity of sections where the water supply has been intelligently utilized. Several thousand dollars were raised by private subscription for a thorough investigation of the supply to be obtained from certain watersheds in the State, and the subscribing organizations made application to the hydrographic branch of the United States Geological Survey for careful measurements of flow and other investigations relative to the existing conditions of forestry and topography upon three typical watersheds. As a result of these studies, conducted by J. B. Lippincott, hydrographer of the Geographical Survey in California, it was found possible to obtain an annual output of nearly 650,000 acre-feet of water, or enough to cover annually an area of that extent to a depth of one foot; the estimated cost of installed capacity being about \$8 per acre-foot. The water would be obtained from storage reservoirs and from pumping plants to be operated electrically by power generated by the neighboring streams.

"It is believed that the addition to the resources of the State of this amount of water for irrigation purposes would be sufficient to support an additional 100,000 people, and would add in farm values fully \$20,000,000 to the taxable property of the State, irrespective of the increase in town and city property which would of necessity follow."

### Crops for the Desert.

**P**ROF. DAVY recently visited points on the Colorado Desert for the State University, and has prepared a bulletin relating to crops that he believes are adapted to the desert sections. After referring to barley and alfalfa, Prof. Davy says:

"Beets should do well as a winter crop on the lighter, sandy soils. It is not likely that sugar beets can be profitably grown on the heavier soils, as the sugar content and purity co-efficient are likely to be low.

"The Mangel Wurzel (var. rapa) is a valuable cattle food, but is not likely to stand the summer heat; it should be tried as a winter crop for summer feeding, as an addition to the alfalfa ration.

"It is probable that all of the sorghum races, both saccharine and non-saccharine will thrive and will prove important forage crops, as they are in Northeastern Texas. The sorghums include not only sorghum, but also Kaffir corn, Jerusalem corn, Egyptian corn, Durra, Milo maize, broom corn and Guinea corn.

"Four crops of Jerusalem corn have been obtained at Indio from a single sowing. This variety is said to be rather more prolific than Egyptian corn, though both thrive well there and at Calexico.

"On account of the scarcity of sorghum seed in the market and its high price, it might be profitable to raise it for seed as well as for forage.

"The Smyrna fig industry has now been placed on what seems to be a thoroughly firm basis, and the quality of the California product is superior to that of the imported article. In view of the fact that in 1900 we

imported 8,812,481 pounds of dried figs, valued at \$895, there would seem to be a market for all the figs we can produce. The area over which the Smyrna fig can be satisfactorily cultivated is so limited that the likelihood of severe competition is reduced. The successful capriciousness of the flowers and handling of the crop are not difficult, although they require care and skill, but not more than is required in the case of many of our special crops, while the prospects for good returns and good markets are much greater than in the case of cotton and sugar cane. The fig thrives at Indio and should be thoroughly tested at Calexico and Imperial, particularly the Smyrna variety, together with the necessary Capri figs. Some attention should also be given to the raising of the finest varieties of table figs, with a view to catching an early market. These should be carefully experimented with, however, before attempting to launch out extensively; it is better to make haste slowly in such matters.

"The Colorado Desert is one of the few places in the United States where the date palm is likely to grow to perfection. At Indio G. W. Durbrow now has a number of date palms four years old from the seed, which are six feet high. The date should be raised from seedlings of high-grade trees in preference to raising it from seed, as seedlings are apt to deteriorate; care must be taken to secure both male and female trees. A fully illustrated account of the date industry is contained in the Year Book of the United States Department of Agriculture for 1900. In this article we find the following note: 'The value of the dates imported into the United States averaged for the ten years ending June 30, 1900, \$60,762 per annum, as appraised at the exporting point. The real value when received at the American port was doubtless 50 per cent. greater, or \$90,000 a year; it amount now exceeded only by the imports of two other dried fruits—Zante currants and Smyrna figs.'

"For timber and shade trees the true red gum, the Mann gum and the Yate are likely to succeed, and the hard wood trees of rapid growth. The mesquite is so thoroughly adapted to the climatic and soil conditions of the region that it might be grown as small shelter and feed for hogs and cattle, windbreak and to furnish fuel. It grows very readily from seed. Both the native Washington palm and the true date palm can be grown in ornament in almost any soil in the region.

"In conclusion, the writer would call attention to the fact that, in view of the vast area of land, about one and a quarter million acres, of which some 100,000 acres has already been taken up, being brought under irrigation, the large number of families already settled on this land, the peculiarities of the soil and climate of this region differing entirely from any other region of the States, that it would be of immense value to the settlers in the region, as well as of great scientific value, to have a State experiment station established, probably in the vicinity of Calexico, and under the direction of this station, where practical experiments could be carried on, illustrating the best methods of treating the soil and demonstrating what crops can be grown and how they should be handled.

"A local station, situated on average land, placed on a permanent basis and with adequate income, would be an object lesson to the farmer of what can be accomplished by the best methods of farming. It would cost at least \$3000 to establish and equip such a station, and about \$2500 to maintain it."

### A Chicken Ranch for Arizona.

**T**HE following, in regard to a new Arizona industry, from the Bisbee Review. At some seasons of the year it should be possible to hatch chickens in that section by simply placing the eggs in the sun, without going the trouble of putting them in an incubator: "An unusual car of freight is now at this point, comprising twenty-four 200-egg incubators for chickens, six 50-egg incubators for hatching ducks and three fifty-egg incubators for ostriches. The same will be installed on the property of John Sullivan, adjoining the New townsite, which has recently been purchased by L. G. Givierland of Pasadena, Cal., who has been in the business for a number of years with great success. Hatching is now being done for two ponds to accommodate the ducks when they materialize. Large chicken houses and a residence is now being prepared for the owner."

### Smelter for Guaymas.

**A** REPORT from Denver says: "Heavy shipments of machinery intended for the equipment of a large smelting plant about to be constructed at Guaymas, Mex., are now being made. The smelter will have a daily capacity, it is said, of 1000 tons of ore, and entail an expenditure of \$600,000."

### A San Diego County Valley.

**T**HE San Diego Union has the following in regard to the Santa Maria Valley, in that county:

"The Santa Maria Valley has about 130,000 acres of tillable land. Part of this and many thousands of acres of rougher land are used as stock ranges. The soil is adapted to all kinds of vegetation and fruit which is raised without irrigation. It is claimed that there has never been any kind of scale in the orchards and spraying and fumigation are unknown here. The freedom from scale and pests is attributed to the elevation and to the east winds.

"The valley is about forty miles west of the Colorado Desert, separated by high mountains. From the hills between a magnificent view is presented. To the east, in winter, the high, snow-capped peaks of the Guaymas are seen. To the west, the green fields of grain, orchards of oranges, olives, prunes and peaches. Water is in abundance most anywhere from ten to fifty feet. The mountains and cañons are supplied with springs and the valleys have their share."

## WAYS C

By a

**A** SPECIAL novelty white tulle veils, moons, or a tiny Vandyke lines all over it, is that no two veils fashion unto itself. Hair never more simple, yet, accomplish, for we have art of producing extreme simple expedient of outlining a little to one side, and of the equilibrium is kept, as consideration some of these hats need to be worn angle, and the coiffure a beauties of both the wear used most extravagantly, prunes and plums, enormous of currants, green orange ones in another tint of green the most fascinating bow and renders the whole, a glorious model from Dou which had two bias bands, vet, the one on the edge color, and the other of blue top was an enormous bunch of green—with an extra to go with this hat, Paquet of gray cloth, that green in coloring. The trimmed by embroidery do further beautified by steel quite the proper genre of, cause they look so delicious course, one of the very moment. The hats, however Paris, are worn well off the an immense showing of h "pokes." The backs are quibms are deeper than the and are pressed close down poke shapes are very much nothing need to surprise us day to find the poke bonnet Entire crowns are framed together, the one over the tulle in white; or, the revealing the brim to a crown of or a flock of sharp-winged of flowers, as if in the act with corn-blue tulle, had g ranged to form the whole in a loose upright stalk, while by a bandeau of mauve and

### Chic Sunshade.

**S**UNSHADES are bell-shaped colors in silks, and narrow flowers are extravagantly enamel or crystal, and, too, with huge cabochon stones, a tiny rubies. Most enchanting with a design carried out by pastel colorings, the touch of bon greatly improving them. these are of natural wood, fin ball.

### Linen Everywhere.

**L**INEN is the material of the last, even though in many are almost impossible to this worked out, are found to be heavy linens—everything in fact are used in combination with fine voile, mousseline, etc. A coat was built of heavy white embroidery in linen as an or still greatly enhanced by intricate which there was also a generous bear the name of cape. This mount a pleated skirt of voile wide band of drawn work in lace. A beautiful spotted foul actively trimmed with these Irish lace, and speaking of foul quite a conspicuous and enviable gownned women in London at One beauty was a white and crusted with cream lace, reëmbred and worn with it was a fetching red straw, trimmed with a gar roses. Another gown of green and manchettes in yellow Maline especially worn with a large enormous long black plumes, fa some antique buckle.

### Evening Shoes.

**M**OST gorgeous are the even privileged to wear, and it v regard them with indifference, but to dip down rather deeply into pocketbook, if she wishes to be First there is the tightly-covered color one wishes, perfect in shape beeled. Over this is a filmy c Duchesse or any of the innumerable to choose from. Coquettish bow



# WAYS OF WOMEN.

By a Woman.

A SPECIAL novelty on large hats are black and white tulle veils, covered either with small half-moons, or a tiny gathering of mousseline, forming Vandyke lines all over the net, but a striking peculiarity is that no two veils are alike, each one being a fashion unto itself. Hats are larger than ever, still more ample, yet, for the amateur harder to accomplish, for we have arrived at a very zenith in the art of producing extremely striking results, by the simple expedient of outline. They are all worn perched a little to one side, and one cannot help but wonder how the equilibre is kept, especially when one takes into consideration some of the trimmings. But, in fact, these hats need to be worn just at the proper and exact angle, and the coiffure arranged to bring out all the beauties of both the wearer and the hat. Fruits are used most extravagantly, for instance, apples, peaches, pears and plums, enormous bunches of grapes, branches of currants, green oranges with their leaves, and lemons in another tint of green. These are combined with the most fascinating bows of lovely shaded ribbon, and readers the whole, strikingly beautiful. A most glorious model from Doucet was of thick blue paille, which had two bias bands—on the under brim—of velvet, the one on the edge of yellow, or rather orange color, and the other of blue. On the left side on the top was an enormous bunch of oranges—four yellow and four of green—with an extravagant showing of leaves. To go with this hat, Paquin modeled a very clever jacket of gray cloth, that had a most enchanting sheen, given in coloring. The whole was most effectively trimmed by embroidery done in yellow and blues, and further beautified by steel buttons. Strawberries are quite the proper genre of garniture, too, probably because they look so delicious with beige which is, of course, one of the very much approved colors of the moment. The hats, however, of extravagant chic in Paris are worn well off the face, the front arching over an immense showing of hair, and they quite suggest "pokes." The backs are quite a revelation also, as the brims are deeper than the eye has been accustomed to, and are pressed close down to the head. While these poke shapes are very much modified as yet, indeed nothing need to surprise us less than to awaken any day to find the poke bonnet reinstated in our midst. Entire crowns are framed of white wings laid closely together, the one over the other, surrounded by folds of tulle in white; or, the reverse occurs, the wings forming the brim to a crown of tulle; and tiny black birds, or a flock of sharp-winged swallows poised over clumps of flowers, as if in the act of flying. A shape covered with corn-blue tulle, had green wheat carelessly arranged to form the whole flat hat, with here and there a hoarse upright stalk, while the left side was lifted up by a bandeau of mauve and white clover.

## On Sunshine.

SUNSHADES are bell-shaped in many instances, pale colors in silks, and narrow bands of hand-painted flowers are extravagantly used, while handles are in enamel or crystal, and, too, beauties in tortoise shell, with huge cabochon stones, surrounded by brilliants or tiny rubies. Most enchanting are ones in white taffetas, with a design carried out, by the use of tiny shells, in pastel colorings, the touch of narrow black velvet ribbon greatly improving them. The handles of some of these are of natural wood, finished by a large crystal ball.

## Seen Everywhere.

LINEN is the material of the hour, and it is here to stay, even though in many cases the combinations are almost impossible to think of, yet when they are worked out, are found to be intensely smart. Fine and heavy linens—everything in fact that bears the name—are used in combination with crepe de chine, taffetas, the voile, mousseline, etc. A most superb Louis XIII coat was built of heavy white Irish linen, having hand embroidery in linen as an ornamentation, the beauty still greatly enhanced by incrustations of Irish lace, of which there was also a generous collar large enough to bear the name of cape. This was privileged to surround a pleated skirt of voile, in white, which had a wide band of drawn work inset, outlined with Irish lace. A beautiful spotted foulard gown was most effectively trimmed with these drawn work bands and Irish lace, and speaking of foulards, they have occupied quite a conspicuous and enviable place among the best-gowned women in London at the spring festivities. One beauty was a white and mauve foulard glacé, embroidered with cream lace, re-embroidered with black silk, and worn with it was a fetching hat in ripe corn-colored straw, trimmed with a garland of sulphur-colored roses. Another gown of green and white, with cravat and manchettes in yellow Malines, was most fascinating, especially worn with a large black hat, trimmed with enormous long black plumes, fastened on with a handsome antique buckle.

## Evening Shoes.

MOST gorgeous are the evening shoes my lady is privileged to wear, and it would be impossible to regard them with indifference, having once become acquainted with their charms, but one must be prepared to dip down rather deeply into the recesses of one's pocketbook, if she wishes to be the happy possessor. First there is the tightly-covered slipper of satin, any color one wishes, perfect in shape, and extremely high-heeled. Over this is a filmy covering of Alencon, Duchesse or any of the innumerable fancy laces one has to choose from. Coquettish bows of satin ribbon are

further used to ornament them; also beautiful sparkling buckles of gold or strass, and deliciously feminine rosettes of soft chiffon. The colonial ties made of the material of one's pompadour gown are most beautiful, for the beauties of a gown of chine flowered silk made with paniers and Directoire scarf are certainly most enchanting, when accompanied by the shoe to match. Nothing can ever usurp the rights and place of the patent-leather slipper for informal home wear, and for street wear everything must be as mannish as possible, and woe be to the woman who has not a small foot to begin with, for extension soles have not the happy tendency to make things seem the least bit smaller.

## Gowns of Linen.

MRS. S. LONG BEACH, writes: "In your recent articles you speak of linen being used a great deal. Would you kindly give me some suggestions for gowns of this sort, as to style of making and color?"

You cannot go amiss if you adopt linen, so many are the beautiful colors, but keep it strictly tailor made, for this bewitching material loses much of its charm if you use it otherwise. The three illustrations on this page will help to carry my ideas to you, for "seeing is believing." The one on the left side is of old-blue linen—one of those dim soft blues—which is of a light weight in a coarse loosely-woven sort. There is a triple-yoke effect, each edge stitched down with black, the skirt from the yoke to the circular flounce being tucked in fine pin tucks, while wide bias-pointed bands outline the skirt flounce. The bodice is also tucked and surmounted by the triple-pointed yoke effect stitched with black, as also the capping on the upper

wide and long? Are they worn with waists and different skirts or with suits? Are they tied behind or at one side? An answer at your earliest convenience will be appreciated by a subscriber to the Sunday Times."

Preferable to a black skirt would be one of white etamine or albatross. Both are moderate in cost, especially the latter, which can be purchased for fifty cents a yard and is double width, while the etamine is something like seventy-five cents. Either of these, made a five-gored skirt, with a generous circular flounce, or a nine-inch ruffle, tucked at the top to give fullness. Place a heavy lace insertion on the edge of the ruffle, and another where it is joined to the skirt. The albatross is softer and lends itself a little more gracefully than the etamine, and would be extremely pretty made with the same gored skirt, with three ruffles, each ruffle four inches wide, with the insertion on the edge of each, and a heading where they are joined to the skirt. I think these woolen skirts will give you infinitely more comfort than an organdie, and with little or no more expense, still, if you prefer, the organdie made after this same model would be good style. Sashes are worn again, both in the short sash tied in the back with short tab ends, and the long ends and short loop rosette effect in the back. Sometimes two kinds of ribbon are used together, such as lousine or satin taffeta, and moiré, the two ends reaching nearly to the hem of the skirt, and finished at the waist by six or eight loops, each loop four inches long, and are worn with waist and skirts as well as gowns alike.

## A Pre-nuptial Luncheon.

F. M. LOS ANGELES, writes: "Your articles have been a great help to me in my housekeeping and I am sure you can help me out of my present difficulty,



GOWNS OF LINEN.

part of the tucked sleeves, a small upturned cuff finishing them at the wrist. A black patent-leather belt should be worn around the waist. The middle figure is of brown butchers' linen, which is heavier. The skirt is tucked around, and finished by a plain circular flounce. The upper part of the bodice is plain, with two bands of brown and black cross-stitch embroidery running around, as also the pleat down the front, while the lower part is tucked around to match the skirt. The sleeves are plain of the bishop genre, held tightly around the wrist by embroidered bands. The right-hand one is accomplished by using mercerized linen, in a dull artistic green. The bodice and upper part of the skirt are in small box pleats, with stitched pieces, diamond shaped, fastened on between the pleats by means of small black buttons. Where the flounce fastens on to the pleated part of the skirt, there is also this row of black buttons, and a line of them between the pleats, on the upper part of the bishop sleeves. The black patent-leather belt is in evidence with all the linen suits, and they are all unlined, making delightful gowns for many occasions, but like all trillettes of this genre, great care must be exercised in the hat as to its lines and whether becoming.

## Skirt for Fancy Waist.

MRS. J. S. S. Palomas, Ariz., writes: "Can you tell me what kind of a skirt I can wear evenings with a silk waist of white and pink and a small black stripe? I would like something inexpensive. Do not like piqué skirts. Would organdie do? Would a nice black skirt do? Are women wearing sashes now? If so, how

Will you please suggest something new and pretty for a pre-nuptial luncheon for eight or ten. The men must necessarily be simple, for I have but one maid, and I would rather not have extra help."

A most happy effect could be achieved by using long stalks of hollyhocks, in a deep crimson color, arranged in a tall wide vase, so the blossoms would stand up high, and look much as they do when growing. On the table, large upstanding bows of pink tulle would be most effective, the same idea of bows on the back of each chair. If this seems too bold, the use of green and white-striped ribbon grass to form four large bows, each having six or eight loops, with some ends, and just before the serving of luncheon to stick in sprays of forget-me-nots to stand up as high as possible with their stems. In the center of the table arrange the forget-me-nots to stand up as high as possible with their stems. In the center of the table arrange the forget-me-nots in damp sand, as though they were growing, also some sprays of maidenhair fern, and large green tulle bows on the chairs. A simple menu would be as an opening course, to have pineapple, bananas, oranges and strawberries, cut into tiny dice, mixed with sugar and a little rum, served very cold in banana-skin boats, with a spoonful of pistache cream on the top, followed by bouillon, corn fritters with maple syrup, a boiled bird on toast, peas and potatoes; celery mayonnaise in tomato cups, with a slice of cold-boiled tongue served with it; nesselrode pudding, followed by coffee in the drawing-room.

D. R. MONTGOMERY.

st.



of dried figs, valued at \$11.50, to be a market for all the Smyrna cultivated is so limited that the competition is reduced. The flowers and handling the although they require care and is required in the case of many while the prospects for good results are much greater than for sugar cane. Figs had been thoroughly tested at Capri particularly the Smyrna variety, and some attention to the raising of the finest variety to catching an early market. Carefully experimented with, how to launch out extensively; it slowly in such matters.

is one of the few places in the date palm is likely to grow to W. Durbin now has a number of old from the seed, which should be raised from suckers preference to raising it from seed, deteriorate; care must be taken female trees. A fully illustrated country is contained in the Year Department of Agriculture for the following note: The United States alone ending June 30, 1900, \$462,000 at the exporting point. The at the American port was greater, or \$600,000 a year, mainly by the imports of two other and Smyrna figs.

the trees the true red gum, the are likely to succeed, and are growth. The mesquit is as climatic and soil conditions of be grown as small shelter and windbreak and to furnish fuel, seed. Both the native Wash date palm can be grown for soil in the region.

writer would call attention to the vast area of land, about one acre, of which some 160,000 acres up, being brought under irrigation of families already settled upon of the soil and climate of directly from any other region of of immense value to the as well as of great scientific value, ment station established, preference, and under the direction of practical experiments could be the best methods of treating the what crops can be grown and needed.

ated on average land, placed on with adequate income, would be the farmer of what can be accomplished of farming. It would cost and equip such a station, and in it."

Arizona.

ward to a new Arizona industry, in view. At some seasons of the year to hatch chickens in that section eggs in the sun, without going to them in an incubator. An us now at this point, comprising incubators for chickens, six hatching ducks and three fifty-eggs. The same will be installed John Sullivan, adjoining the Nas recently been purchased, by Louis Cal., who has been in the business years with great success. Expansion for two ponds to accommodate their materialize. Large chickens are now being prepared for the

Denver says: "Heavy shipments added for the equipment of a large to be constructed at Guaymas, made. The smelter will have a load, of 1600 tons of ore, and will of \$600,000."

Valley.

ion has the following in regard to valley, in that county:

Valley has about 130,000 acres of this and many thousand acres used as stock ranges. The soil is of vegetation and fruit which is. It is claimed that there has of scale in the orchards and that is unknown here. The free is attributed to the elevation.

forty miles west of the Colorado by high mountains. From the view is presented. To the high, snow-capped peaks of the To the west, the green fields, oranges, olives, peaches and pears are most anywhere from ten to fifty and canons are supplied with have their share."

them? There are a large number of automobiles in use in this city, operated by good fellows here. The people here are not to be sure. Why not continue to love and esteem? I fear that will be the end of it.

STRAWBERRY VALLEY LODGE, with first-class tents, clean, new linen, good and all well cared for. Central dining-room with excellent chef and good service, and a well equipped bar.

3. Mrs. Ray of Redlands Dying. Baer Resigns From Endeavorers. Moros More Friendly to Americans. 4. The World's Busy Workers. 5. At the City's Gates. 6. Weather Report.

about her husband's absence. Funeral of James Boeth. Truck-driver loses his leg under car. More fire-alarm boxes. Deaf mutes' memorial service. Los Angeles, 4; Sacramento, 3. Venus wins yacht race. Shar-

estimated to make 75 to 100 bushels the acre. Previous estimates loss have been greatly increased prospective yield, being found greater than ever before, exporting of many farms that were



## SOME EMINENT MEN.

By Emma M. Greenleaf.

## III.—CHARLES SUMNER.

LONG ago, in times of war, the people used to light signal fires on mountains or high hilltops; every fighting man who saw one of these fires seized his weapons and hurried against the foe.

Charles Sumner was a signal fire in the old slavery times.

He kindled the hearts of men and set their souls aflame against the wrong of slavery. Whenever he spoke, the multitude drew near to listen, and when they had heard, they believed.

The Sumners lived in Boston. Charles was the oldest of nine children. Both his father and mother liked the better things of life, and were fond of books and of the kind of people that are really worth while. Mr. Sumner, the father, held the office of High Sheriff of the county for a number of years, and was much respected.

The family had a pleasant, comfortable home, and the children often saw, as guests of their parents, many of the noted men of the day.

Charles was sent to the Boston Latin School, and when he finished his studies there, at 15 years old, whom do you suppose made the address to his class? It was not the president of the Board of Education, nor the Superintendent of Schools, nor even the Mayor; it was the President of the United States—John Quincy Adams.

"Charles Sumner," was one of the names read off for prizes that day, but none of those that he received were for excellence in either arithmetic or algebra. He did not like those branches, but spent most of his study hours over the classics and in reading.

He was very particular about the clothes that he wore, even when a boy. Every fabric must be of exactly the right shade, and every garment of correct fashion. All his life long he dressed carefully and in excellent taste.

"Now for Harvard College," said his father, when Charles had finished at the Latin school. The lad entered Harvard, and devoted himself to study. He was not one of the wild kind; his life was pure and honorable; he did not swear, as many boys seem to think it is necessary to do.

He devoured books. When he wished, to "look up" a subject, he could get out of a book all there was in it in the quickest time and the most successful manner possible. Often when one student asked another for some knowledge that could be found in books, the answer would be, "Ask Sumner; he'll know it."

When he graduated from Harvard he could not decide what he wanted to do next.

"Would you like to study medicine?" asked his father. No; he hated bones and blood.

"Would you like to be a minister?" He did not feel "called" to that.

"The law, then?" Well—maybe—he would prefer to be a college professor or a writer, he thought. A year was spent in quiet study at home before he made up his mind what profession he preferred.

He said to his father, "I did not like the mathematics in school, and I neglected them. I must study them now," and he did. He spent hours every day over them and over his loved classics. Often he studied eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. He was so strong and so well that he seemed able to work both day and night.

When a year had passed he said to his father, "I have decided; it's law." And he entered the law school of Harvard College.

In every hour that he could spare from his studies he was reading, reading, reading.

Judge Joseph Story was one of Sumner's professors in the law school. He was not only a great jurist, but he was a great man in every respect. Sumner admired and revered him more than anyone else he had ever known, and the judge became his warm friend.

"I will be a jurist," said Sumner; "I do not wish so much to practice law, but I wish to understand it, write upon it, become a professor of it in the college, perhaps."

When he graduated from the law school he took a vacation, visiting Philadelphia and Washington. Judge Story gave him letters of introduction to well-known people in both cities, and he began, almost for the first time, to like society. There was no question about the fact that society liked him. He was over six feet tall, with broad shoulders, a good carriage, and an air of strength. His head was large, his forehead high, and he had nut-brown hair, which he brushed back in full waves. His complexion was fair, and his eyes, which were a deep blue, had a way of looking straight at anyone to whom he was talking. When he smiled, it was not the lips only that showed pleasure, but the whole face.

After his awkward days were passed he had an ease of manner which, added to his enthusiasm and intelligence, made him a happy addition to any company of men and women.

When he came back to Boston after his vacation days were over, he went into his law office and worked harder than ever. His fondness for books left him little time to spend with people, but there were a few that he loved and often visited; among these was the poet Longfellow. The friendship between them lasted all their lives.

When Sumner was 26 years old, he made up his mind to go to Europe. "To study books and men and languages," he said. He carried letters of introduction to distinguished people in England, France, Germany and Italy. It is not too much to say that this young American gentleman of charming manners and high cul-

vation fascinated the English people. He was the honored guest of princes, nobles, and men of letters, and he made friends of nearly all he met. He studied hard, too, and the time he spent in Europe gave him a knowledge of men and affairs which few Americans of his day possessed. Perhaps the greatest result of his trip was the influence it had in helping him to decide what he would like best for his life work.

He spent a great deal of time in the English Parliament, and felt the inspiration of a life of action in the interest of the State. He waited so long before he married—until he was 37—that he would better have lived a bachelor all his life, since the marriage was not a happy one.

The Fourth of July, 1845, was at hand, and Boston was looking for a speaker to give the celebration address. Charles Sumner was invited to give it. He made one of the most eloquent speeches that Boston or any other city had ever heard. "The Grandeur of Nations," he called it, and he spoke of the beauty of peace and the horror of war. This speech made him famous.

Just at that time the United States was making ready for war against Mexico. Some people did not like the things that Sumner said, but they had to admit that his learning and eloquence and enthusiasm and oratory astonished even Boston.

He was in great demand after that speech. If Harvard College wanted to celebrate some great occasion, or the Peace Society wanted to gain public approval, or any institution anywhere about Boston wanted a splendid speech, they asked Sumner. And he never could have done it all had he not in his early and leisure years filled himself with knowledge which now he had only to lay his hand upon and use it where he would.

For almost a century the people of the United States had been discussing slavery. There were many different opinions about it. "It is wrong—all wrong," said the Quakers; "but war, too, is wrong."

Part of the abolitionists said that it ought to be ended at once and completely, even if the government went all to pieces. Others thought that slavery was an evil, but that it could not be abolished without injustice to the slave holders.

The South itself said, "Hands off! You attend to your affairs, and we'll attend to ours." What do you suppose thousands of northern people, who were not slave holders answered to this? "Yes, that's right; well-bred people always attend to their own affairs, and slavery is no concern of ours."

Yet here and there, all through the North there were men and women ready to help the runaway slaves who were trying to get to Canada.

There was many a cellar between Cincinnati and the Great Lakes that hid slaves for days at a time, and many a garret had secret closets large enough to hold a man or woman. Even the children learned to listen to strange voices in the night, and to the breathing of sleepers in chambers which none of the family ever used, and to keep silent about these things.

The laws of the United States permitted slave owners to come right into Boston and other cities, search for their runaway slaves, and carry them back to the South if they found them.

Whenever this happened everybody got excited, and the discussions about the right and wrong of slavery waxed hotter than ever. Sumner loved study, and, perhaps, at first he was not interested in these discussions; but he was one of the Boston men who saw Garrison led through the streets by a mob, with a halter round his neck; and he was also one of the few who ran to rescue him. He did not stop to ask what people would think; when he saw injustice he acted. It was not long before his interest was aroused, then his sympathy followed, and soon he was an out-and-out defender and friend of the anti-slavery people.

It did not take long for Boston people to let him know what they thought of his actions. Many of his former friends were very angry with him. In some of the splendid homes where he had been an honored guest, the doors were now shut upon him. Beautiful women who had been proud of his slightest attention, did not see him now, when he met them in the streets. Men who had openly courted him before, now said, "What? Running with those abolitionists, is he? That settles his social standing!" And they left him out of everything.

He was a sensitive man, and it must have hurt him keenly to see all the honors which all men love pass out of his reach just as they had been well won. We do not know what a struggle it may have cost him, but this we do know, he stepped down, without a murmur, from the high social place he had gained and cast in his lot with those who were despised and scorned, because they chose to lift up and help the down-trodden.

In spite of the indifference and opposition of many, anti-slavery sentiment in Massachusetts grew and grew. When Sumner was 40 years old there were enough anti-slavery men in the State to control the election of a United States Senator. Their choice fell upon Sumner, and he was elected.

I suppose he had not any remarkable talents for law-making, but he had a greater talent than almost anybody else for firing the hearts of people with his own zeal.

In the United States Senate Sumner found very few anti-slavery men. Seward was there, and Chase was there, but not many others. The pro-slavery men knew Sumner's sentiments, and his reputation as an orator, and they tried, by all the "rules and orders," which they understood so well and he knew hardly at all, to keep him from speaking. It was eight months after he entered the Senate before he got a chance.

The abolitionists in Massachusetts were very impatient. Nor did they realize that Sumner was not idle, but was getting ready with painstaking care for the day when he might have a chance. He got it one day when nobody was expecting such a thing, and he

poured out such a torrent of eloquence and truth that the walls of the old Capitol had seldom heard the like.

"Try to stop the growing sentiment against slavery," he said, "as well try to check the tides of the Mississippi, or the rushing waters of the Niagara; the discussion of slavery will wherever two or three are gathered together, in the fireside, on the highway, at the public meeting, in the church. The movement against slavery is an everlasting arm. Even now it is gathering its strength to be felt everywhere. It may not be everywhere yet in the high places of office and power, but all can put their ears humbly to the ground and will comprehend its incessant and advancing tread."

The anti-slavery people in the North felt that the great speech of Sumner's had almost given them their cause. He had thrown such a blaze of light through history and law and eloquent expression, that the whole subject, that thousands who had been doubtful about the legality and justice of doing away with slavery, became convinced that no civilized nation could maintain its honor and permit slavery to exist in its borders.

But the pro-slavery people, North and South, hated him. They called him a serpent, a boaster, and other like names. He was not a whit behind them in his own country. It was the fashion of those times to sneer at each other in public speeches, and Sumner's own contempt for the slaveholders were expressed in a splendid bitterness which made him the most hated man feared by them of anyone in the Senate.

When Congress was not in session he went from city to another speaking always against slavery, a theme which filled his soul to the exclusion of all other. His burning words so fired the thoughts of those who heard, that they went out from his presence filled with zeal for the freedom of the slaves at the cost, however great.

It was in 1856 that he made the best-known speech of his life in the Senate. He called it, "The Crime Against Kansas." To deliver it required parts of two days, and it was remarkable for its learning, eloquence and personal bitterness.

The southern men were intensely angry. They said, "We would challenge him if he were a gentleman, but we won't fight a duel with one who isn't. We will come him when he is walking down Pennsylvania avenue, or better, just when he gets here on the steps of the Capitol."

A day or two later Mr. Sumner was sitting at his desk in the Senate chamber, writing. Congress had adjourned until the next day. A man from South Carolina came up behind him and struck him again and again over the back and head with a heavy cane. Mr. Sumner could not rise quickly, because his feet were under his desk. At length he burst the door from its fastenings in his efforts, but fell senseless and bleeding to the floor of the Senate chamber. The American people, both North and South, are said to love fair play, but when men are in a passion of rage they do not love anything fair. The spirit in the southern people, who are generally just and courteous, heard of this base deed, showed how angry and excited they were in those unhappy years. Their newspapers praised the South Carolina man with all the adjectives they could find for caning "the scamp," and hoped some more of "those fellows" would get a whipping or a cow-hiding.

Mr. Sumner was very much injured. He was unable to do anything like work for two years, and most four years had passed when he took his seat again in the Senate. Massachusetts would not let any one to succeed him while he was away, but he was seated vacant for him. She could not honor him enough. Her General Assembly wished to pay the expenses of his long illness and make him a happy gift, but he did not wish to accept the offer. When he went to Boston they made a triumphal celebration of him. The exercises were held in the open air in front of the State house, and it was one of the most successful of all the successful affairs for which Boston is famous.

As soon as Mr. Sumner was strong again he was right where he had left off the day he was injured. He rose in the Senate chamber to call out in those tones, unlike any other man's, "Slavery must and shall end." This was the work to which he was devoted. Through his eloquence, united to that of others, we were led to believe in the right.

When Mr. Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation in 1863 I think Mr. Sumner was the happiest man in all the land. In Faneuil Hall, Boston, he was one of the noblest of all his speeches, and the people hung upon his words as if he were a prophet. Through the years of the Civil War, he went very often to see with Mr. Lincoln, and he was one of the first to see the President's bedside after the fatal shooting.

His advice and judgment were not those of a far-seeing statesman; fires are never cool, you know, but perhaps his eloquence and zeal sometimes stirred the good President, as well as other people. Massachusetts kept sending him back to the Senate. Sometimes the good old State did not like the things he said, but all the time she was proud of him.

When he was sixty-three years old he died. His funeral in the Senate chamber was a magnificent tribute to his great qualities of mind and heart, but never of the eloquent speakers that day had the silver tones and the bugle tones of him who lay there in sleep. The most honored men of the land carried him to his over the well-known, old-traveled way to Massachusetts. He was here, and she received him with pomp and ceremony and sorrow and tears as a man might have envied.

When they had shown him every honor they could devise, they carried him to Mt. Auburn cemetery, where so many of the famous men of Massachusetts lie.

Flippant Cockney (to countryman): Are there any fools in this part of the world, my lad?

Yokel: Not as I knows on, sur. D'yer feel a lonesome like?—[Tit-Bits.]

## FROM LADDERMAN TO D

Contributed by Epea W

## CHAPTER I.—THE KIND

THREE! Four! One! And the open window Danny Hale grasped his temptation to cross the interve

too strong. Ding-dang! Ding-dang! T

chie's bell!

"Danny may tell me where the

Danny's eyes never left the w

"It must be up Atterbury stre

For an instant—silence! Ther

glid over the room. The teach

her ruler, the giggle died down

"Danny may stay fifteen min

And stay he did, though he

the hateful city was located. He

ten minutes in the almost emp

quiet was broken only by the

teacher's pen, but as the minute

12 he felt that his punishment was

near. It was his daily custom

school to the engine-house, No. 1

black, and now—

He could see it plainly in imag

ellow sunlight flashing on the plan

shings and the brown tips of the

that the snap of three collars an

curve the horses in the apparatus

fire alarm telegraph gleamed; as

it was a tiny instrument, but one

would set the whole house in mo

The three powerful blacks, pr

the house, champed nervously at

full well that the noon hour was

dearly at the stroke of the small

neath the "telegraph" dropped do

lever three inches below. Insta

leather strap passed through the ri

and the horses trotted to their p

engine. The men, who had bee

sprang into action. Snapping the

horses' necks, the reins were cau

the driver jumped to his seat, and

complete.

"You may go, Danny."

Little he cared now. It was f

and he cut through the alley to a

gine-house.

Danny had long been recognized

gine-house No. 9. From being per

the chains and watch the fascinating

he had been sent on errands to th

the corner and the tobacco shop h

Then one glorious day he had a

indoor to have the mysteries of

to him and watch the men at their

ing the brasswork and cleaning th

occupied a superb half-hour, and

forded no end of entertainment to

fighters, who were fond of their p

presented him with a cap similar

for the small German-silver Maltes

ever received with more grate

pride a Victoria decoration.

As Danny had hurried home after

ation he met the object of his boy

francis, who eyed the insignia of

"What d'ye think of that, Millie

then lowering his voice to a con

"You wait till I grow up. I'll be

carry you, and I'll lick any fellow

laughs at your freckles."

"You look like a real fireman n

replied admiringly with that look

eyes that always made Dan, or an

matter, forget the obnoxious freck

strutted proudly on, the envy of e

met.

All this had happened two years

Dan felt that the chance to become

still far, far away. At the close of

tion he confided his troubles to the

friendly captain of No. 9.

"I think I'll run away. School ain

you want to climb ladders and save

don't know a hook and ladder fro

fine."

Cross looked grave. "See here, son

best to get into the department, f

something besides ladder climbing.

books, and don't you miss a day as

can keep you in school. Now, mind

Capt. Cross had just handed Dan

coach of his favorite tobacco, when

the bell, and the boy jumped nimbly

the whole building sprang into action.

sole alid and crashed the men who

in the room above. The horses did

stalls this time, but came on a dead

aid that the blacks knew the differen

that meant business and one that did

the battalion chief, only laughed and

animals always took their cues from t

By the time that Buck, the center

his position at the pole the others w

three men were coupling the heavy

winkling of an eye the lines were

chains dropped from across the door. H

reached for a pear-shaped pull above

tug. Instantly the hooks holding the



FROM LADDERMAN

TO DEPUTY CHIEF.

Contributed by Epes Winthrop Sargent.

CHAPTER I.—THE KINDLING OF AMBITION.

Four! One!

And the open window only five feet away!

Danny Hale grasped his desk nervously, lest the

temptation to cross the intervening space should prove

too strong.

"Ding-dang! Ding-dang! That was the battalion

chief's bell!

"You may tell me where the capital of Chile is."

Danny's eyes never left the window.

"You must be up Atterbury street, ma'am."

For an instant—silence! Then a subdued giggle rip-

pled over the room. The teacher rapped sharply with

his ruler, the giggle died down and, with a start Danny

came back to the classroom and geography.

"You may stay fifteen minutes after school and

find out where the capital of Chile is."

And stay he did, though he knew very well where

the beautiful city was located. He did not mind the fif-

teen minutes in the almost empty schoolroom, whose

only broken only by the scratch-scratch of the

teacher's pen, but as the minute hand crept round to

it felt that his punishment was heavier than he could

bear. It was his daily custom to rush straight from

school to the engine-house, No. 9, to witness the noon

train, and now—

He could see it plainly in imagination. The soft Oc-

tober twilight flashing on the plank floor, the metal fur-

nishings and the brown tips of the triple harness, so hung

out the map of three collars and six reins would se-

duce the horses in the apparatus. At the right the

dim telegraph gleamed against the dark wall.

It was a tiny instrument, but one stroke from the bell

would set the whole house in motion.

The three powerful blacks, pride of every man in

the house, clamped nervously at their bits, knowing

well that the noon hour was approaching. Sud-

denly the stroke of the small gong, a brass ball be-

hind the "telegraph" dropped down a rod and struck a

lower three inches below. Instantly one end of the

harness strap passed through the ring of each bit, slipped,

and the horses trotted to their places in front of the

engine. The men, who had been idling about, also

snapped into action. Snapping the collars about the

horses' necks, the reins were caught in the bit rings,

the driver jumped to his seat, and the noon hitch was

made.

"You may go, Danny."

Little he cared now. It was five minutes past 12,

and he cut through the alley to avoid passing the en-

gine-house.

Danny had long been recognized as messenger of en-

gine-house No. 9. From being permitted to hang over

the chains and watch the fascinating life within the house

he had been sent on errands to the news stand around

the corner and the tobacco shop half way up the block.

The one glorious day he had actually been invited

to have the mysteries of apparatus explained

to him and watch the men at their daily task of polish-

ing the brasswork and cleaning the house. The work

occupied a superb half hour, and his enthusiasm af-

fected no end of entertainment to the good-natured fire

men, who were fond of their protégé. One day they

presented him with a cap similar to their own, except

for the small German-silver Maltese cross, and no sol-

dier ever received with more grateful heart and deep

admiration a Victoria decoration.

So Danny had hurried home after this eventful presen-

tation he met the object of his boyish devotion, Millie

Cross, who eyed the insignia of honor wonderingly.

"What do you think of that, Millie? Great, ain't it?"

Lowering his voice to a condescending whisper,

he said: "I'll grow up. I'll be a real fireman and

you, you, and I'll lick any fellow on the block who

looks at your freckles."

"You look like a real fireman now, Dan," she had

said admiringly with that look in her sweet gray

eyes that always made Dan, or anyone else, for that

matter, forget the obnoxious freckles. And Dan had

prided himself on, the envy of every small boy he

met.

All this had happened two years before, and today

he felt that the chance to become a real fireman was

far, far away. At the close of the afternoon ses-

sion he confided his troubles to the ears of Cross, the

family captain of No. 9.

"I think I'll run away. School ain't any good when

you want to climb ladders and save lives. That teacher

don't know a hook and ladder from a chemical en-

gine."

Cross looked grave. "See here, sonny, if you ever

expect to get into the department, you want to know

something besides ladder climbing. You stick to your

books, and don't you miss a day as long as your folks

can keep you in school. Now, mind that."

Cross had just handed Dan a dime to buy a

pack of his favorite tobacco, when "4-3-2" rang out

the bell, and the boy jumped nimbly aside. Like a flash

the whole building sprang into action. Down the brass

steps and crashed the men who had been lounging

in the room above. The horses did not trot from the

stable this time, but came on a dead run. Cross always

said that the blacks knew the difference between a call

for meat business and one that did not, but Haskins,

the battalion chief, only laughed and said the clever

animals always took their cues from the men.

By the time that Buck, the center horse, had taken

his position at the pole the others were in place, and

the men were coupling the heavy collars. In the

midst of an eye the lines were adjusted, and the

horses dropped from across the door. Hansen, the driver,

reached for a pear-shaped pull above his head and gave

it a tug. Instantly the hooks holding the harness flew up

to the ceiling, impelled by counter weights, and the

horses plunged forward. As they did so the pipe con-

necting the boiler, with a furnace in the cellar to keep

the water at boiling point was automatically discon-

ected, and dropped flush with the floor as the two-horse

hose tender followed the engine out of the house.

Coleman, the engineer, had already thrust into the

firebox a lighted torch, and under the forced draught

huge clouds of smoke poured from the funnel of old

"9," as the shavings blazed up they ignited the pine

sticks built up in the firebox like a cob house.

Dan knew all about these torches. They were six-

inch, wind-proof matches, and on the Fourth of July

they made fine fireworks—if only you knew the engine

man and ran errands for him.

They were all gone and Dan stood before the empty

engine-house. He did not always race after the engines.

He had an odd feeling that somehow he was the man in

possession after they were gone. An unchildish sense

of responsibility for the house rested on his small shoul-

ders. He was holding the captain's dime in his hand

when he felt a light touch on his arm. He turned to

face Millie, wide-eyed and frightened. He thought

scornfully that girls always acted that way when the

fire alarm rang.

"Suppose some of them get killed!"

Dan smiled in a superior fashion.

"They won't get hurt. You ought to see 'em skin up

the ladder."

"But sometimes the walls fall and bury firemen," per-

sisted the small borrower of trouble.

A sudden terror seized the boy. What if one of

No. 9's men should—

"Here, you take good care of this!" he exclaimed,

pushing Capt. Cross's dime into Millie's warm, moist

hand. And away he sped in the direction the engine

had taken, pushing through push-carts and street ven-

dors, for the trail led through a thickly-populated section.

There it was at last—the pillars of smoke rising from

a factory, the startled throngs barred out by the un-

yielding fire line.

Dan wriggled his way to the very foremost point at-

tainable, and watched with a strange, new feeling the

work of his heroes. Old No. 9 was belching forth smoke

almost as thick as that which rose from the burning

building. Up and down the ladders men were racing

against time to save human beings penned in the great

sweatshop. Occasionally one of the brave, helmeted

fellows was outlined against a gleaming wall of flames.

Hoarse orders and screams of terror mingled, and then

something like a groan went up from the crowd. A form

in the familiar uniform, the helmet fallen off, was

carried out of the building. There was the clang of

an ambulance bell, and the throng parted.

Dan gave a little cry, but no one heard it in the gen-

eral confusion. Something in the drenched and smoke-

grimé figure was horribly familiar. Yes—yes. It was

Capt. Cross!

The ambulance dashed away, the throng closed in, and

a burly policeman turned impatiently to a small white

face raised to his.

"He ain't dead, is he?" questioned Dan.

"Dead? No. Just an ugly case of smoke." Then

turning to a roundsmen near him, the officer added:

"I tell you there's a captain as is a captain. He don't

order his men no place where he won't go himself."

Dan with difficulty refrained from hugging the big

policeman's arm, and then turning, ran after the am-

bulance. Perhaps they'd tell him something more about

his captain. And as he tore on toward the big build-

ing which had always inspired the lad with a feeling

of mysterious horror, as the abode of pain and unpleas-

ant smells and instruments, a new refrain rang in his

brain:

"That's what I'll be some day, a captain what don't

send his men where he won't go himself—a captain

what is a captain."

(To Be Continued.)

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A GERMAN ATHLETIC COLONY.

The Germans have made another new and wonderful

discovery—viz., that healthy outdoor exercise keeps the

body supple and in good form.

Following up this marvelous idea they have estab-

lished at Gross Lichterfelde, a suburb of Berlin, a "Col-

ony for Bodily Training," whose object is: "The

Maintenance and Development of Bodily Vigor and

Agility, by the Resuscitation of Hellenic Strength and

Beauty."

Life in the colony will be characterized by indulgence

in sport of every kind, especially gymnastics, climbing,

swimming and wrestling, and by the greatest possible

abstinence from corporal gratification, especially as re-

gards the drinking and smoking.

The colony will admit anyone for a term of days,

weeks, or months, who is willing to submit to the regu-

lations. Plans are already prepared for the "Valhalla

for Bodily Training," a kind of university for corporal

exercise, which is to be the center of the undertaking.—

[Berlin Correspondence London Leader.]

A LINCOLN STORY.

King Edward VII is credited with the saying that it

is vastly easier to live up to the obligations of a play

king than to those of a real one; and the same thought,

with a slightly different turn, was once expressed by

President Lincoln. In 1862 Col. Alexander of Topeka,

who was an intimate friend of the President, visited him

at Washington, and found him in a greatly depressed

state of mind.

"This being President isn't all it is cracked up to be,

is it, Mr. Lincoln?" inquired Col. Alexander.

"No," said Lincoln, his eyes twinkling momentarily.

"I feel sometimes like the Irishman, who, after being

ridden on a rail, said, 'Begorry, if it wasn't for the honor

av th' thing, I'd rather walk!'"—[London Spectator.]

"Look here!" exclaimed the irate duke; "there is a

hair in this soda water."

"Well," chuckled the funny clerk, "perhaps it's be-

cause we use shaved ice."—[Philadelphia Record.]

A HAVEN FOR HOBOS.

By a Special Contributor.

THE great American "hobo," like other pilgrims,

has his Mecca—an oasis in the vast unfeeling

stretches of civilization where unlimited quantities

of pork and beans, pickled pigs' feet, chicken pie, and

other "filling" delicacies may be had for the asking.

The traveler in the Pullman (mind you, I said "in,"

not "under,") as his train draws into the place—the

little Santa Fé station of La Junta, in Southeastern

Colorado—cannot see, very probably, anything attrac-

tive, about it. Not so the tourist from Hoboland. He

hails it as a veritable paradise, and with good reason;

for in this town on the sun-burnt plains is located the

headquarters of the great system of Harvey hotels and

lunch counters, and every tramp in the length and

breadth of the land well knows that none who ask for

food are ever sent hungry from this, the central house.

The La Junta devotee is not even a "half-welcome

guest" to the towns people and depot hands, but little



*Compiled for The Times.*

### Copper and Consumption.

### Hot Weather and Headaches.

## Why We Grow Old.

### They Eat Too Often.

"According to our observation three meals a day for adults, under ordinary occupations, without disturbing digestion by tidbits of any sort between, are much better calculated to maintain health than more. For the functions of digestion certainly do not acquire increase of power with increase of age. Moreover, most persons

### Queer Place for Petroleum

### A Mineral Water.

**Colossal Gall.**

## They Will Have It.

**Lenti's.**

IT IS strange that in America so little attention is paid, even by vegetarians, to lentils, the most nourishing vegetable food known to man, with the possible exception of nuts, ranking in this respect with beans and slightly above peas. One pound of lentils contains more than three times as much nourishment as one pound of uncooked lean beef, and costs not more than a third as much, so that a pound of nourishment in the form of lentils may be purchased for about ten cents, while a pound of nourishment in the form of lean beef would cost, at present prices, a dollar. Apart from the question of cost, the lentil makes an exceedingly palatable dish, especially when boiled in the shape of a thick

### Salt for Pneumonia.

## Don't Cheat Your Brains.

### Single Beds.

"For a great many woes and ills, solitude—call solitude—*is* a balm, for when alone the I asserts itself, the actual fades, the real is pre-  
va."

*By a Special*

morning the other, and each is  
for the rest, the home where  
the husband and wife are  
a scene of strife and vulgar  
feeling. This child resents  
indifference on one side; this  
lying on the other; and union of  
known quantities. But the home  
prevails, where the husband en-  
d the first lady in the land,  
sweet observances and sympathy  
never falls with the gentle  
the, the foreseeing thoughtfulness  
it, is a home where, if love did  
would come to make his nest and

Star:] The disposi

...since she is not, like her brother, a pocket, has always been more to her. The only semblance of a watch was through a slit somewhere in the folds of more generous widths. They were to be sought in a way not to be sought in a way not to be sought. Besides, as a repository of a success, since no watch was after being sat upon. The watch has a chateleine the watch has a chateleine and her belt, giving the whole scope in opportunities to display this method of carrying the watch in a chain, the latest being made of showing rhine stones at intervals. The fob is, however, the latest, and the most of all. The very newest of fobs is the fob.



(July 20, 1902)

July 20, 1902]

## IN SILKEN CHAINS.

DIFFERENCE AND POLITENESS BETWEEN HUSBAND AND WIFE.

By a Special Contributor.

THE man who, after a rude remark to a lady, begged her pardon, saying he had thought it was his wife, is of the kind very apt to be agreeable when out of doors and disagreeable when at home, the man who not only has never profited by the old fable of the sun and the south wind, who has failed to perceive that courtesy is the flower of civilization and the essence of Christianity, but who has never learned that in the long run a man's wife's affection, if she is much of a woman, is a good-paying investment. No man can hope to win his wife's affection, if she is much of a woman, who constantly offends her sense of propriety and out-rages her feelings by his rudeness. She looks with envy upon the woman whose husband listens with the appearance of pleasant interest when she speaks, sees always that she is well served, taps on her bedroom door before he enters, and in the absence of courtesy, and its visible signs of appreciation, she ends by detroning the husband that every woman's husband is to her in the end, holding in his place an ideal with small resemblance to himself as the thing she would have liked to have as her guardian of her home, always a little saddened by the impossibility of its actual existence, and probably regarding her husband from a plane of superior superiority.

Corresponding disregard for her best happiness is shown by the woman who allows herself to treat her husband with disrespect, who breaks in upon his rest, directs upon him her ridicule, points out his defects, and complains of him to others. That woman's husband, after a while, must feel a deadening of sensitivity so far as she is concerned; she may have a power, she no longer has a lover. And, meanwhile, she has lowered her own standard; for, after all, it is not the husband, and if it is not true that as the husband is, nevertheless the wife takes her rank from him; and if he is so poor a thing, more so, if it is supposed the most in the way of husbands she could attain.

Men, and Aristotle, are the lesser morals; and to the man who marches there is a moral and a reason behind every principle of their code. The offender against their code is considered a boor because he breaks down that which refines and sweetens life, and nowhere is this more vital as in the intimate relations of the married, where it stands forever in the way of that rough familiarity which breeds contempt.

There are individuals who have the singular notion that attention to the minute matters of politeness is a confession of inferiority, and that, as between husband and wife, it is a silly superfluity. A man afraid of being thought uxorious; a wife afraid of being thought unbecomingly rough and brusque, the desirable method of public leaving one to infer how much worse the want of courtesy may be in private.

Why it should discredit a man to show, so far as a woman is concerned, a deferential manner does it, that is, of more importance to him than all the rest of the world is, or why a woman should think her accomplishments would esteem her less on seeing that she is up to her husband, regards him as the last and best work of creation should be regarded—as they, of one of them, either regard their own, or wish they will always be a mystery. For, in point of fact, neither asserts the other's dignity, gracefully and as without effort, the greater proportion of dignity assumes, while really each is honored by the other, and each is happier.

At the rest, the home where delicate manners between the husband and wife are neglected is almost always a scene of strife and vulgar bickering with paralyzing effect. This child resents the careless or flip-pancy indifference on one side; that child resents the lack of the other; and union and harmony become mere quantities. But the home where a fine courtesy prevails, where the husband entertains the wife as he would the first lady in the land, and compasses her with most observances and sympathetic care, where the wife never fails with the gentle word, the answering smile, the forceful thoughtfulness, the compelling request, is a home where, if love did not exist beforehand, it would come to make his nest and abide continually.

HARRIET P. SPOFFORD.

## HER TROUBLESOME WATCH.

FOR THE LATEST CONTRIVANCE FOR ENABLING IT TO BE WORN.

[The City Star:] The disposition of a woman's watch, since she is not, like her brother, blessed with pockets, has always been more or less of a problem to her. The only semblance of a pocket she ever saw through a slit somewhere in her skirt, when she was of more generous width, and that some-thing had to be sought in a way not improving to the wearer. Besides, as a repository for watches it was not a success, since no watch was ever known to remain after being sat upon.

Now a chafeline the watch has decorated woman's belt and her belt, giving the jeweler the widest scope in opportunities to display his workman-ship. This method of carrying the watch comes the latest chain, the latest being made of gun metal links showing rhine stones at intervals of about three

inches. The fob is, however, the latest, and probably the most novel of fobs is the little serpent with his

glaring ruby eyes and menacing gold tongue, his flexible body composed of gold and gun metal links.

This fob is for the girl who feels happy with a snake about her arm, winding about her waist or with the possession of this reptile in any of the numerous forms of jeweled ornamentation.

Other fobs, of which there is an endless variety this season, employ designs of a sentimental character. A ribbon will be ornamented by a gold slide from which depends a heart, a true lover's knot or a locket with monogram and a tender inscription on the back.

Also there are what might be called specialty fobs. For tennis, the cross rackets and balls; for golf, the crossed sticks and balls; for riding, composed of horse-shoes, stirrups, etc., and done in gold, gun metal and silver on cloth, leather, pique and ribbon.

Small seals are used as fobs, short lengths of ribbon composed of gold links and any number of fobs in which the various metals are combined and those made of links of leather. These are all the simpler sort of fobs.

There are, of course, fobs for the jeweled millionaire, with his crest in precious stones set in a diamond background and those using the popular crown design and also the crescent and star combination where there is no limit to either time nor price in the making.

## OPPORTUNITY FOR SOCIAL SERVICE.

When we are asked, as many of us are, what good can come out of our clubs and club work, we need no better and more effective answer than to point to these gratifying achievements. Apropos of this subject a conversation with Mrs. Irene Macfadyen comes to mind, a woman who has worked intelligently and successfully in the South in arousing public sentiment in behalf of the factory child. I asked her what she considered the most necessary work to be done by interested women along this line. Her reply was that there were absolutely no statistics relating to the subject; that women can do no better work than to gather and systematically arrange facts concerning the wages and conditions of child labor in the mills; inquire into the nature and causes of illness and the percentage of children enjoying normal health; also what per cent. of these operatives are children of widows and what of idle parents; what is the family wage; how long are children worked at night; are they given any lunch; and how are they kept awake. In some mills it is found that when children become drowsy over their work, cold water is dashed in their faces, or they are allowed to dip snuff.

Touching these suggestions I am sure it will occur to all of us that the occasional effort to entertain and feast factory children is of small moment compared with the good that may be accomplished by an intelligent study of the conditions that produce such tragic results, and a zealous effort toward their speedy removal.—[Mrs. Rebecca Douglas Lowe, in Gunton's Magazine.]

## SERVANTS IN GERMANY.

To judge by an article in the "Nouvelle Revue," the servant problem in Berlin, while not less engrossing than it is here, is in some particulars better managed. Officialdom has partially taken it in hand. Every German domestic on going into service is obliged to procure a little book from the police, a page of which is filled up and signed by the head of each successive household she enters. This is found to solve the "character" difficulty in a way that satisfies everybody. Moreover, rewards are given to servants of good standing. The Empress herself decorates with a gold cross any servant who has lived in the same family for forty years, and the Berlin municipality sets aside each year a small sum for distribution among servants with a ten years' record to their name. In spite of this neither mistresses nor "helps" are wholly contented. The best girls prefer the factories and shops, and the few who enter domestic service are described as so "uppish" that the Berlin haus frau would rather choose an utterly untaught country girl than an "experienced servant." Wages in Berlin are considerably lower than in London or Paris, and about half what they are in New York. It rarely happens, says the writer in the "Revue," that even a very good general servant gets more than £14 or £15 a year. On the other hand, it is usual to give each servant a handsome present at Christmas, the amount of which is agreed upon when the girl is engaged.—[London Chronicle.]

## DESERVED RECOGNITION.

"Yes," said Marydman, "while the burglar took a lot of my valuables and all the money I had in the house, I feel that I got off rather easy, after all."

"Got off easy? What do you mean?" asked Bachlar.

"He didn't wake the baby," replied Marydman.—[Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.]

## Furs

Seal garments re-modeled into the latest styles. Furs stored during the summer.

A full line of skins in stock.

D. Bonoff, Furrier, 267 South Broadway, Opp City Hall.



## TO MAKE STOCKINGS WEAR WELL. TAKE THAT MUCH NEGLECTED STITCH IN TIME AND SAVE THE NINE.

By a Special Contributor.

Children's stockings are an expensive item of dress, so that any plan which will make them last is welcomed by the economical mother. First of all, be willing to save money in the "long run" by spending it generously at the outset. Mark them well with the child's monogram. These initials can be had, in any combination of two letters, at the department stores. By offering her some slight incentive, the dear little owner may generally be induced to sew them neatly upon her own stockings.

Before beginning your "stitch in time," which is the most worthy and usually neglected of all housewifely arts, array yourself in your most attractive and restful house gown. Place your pretty work basket beside you. Be sure you have silver-handled scissors, and everything dainty to tempt you often to sew. Put on your aristocratic gold thimble, for any woman can take finer, prettier stitches when wearing a pure gold thimble. Now take the blessed little stocking (and it is blessed, for it will not be long your privilege to darn little stockings, so fast do the baby feet stretch out,) turn it wrong side out, and place it upon the darning gourd. Run the heels and toes up and down with good ball darning cotton. Be sure to take a long stitch and then a tiny stitch, putting the stitches side by side. Reinforced this way the heels will withstand many months of hard wearing and washings. And it might not be out of place, good mother, to remark that if you have many steps to take the same device will serve your own stockings as well as those of the little ones.

Could your great-grandmother look down upon you she would give you her smiling approval at this revival of one of the old-time lost arts.

## STRANGE, ISN'T IT?

"The author of the songs, 'Them Goo-Goo Eyes' and 'Ain't Dat a Shame?' is serving a term in jail."

"And yet there are people in this word who say justice is dead."—[Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.]

## TOOTH TALK

No. 11.

## Dentifrices

There are a good many kinds of dentifrices and all are being recommended for everybody's teeth. I have examined a good many of them. Some would be very suitable for scouring tinware. Others are good so far as cleansing properties are concerned. But in most cases a dentifrice should do more than cleanse. Just what more it should do depends upon the state of the secretions and the conditions of the mucous membrane of the mouth. I have never found a dentifrice suitable for all people. One may be just the right thing in one case and just the wrong thing in another. Prophylactic science is very discriminating in the matter of tooth cleansing preparations, and I am always glad to recommend to my patients the dentifrice most suitable.

## Prophylactic Treatment

Soft, chalky and chipping teeth, all kinds of tooth decay, discoloration of the enamel, swollen, tender or receding gums and all inflammations of the tissues of the mouth, are due to various conditions, all of which I correct by local treatment. Prophylactic Dentistry is original with myself, and marks the highest development of the tooth saving science. It is the only system of dentistry that both repairs teeth and removes the causes of tooth destruction.

## Crowns

I make twenty styles of crowns. This variety affords a suitable crown for every imaginable kind of a root. Most dentists make but half a dozen crowns, and have to extract a good many roots that I would save. I employ also a system of special adaptation of the crown to the root, which causes the crown to fit like the natural enamel wall, thus avoiding the formation of a "germ nursery" beneath the free margin of the gums.

## Prices.

My prices are just as low as honest work will allow. I believe that to pay more than my prices you would pay too much, and that if you paid less you would get even less than you paid for. Consultation and examination is free, and I will tell you what my charges for the needed work would be.

Walter T. Covington, D.D.S.

239½ South Spring Street.  
First Entrance North of Christopher's

them? There are a large number of automobiles in use in this city, operated by good fellows like me. Why not continue to make them? I fear that a few of us will be

STRAWBERRY VALLEY LODGE, with first-class tents, clean, new linen, good food and all well cared for. Central dining-room with excellent chef and good service. (a) The Ridge—Furnished tents to rent well equipped for housekeeping. As a department there are: (a) Well stocked general store; (b) Meat market; (c) Baker's.

3. Mrs. Ray of Redlands Dying. Baer Resigns From Endeavors. Moros More Friendly to Americans. 4. The World's Busy Workers. 5. At the City's Gates. 6. Weather Report.

about her husband's absence....Funeral of James Booth....Truck-driver loses his leg under car....More fire-alarm boxes....Deaf mutes' memorial service....Los Angeles, 4; Sacramento, 3....Venus wins yacht race....Shar-

estimated to make 75 to 100 bushels the acre. Previous estimates of 400 have been greatly increased prospective yield, being found greater than ever before, exporting of many farms that were



## A BIRDS' PARADISE.

## MATILAJA CANYON AND SOME OF ITS FEATHERED INHABITANTS.

By a Special Contributor.

**M**ATILAJA Canyon is the paradise of birds. We met some wise people there who called themselves ornithologists; they said they were surprised and disappointed to find there so few of their "feathered friends"—that's what they called them—but as Paradise lays no claim to being thickly populated, we maintain our first assertion.

We, not being ornithologists nor ologists of any kind, were delighted to find so many—and such friendly creatures!

We were not looking for birds, which perhaps made a difference; and then it was the first time we had moved into a bird neighborhood—that is, where we were taken right in as intimate acquaintances.

The birds in Matilaja have no idea of exclusiveness but perch amicably on your hammock rope, at first call, and establish friendly relations.

They do not even respect the privacy of the bath, for they will join you in crowds, uninvited, at the morning tubbing, midstream, and duck and spatter at your very feet; or pretending to preen themselves on some white boulder, will all the time slyly cock up an inquisitive, knowing eye at the progress of your toilet—which is really quite disconcerting.

But our nearest and most intimate neighbors were the humming birds. There were four families of them crowded actually under our own vine and fig tree, quite as intrusively as if we had all been occupants of a tenement house. But we were the intruders. We arrived and pitched our tents in what is romantically referred to as "the gloaming."

In Matilaja one drops easily into poetical expression



MRS. HUMMER.

and high-flown extravagancies, so we came quite naturally to talk about "the gloaming" and to think it "so romantic" when we stumbled over boulders or discovered that the condensed milk had all floated down stream.

It was dark before we were settled, and imagine our surprise, the next morning, when we found our breakfast table spread just beneath a sycamore branch ornamented with a humming bird's nest. And there sat Mrs. Hummer, just where the fumes from our coffee pot must have given her definite ideas of savory cooking, and there she swung contentedly, taking in the whole scene, and never stirred except to wink a bright black eye reassuringly while a jolly party of eight went from oat meal to griddle cakes, through all the misadventures and vicissitudes which accompany camp cooking.

A few feet away rambled the brook, its banks hidden by young willows, and after Mrs. Hummer had assured us by her tolerance that she was not in the least annoyed by our close proximity, she darted away, returning with soft pussy-willow down, which she worked into the tiny nest, although there were already two little eggs within, and one would have supposed that her cradle building was long over. It seemed as if she never would get that nest quite to her liking, so many trips after pussy willows and filmy cobwebs were necessary, and these she worked into place by turning gently around and around, careful not to disturb her eggs.

Her housekeeping, her motherly solicitude, her hasty flights for honey sips were of constant interest, and when it was discovered that there were three other nests in camp, on low-swaying boughs, with other eggs and other mother birds, there was that undercurrent of excitement in our neighborhood which always attends the prospective appearance of the little stranger.

Each day we peeped in, in neighborly fashion—but when our hostess was out—and one day we were rewarded by finding, instead of the mites of white eggs, two plump, pulsing oblongs, looking as much like fat grubs as anything, and far from pretty. But no doubt Mrs. Hummer thought them prodigiously beautiful, and watched eagerly for some sign of likeness to "papa"—who must have been rather a gay old bird, since he never once put in an appearance during our stay, and seemed to take no interest in the happy event.

It was just before the babies arrived that our photographer rigged up his camera on the kitchen table to take Mrs. Hummer. She watched the preparations

from her nest on the swinging branch with some display of interest, but no alarm. When all was adjusted and everything ready for a time exposure, Mrs. Hummer, who had sat composedly for five minutes, during all the scaffold building, suddenly affected great coyness, quite as though she had "sat" before, and after balancing herself tantalizingly in a beautiful pose on the edge of the nest, coquettishly plumed herself and flatly turned her back upon the whole proceeding. There she sat, wrong end to, until nearly sundown, then she forgot herself evidently, and flew away for a nightcap of honey from the heart of a fluffy Matilaja poppy, and came back to her first position.

It was then the wily photographer, his camera within six inches of her nest, made the exposure which gave us a highly-prized photograph of our most intimate neighbor in Matilaja.

Many other of our familiar California birds were there also, waking up the silences of the hill-encompassed woods every morning before sunrise; twittering and chirping in the trees, hopping and scurrying over the tops of our canvas tent roofs in a most distracting manner; linets, brown towhees, sparrows and orioles, but never a mocking bird, as far as we could see. These other birds would flutter down from their leafy thickets of bay and wild walnut in whirling coveys, for their morning dip, where the limpid brooks ripple between cress-fringed banks over sun-glinted stones.

All through the Matilaja are springs of mineral and sulphur water, as well as pure mountain rivulets. Out of the rocky side wall, through its mossy covering, will frequently trickle a bluish, milky stream of sulphur water. Its constant dripping wears a little basin, rock embedded, forming an ideal bathtub for a bird, and while most prefer the brook, there is now and then an up-to-date linnet or sparrow, who has doubtless recognized the widely-advertised benefits of sulphur bathing (too often emblazoned in bright red letters on massive boulders or picturesque crags,) and hoping to restore his shattered nerves by a medicinal plunge, flops heroically into the milky way, and comes out, his feathers so redolently suggestive of other places than Paradise, that he is obliged, like the famous bird of Lord Dunsyre, temporarily to "rock alone."

ISABEL BATES WINSLOW.

## COLLECTING BUTTERFLIES.

## HOW TO CATCH AND PRESERVE THE INSECTS WITHOUT INJURING THEM.

By a Special Contributor.

Butterflies, because of their conspicuousness and beauty and their occurrence almost everywhere, furnish an attractive and ready means for studying the many curious and providential ways in which nature provides for her creatures.

Collecting butterflies is an interesting pursuit, and, besides, may become a profitable pastime. The most ordinary collections often sell for fair prices, while those that are more elaborate, especially if they follow out some scheme, as a collection to indicate sleeping or feeding habits, or representing the varying daily or seasonal peculiarities of the insects, will be very valuable, often running up in the thousands of dollars.

The apparatus necessary for collecting and arranging these winged beauties is the simplest, consisting of a few articles. The first thing is the means of capturing. Capturing is not done by hand, but by means of a net which can be made from a small hoop attached to the end of an old broom handle. The body of the net is made of mosquito netting and should be about two feet deep if the hoop is a foot in diameter. With a little practice one can become skillful in handling the net and may catch butterflies rapidly and without in any way injuring their delicate wings.

In approaching the insect it is well to wait until it has alighted and to bring the net close to it as slowly as possible, and keep it near the ground and out of sight. When very close to the prey a sudden stroke followed by a quick backward movement will bag the butterfly and fold the net over so that it cannot escape. Never touch the wings with the fingers in removing the insect. Carefully insert the killing bottle and allow the butterfly to flutter into the bottle and the insertion of the cork will hold it a prisoner.

The killing bottle should be a wide-mouthed bottle, into which the butterfly can pass without injury to the wings. In the bottom should be placed securely by means of shellac a small piece of cotton which is wet with benzine or common gasoline. The vapors from these substances produce an easy and painless stupor ending in death. Do not be hasty in removing the butterfly after it has gone to sleep, because the fresh air often revives it.

After the insects are captured and killed they are ready to be pinned and set. For pinning always use insect pins, which are much thinner than common pins, and will not rust. They cost five cents a hundred.

A butterfly should be pinned through the middle of the thorax, and in such a way that the body is at right angles to the pin. The thorax is between the head and the point where the wings join the body.

After the insect is properly pinned, it is ready for setting, and for this process a setting board is necessary. The setting board is a plain flat board with numbers of holes large enough to take the head of the pin. The insect is laid on the board back down, with the head of the pin in the hole. The wings are then spread and pinned down to the board in such a way as to show all that is possible of their surface.

The fore wings should be pulled forward so far that their hind edges may be in the same straight line, and the hind wings brought to such a position as to leave about the same gap next to the body as to the front wings. In pulling these wings forward a pin may be used, inserting it just behind the strong vein or rib, which is plain, and thus avoiding danger of tearing. After the wings are pinned down in the proper position it is a good plan to lay strips of paper over them to

hold them straight, and after these strips are pinned down to remove the pins in the wings, for if the strips are left in the wings until they are dry, the wings they have made will be easily seen.

After a very little practice this work is readily done, and no little taste and skill can be shown in arranging the wings to display the full beauty of the specimen. After the wings are thoroughly dry, which takes three or four days to a week, the insects are ready to be placed in the collection. A good and serviceable storage case can be made from an old shirt box. When a specimen is placed in the collection case it is a good plan to write the date and locality of capture of the specimen and pin this below it, thereby adding to the collection.

## DIVIDED SKIRTS.

The emancipated woman of the future is glorying this season in divided skirts, which are really an apology for full trousers. Little four-year-olds, like her brother, wears overalls these days. They differ from his in name more than in fact, for out of deference to her petticoats they are called rompers. They are of duck, and at a distance look like long skirts or overall bodies. In reality, they are almost as nearly related to trousers as the blue jeans her baby wears when digging in the sand or weeding his father's beds.—[New York Tribune.]



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California Cream of Lemon is cooling and invigorating to the skin. It removes tan, sunburn, freckles, blackheads and moles.

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**CALIFORNIA CREAM OF LEMON CO.**

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

## Why the Sunlight Hurts Your Eyes.

There are thousands of persons who never enjoy a day's outing in the sunlight. They invariably, if the sun is bright, come home in the evening with eyes inflamed, stung, or one of those awful sick headaches.

Such trouble and annoyance never come to one who has perfect eyes. Remember, I do not say perfection, for there are thousands who compel perfect vision through quite imperfect eyes, and it is this very fact that causes sun headaches and inflamed eyes.

Imperfect eyes are much more easily controlled by mild light than in the brilliant light of the sun. The delicate muscles of the eye that are able to overcome errors or defects perfectly easily while indoors or in the shade, have to make something near five times the muscular effort to control the powerful light of the sun.

The perfect eyes make absolutely no effort to control the light. No matter what the quality of light, the object is perfectly pictured on the retina, the eye at perfect rest; therefore, when one feels a strain on the eyes or brain when in bright light, he knows it is because of trying to compel perfect vision through an imperfect eye, and that the only remedy is the refraction made perfect with glasses.

"But," I hear some one of the afflicted say, "I wear glasses, and they did me no good."

There are opticians and oculists who do make these corrections perfectly and there are oculists and opticians who, no matter how much they study or from what authority they might graduate, never, because of natural inability, are able to do a perfect piece of refraction, and your eyes might eventually be so strained that you would have to wear glasses for the rest of your life. When you read the advertisements of opticians (1) you find the main thing set forth could be in three words, "I am it" and they generally win by trying to prove that they are the cheapest in the city. Really scientific work in this line cannot be done at a certain price, still we see advertisements every day stating that at certain places you can have the best done "just right" for about one quarter of the cost possible for perfect work, and in some cases you get what the raw material is really worth.

Stop, and think a moment and then ask, after you have read all the optical advertisements you can find in newspapers of Los Angeles, have I read a single one in any one of them that shows a real knowledge of the eye or of the refraction of light as applied to the eye? It stands to reason that if a man really understands the science of refraction he ought to be able to show his intelligence in his advertisements instead of just making the unproved and in most cases improbable claims found in so many optical advertisements.

You can easily know when your eyes are not perfect. If your eyes are perfect your vision cannot be improved. If your vision can be improved with glasses, it is not perfect.

If the vision you have through your glasses can be made better, it is proof that your glasses are not right. The vision you have through your glasses can be improved, it is absolute proof your glasses are not right.

Dr. A. T. Roberts will correct your vision with the understanding that if at any time in the future your vision can be improved, either by himself or any other scientist in the world, he will make the improvement free of charge.

He makes free examinations, and gives a very plain explanation of each case, illustrating with charts demonstrating with special instruments in a way making it perfectly plain to each patient.

If you would understand your own eyes thoroughly, go to DR. A. T. ROBERTS, 850 1/2 S. Broadway.

Cartoon .....  
Editorial .....  
Light in England.  
Uncle Sam's Gold.  
Armenian Wedding.  
Uhlans of the Sea.  
Deep Sea Monster.  
Life in Alaska. By  
Pilgrims of Mecca.  
Change Their Attire.  
Stories of the Firing.  
Good Short Stories.  
Jerusalem of Today.  
Verne Prophecies. E

## A STORY WITH

By a Special

## FIRST

**C**HARLIE CHOCOLATE, son, paraded along the street, obviously conscious of the fact that he was making a show of his magnificent make-up. As he was passing a bunch of them ran against Charlie's snow-white trousers. Furlong landed an upper cut on the back of his head.

A tall, barefooted young giant ran up to Charlie, and furlong some of the choicest street wares and wound up by telling him when he would be hit harder than ever.

Charlie scornfully sailed along, and ran against this prophecy.

Charlie was the petted son of his mother. He had nothing to do but play beyond being measured week to week the theater of show, and his most laborious time and spending money. He purposes of about as much value as a twenty-year-old man, as a light muddly track to the rest of the town.

His father had begun his financial "sure-thing" bucket shop, where were made according to the size of his net. By strict attention to the board, and began to show a real thing. He got hold of a large Pacific at 54, and when the balloon was at 99, and this ad brought his bank account total to the left of the decimal. Later on, when the copper deal came, man, thinking he had nothing to do but "big thing," and he got it. When the slump came, he could not keep up his margins, and when it came, he actually copped, that a retirement was imperative, and the old man was out.

About this time, father suggested that he improve their condition by moving among his society friends, if he could get the band wagon and join the club of a \$7 clerkship, which was the best they could do.

## SECOND PART

James O'Herne had seen better days when his noble sire owned large estates, but when Ireland tried to make a Kansas farm in a dry season, his noble sire without money and with a broken heart, naturally followed him, was soon compelled to graze on the hands of a French maid and her family, which was a piteous sight. His noble sensibilities, but it was not enough. He went to work washing dishes, but kept his eye on the day he discovered a preparatory school, and he placed it on sale, and he was so fast that he had to his father, and in three or four years he was Mr. O'Herne.

Mary, his daughter, was now 19, and the hands of a French maid and her family, for a long time, she had been a young woman, with everything to add to her happiness, but he was not true as when it was covered with dollar, and stockings and shoes on her.

The O'Herne family began to have a hard time when they moved from Baxter street to a new place, and changed the pronunciation of their name to Mary "Maria," just to talk



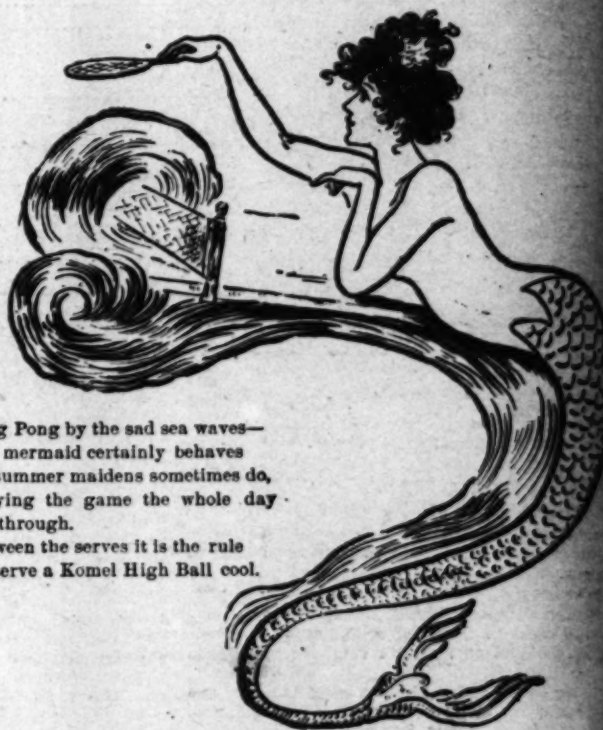




# Newmark's Hawaiian Blend



Ping Pong by the sad sea waves—  
The mermaid certainly behaves  
As summer maidens sometimes do,  
Playing the game the whole day  
through.  
Between the serves it is the rule  
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Komel is sold at leading cafes in California and Arizona.  
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Put Bishop's delicious Baked Beans in the basket—best sort of eating for any kind of a luncheon—appetizing, wholesome, satisfying.

BISHOP'S SOUPS save time and trouble in preparing the summer dinner.

Order Bishop's Soups and Baked Beans by the half dozen or dozen cans so that you can always have a supply on hand. If your grocer can't give you "Bishop's" don't take any. All the better class of grocers are glad to sell Bishop's.

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